

A M E R I C A N
MERCURY

MARCH 1957

35 CENTS



SENATOR KENNEDY:
THE PERFECT POLITICIAN

CASE AGAINST COMMUNIST CHINA

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
WHY HIGH SCHOOLS NEGLECT SCIENCE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



alco valves are all around you!

...they are widely used for efficient, automatic control of air conditioners that keep you comfortable and refrigerators that protect your food!

We are proud to serve the giant refrigeration and air conditioning industry... an important force in our American economy.



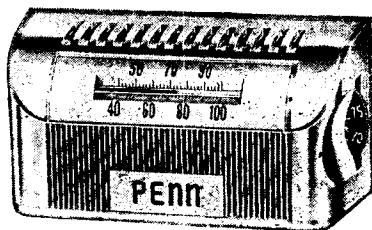
ALCO VALVE CO.

865 KINGSLAND AVE. • ST. LOUIS 5, MO.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATION CONTROLS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**you'll always have
EVEN HEAT**



**with this
PENN thermostat**

Healthful even heat replaces "hot-n-cold" temperatures when the Penn room thermostat controls your heating system. This thermostat has the uncanny ability to "anticipate heat requirements" automatically . . . keeping the room temperature within $\frac{1}{2}$ degree of the level you select.

Ask your heating dealer for Penn controls . . . engineered for your family's comfort. They can be installed quickly and economically on your present or new heating system.

PENN CONTROLS, INC.

Goshen, Indiana

The Choice of Leading Manufacturers

FOR HEATING, REFRIGERATION, AIR CONDITIONING,
PUMPS, AIR COMPRESSORS, ENGINES, GAS APPLIANCES

*The startling and
shocking TRUTH!*

A revealing and authoritative document prepared by Christian America's Great Evangelist.

**"The
National Council
of Churches
Indicts Itself on
Fifty Counts of
Treason Against
God and
Country"**

By Billy James Hargis, D.D.

SPECIAL OFFER!

ONLY \$1.00 per copy

Plus Complimentary Copy

"CHRISTIAN CRUSADE" MAGAZINE

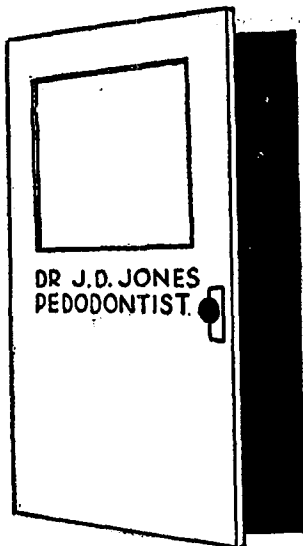
•

For Immediate delivery, write

CHRISTIAN CRUSADE

P.O. BOX 977

TULSA, OKLAHOMA



WHAT is a Pedodontist?

He is all children, all young people whose lives he has touched with the miracle of modern dentistry—that special science, Pedodontia, which treats the abnormal oral and dental conditions occurring in the very young.

He is . . . A youngster skipping rope, secure in her knowledge of "belonging."

He is . . . A boy at his first dance, with a special smile for the "girl."

He is a happy and normal childhood.

Know him. Know his name. He can mean happiness, social acceptance for YOUR child.

THE WEBER DENTAL MFG. COMPANY
Canton 5, Ohio



HOW FAR CAN A MAN REACH?

The reach of a man is usually determined by his sense of values and by his ability to perform.

Today, 1,502,000 Texans are discovering a new way to extend their reach in areas of Christian service.

These citizens of the Lone Star State are members of churches comprising the Baptist General Convention of Texas.

Through investments in young adults, Texas Baptists own and operate ten colleges and one academy. These schools represent an investment of \$53 million and have enrollments of 14,368 students.

Belonging to 3,704 churches, Texas Baptists are also in the hospital business.

Last year, 155,000 patients received medical care at seven Texas Baptist hospitals. These hospitals, which have never received direct government subsidies, are modern research, teaching, healing and evangelism centers valued at \$24,488,929.51.

Since 1880, rugged Texans who called themselves Baptists have

owned and operated children's homes.

Today, more than 1,000 youngsters live at six home centers in different sections of the state.

These schools, hospitals and homes are partially supported by Texas Baptist churches. However, interested individuals, businesses and organizations are extending their reach of people helping people by becoming a part of the Texas Baptist program.

Investments are being made in people through the Baptist Foundation of Texas which serves all these Christian causes.

The Texas Baptist Foundation has increased its assets from \$2 million in 1932 to \$25,743,022.22 in 1956. It is managed by a board of nine laymen who are some of Texas' most successful businessmen. They give their time to the Foundation.

This Foundation is a rare opportunity to make an everlasting contribution to America's Christian progress through the lives of youth and people in need.



BAPTIST FOUNDATION OF TEXAS

TRUSTS • WILLS • ANNUITIES • GIFTS

Investment Committee:

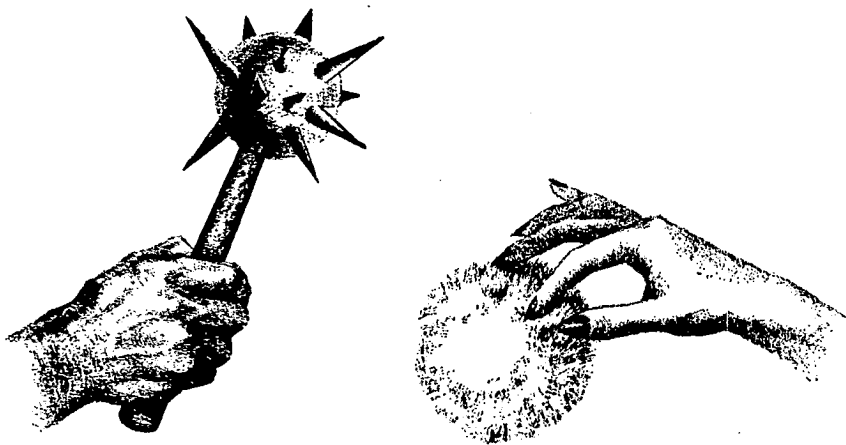
Carr P. Collins, Sr.
Chairman of Board
Fidelity Union Life Ins. Co.
Dallas, Texas

Ben H. Wooten
President
First National Bank
Dallas, Texas

H. J. Blackwell
Senior Vice President
First National Bank
Dallas, Texas

J. C. CANTRELL
Executive Secretary
301 Baptist Building
Dallas, Texas

REPRODUCED 2007 BY THE BAPTIST FOUNDATION OF TEXAS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How Do You Debate?

Are you lost when your opponent cites names, dates and clinches his argument with documentation?

Are you at a loss for words when asked for specific instances to back your stand? Have you ever mumbled confusedly—knowing you were right—while your opponent reeled off a stream of facts?

If so, you need the American Mercury's reprint Service. The Mercury can provide you with factual data in handy reprint form on almost every aspect of our national life and foreign politics. You can benefit from this service easily, quickly and economically.

Next time, don't lose your argument because you don't have the answers. Your proof is ready in black and white. Be equipped—send for your reprints now.

Please see the partial listing of reprints on the back cover of this issue.



A M E R I C A N MERCURY

MARCH 1957

VOLUME LXXXIV NO. 398

Chairman of the Board
RUSSELL MAGUIRE

Managing Editor
NATASHA BOISSEVAIN

Associate Editors
MAURINE HALLIBURTON
HAROLD LORD VARNEY
GRAIL S. HANFORD

Contributing Editors
EUGENE W. CASTLE
SPENCER MILLER, JR.
DAVID SHEA TEEPLE
KARL HESS
C. D. BATCHELOR
JACK H. KESTNER
EDNA R. FLUEGEL

Editorial Assistant
RUTH M. LIND

Circulation Director
ALMA E. DREWES

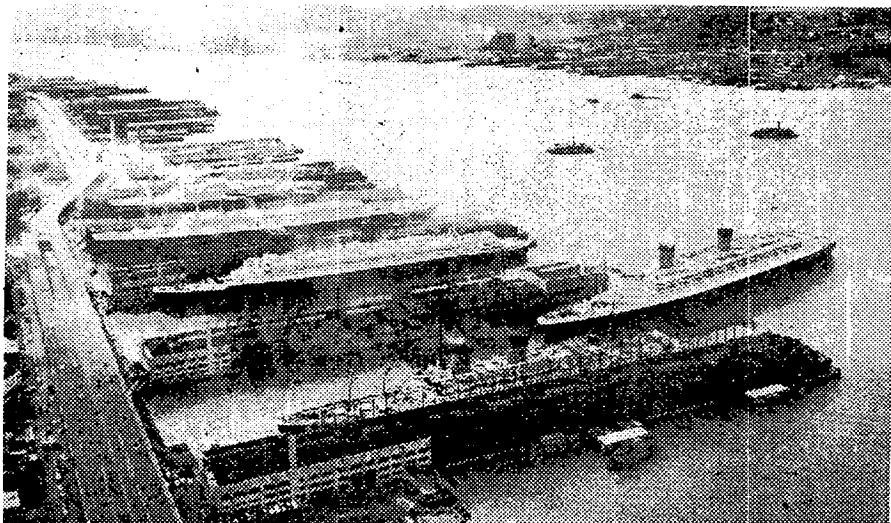
Promotion
GARY MURTHA

Business Manager
LESLIE J. YARBROUGH

Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1956 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Protected under International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

China and the Communist Conspiracy	
<i>Our Far Eastern Correspondent</i>	7
Living Room Etiquette	J. Laurance Sutton 22
I Speak for the High Schools	
<i>Richard Burt Lane</i>	25
Senator Kennedy: The Perfect Politician	
<i>Russell Turner</i>	33
Montmartre by Day	Eugene W. Castle 41
The Science Fiction Farmers . .	Henry LaCossitt 46
The UN Does It Again	Halsey McGovern 51
Color Can Change Your Life . .	Arthur Larsen 55
Must We Curb the Supreme Court?	
<i>Donald R. Richberg</i>	61
Force for Friendship	Christopher Bird 65
Case of the Missing Articles . . .	Leo Hamalian 70
Those "Awful" Foods	John Sidney 73
In Memory of a Queen	Harold R. Keyt 78
Teen-Agers of Balboa	Winifred Palmer 83
How to Outwit the Gyps.	Leslie E. Dunkin 89
Mother's Day Off	Betty Land 93
In the MERCURY's Opinion . . .	Russell Maguire 97
The Negro Voter Comes of Age	
<i>George S. Schuyler</i>	99
Animals With Good Aim	Robert Farr 105
Ever Find a Diamond?	Omer Henry 110
Communism Means Mass Murder	
<i>Frank Pease</i>	115
Mr. Post's Perfect Town	Robert Schick 122
The Burgess-Maclean Case—Part II	
<i>Edna R. Fluegel</i>	127
Diplomas for Truck Drivers	Lou Simon 135
Money Made Mysterious—V	Paul Stevens 140
Problems of Aging	Robert J. Needles 146
Do You Know? • 54	This Is What They Said • 108
The Book Shelf • 151	Open Forum • 156

Cover by DeWitt Whistler Jayne



Department of Marine and Aviation Photo

SEAMEN of these great ships, British, French, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, German, American, docking near our Building are our world parish.

This Society seeks to develop a high morale among seamen of all nations, to give the maritime visitors to America a better understanding of our way of life, and to create international goodwill among peoples of the free world.

Your contributions will provide Chaplain service on the ships that dock in the world's greatest port, club room facilities for leisure time, religious services which include a thousand showings of religious films annually, as well as church services and the distribution of religious literature, patriotic and historic sight-seeing tours, and the distribution to seamen of nearly half a million magazines and books a year.

Will you help us present to men of all nations the spiritual blessings of the American way of life and of our Christian heritage? This missionary opportunity for God and country produces friends and ambassadors of goodwill for us among all nations of the free world.

Gifts and legacies will be welcomed and are tax exempt • *For further information please write*

REV. HAROLD E. MAYO, *Executive Director*
New York Port Society • 524 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y.

33RD YEAR

A M E R I C A N

MERCURY

MARCH 1957



CHINA

AND THE

COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY

BY OUR FAR EASTERN CORRESPONDENT

EDITOR'S NOTE:

THE AMERICAN MERCURY's Far Eastern correspondent has recently located copies of some fantastic documents regarding Communism in China. These were published in full in 1927, by means of photographs of the originals and translations into English, by the Peking Police, and many of these same documents were reproduced in a supplement to the Peking and Tientsin *Times* of May 12, 1927.

Copies of these documents, as published by the Peking Police, are also available, technically, in the Library of Congress. However, it seems that in recent years when they are requested from the Library they are always "out." The Government of the United States is fully aware of the existence of these documents. Since they are actu-

ally a blueprint of the long-term strategy of the Communists in China—on direct orders from the Kremlin—it would seem that our officials find it easier to ignore these unpleasant facts. Had these documents been taken into account, the United States would never have committed its incredible blunders in China.

The softening up of United States public opinion has started once again. And once again Moscow is confident that we will tie ourselves into knots for delivery, as we have done so often, at the whim of the Kremlin.

The stakes are high, but they are not new. It's the same old story—the recognition of Communist China. Only this time we have a new envoy in the person of Prime Minister Nehru of India.

After reading the reports of his visit, it seems that the Prime Minister has learned a few tricks from Tito. It is quite obvious that he has watched the ridiculous spectacle of our relations with the Communist dictator of Yugoslavia and has decided that the adoption of a dual personality is a good way to do business.

At this writing, we have this information from Nehru's own mouth: He urged admission of Red China to the United Nations. He sought United States' recognition of Communist China. He advocated the end of military alliances, which would naturally include NATO and SEATO. Lastly, he recommended the withdrawal of troops stationed in foreign lands.

It is also interesting to note that he constantly coupled the rape of Hungary with the reoccupation of the Suez by England and France. This comes incredibly close to the Communist party line. Perhaps he was brainwashed during his meeting with Chou En-lai, for he made one statement regarding Russia which, coming as it does at a time when the Communists are still murdering Hungarians, can only be regarded as that of a man seriously misinformed. He said:

"Many recent tendencies in the Soviet Union have been in the right direction of liberalization and democratization, and I should like those tendencies to function in an increasing measure."

This, then, is the attitude with which the Prime Minister of India approached the President of the United States. Mr. Eisenhower in his anxiety to cooperate and make things right has probably promised to reach an understanding soon.

THUS from this moment on, we, the American people, will be deluged with a new propaganda line—Chou En-lai is an independent agent. (Recent State Department publications actually present Chou En-lai in the role of political advisor to American foreign service officers. So that, even as late as World War II, Chou was effectively making American policy.) Communist China is a government by itself—apart from the Kremlin. The Peking Government would much rather cooperate with the United States than with the Soviet Union. These phony statements will be repeated so often that even the U.S. Government will begin to believe them.

Certainly, Chou En-lai would like United Nations recognition, for Chou En-lai badly needs economic aid from the United States.

The industries from the West are necessary to China today. Remember that only 18 percent of China's land surface can be farmed. 82 percent is rugged terrain. At the same time the population of China increases approximately 5 million each year. The Communists are taxing these people from 80 to 97 per-

cent of their crops grown on this land. The Chinese people are true victims of Soviet Imperialism.

Capital is necessary to industrialize a nation—there is no hard cash in China today. Only in Manchuria is there much industrialization, and that was done years ago by Japan.

Thus, the real purpose of recognition is the acquisition of American dollars. It is a situation which exactly parallels our recognition of the Communist regime in Russia when we poured 9,000,000,000 dollars' worth of capital goods. Capital goods were demanded by Russia, for she was working on her usual long-term basis. We continued to send Russia hundreds of millions of investment dollars from 1933 through 1938.

The recent Communist Party Congress in August 1956 dictated the approach for all cadres abroad. This future approach clearly indicated that there had been and would continue to be the same Communistic doctrines in China.

Communist China was directed to press forward on all fronts under the guise of freedom, cease-fire arrangements, as in Korea, and coalition fronts as in Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia. The ultimate object of the various devices is to achieve a victory for Communism wherever there is a tactical problem.

Another part of this same Party Congress has as its objective a *mo-*

dus vivendi to be worked out with the United States under the guise of peace.

As long as there are 12,000,000 overseas Chinese, a counter-revolution is always a threat. Chiang Kai-shek's well-located government can be the symbol of a free Asia. In Russia, the symbol of a Republic of China demonstrates that the Chinese war remains unresolved and gives a real meaning to the implications of the current Hungarian uprising.

LET US now go back somewhat in history. Nehru's visit to Washington as a state guest has an insidious background. Prior to the Bandung Conference of 1954, Nehru's visit to China organized this conference in such a manner that Chou En-lai could achieve a tremendously successful propaganda victory among Asian people. The Bandung Conference was not a closed free-world Asian conference: it was organized by neutral India, and resulted in Communist China's using it as propaganda to further political conquest—the like of which has not occurred in a conference of Asians (there were no Caucasians) since the Conference of Baku on the shores of the Black Sea in Russia in May 1920.

This conference, at which were assembled approximately 1,700 Asian leaders and intellectuals, was the product of the first Comintern of the USSR. Nine months after

this conference, the Communist apparatus was organized and staffed in seven centers in China, and a Chinese Communist Party was founded in Shanghai on June 1, 1921, with the purpose of legalizing Communist activities, apart from the operation of the underground apparatus.

These two efforts produced immediate results by the coalition agreement which provided Soviet military aid to be shipped from Vladivostok to Canton (the scene of the first revolutionary movement) in exchange for a commitment by Dr. Sun Yat Sen to admit Chinese Communist members to his new revolutionary government.

This first united front in China continued until the middle of the northern expedition, which reached the cities of Hankow, Nanking and Shanghai on the Yangtze River, where the Trotsky-staffed Comintern directing the activities of the Chinese Communist Party, plotted urban insurrection or a form of anarchy. (It is interesting to note that when Chou En-lai visited Nehru in India, he was accompanied by the Kremlin agent who wrote the field orders for the state of anarchy. At this same time, Chou En-lai was made political commissar of one of the military divisions operating during the revolution. In such a position, he could not only issue political propaganda but influence the field orders to the troops.) This pattern was de-

signed to embarrass Chiang Kai-shek, the heir to Dr. Sun, who died in 1925, before the Western powers, who held extraterritorial rights, geographic concessions, and other privileges in China and the Far East. This pattern was borne out by the destruction of Western properties and the murders of some 20 or 30 American and British citizens in the cities of Hankow, Nanking and Shanghai.

The plan failed, because in the week of April, 1927 there was a raid committed by the Peking military police, acting on a tip from the Japanese military attache, upon the Soviet embassy in Peking. The raid resulted in the seizure of over 4,000 Comintern documents.

These documents indicated the plan of seizure of the leadership of the Chinese Revolution under the guise of a coalition instigated in 1923. They named and located a Soviet network in China which had infiltrated the revolutionary movement of Kuomintang, as well as agents in all other foreign embassies in Peking. These documents also indicated a Marxist study group among the Chinese intellectuals who were professors and teachers in eighteen universities concentrated in areas of Peking, and others in Chungking, Hankow, Canton, Nanking and Shanghai.

Chiang Kai-shek was faced with embarrassment before the Western powers—whose retaliation would

destroy his nationalist movement—or faced with destruction by the Communist cadres and armies. So he struck out and conducted a bloody purge, in which Communist agents by the hundreds were rubbed out. Unfortunately, the purge was unsuccessful.

THE RESULTS of the purge and the contents of the 4,000 documents prompted several military observers to state that “Although the coalition had failed for the Communists, and these documents had temporarily closed the Soviet Embassy, the information taken from these documents indicated that the course of Communism was of such an extent in China as to make Western powers fearful as to the future orientation of China in world affairs.” This statement was made by several United States and Western military observers attached to the embassies in Peking in 1927.

Why this warning was not used as background material for the Marshall Mission twenty years later is an interesting question. Why this information was ignored in the political developments of China in the subsequent 25 years or more, and why the 4,000 documents have not been provided to the United States academic researches for study of China and the Far East is also interesting.

These documents could have been tremendously useful to General Marshall, for at the end of

1945 the Chinese Communist armies under Mao Tse Tung were not nearly so organized and well-armed as they were to become later. However, the State Department was convinced that the GWO (the Kuomintang, Chiang’s Nationalist Government) had, since its break with the Communists in 1927, become more and more corrupt, backward and unpopular, and firmly believed that Mao’s Communists represented an important popular movement. At the same time, so-called popular pressures at home were demanding the return of the marines.

It was at this precise moment—when the situation was about to explode and when the State Department would have to decide whether to withdraw completely our troops from China or continue military and economic support for Chiang—that Patrick Hurley resigned as Ambassador to China. That same day, November 27, 1945, George Marshall was appointed for his mission to China.

This much-publicized mission was to consist of approximately forty top aides and Far Eastern experts. However, General Marshall arrived in Peking with only two men, Colonel Byrde and James Shebeley, to help him. The United States Embassy was cabled to supply Marshall with aides who were recruited locally.

Hurley, himself, before his resignation, had stated in a letter

to President Truman that "The professional foreign service men sided with the Chinese Communists' armed party and the imperialist block of nations whose policy it was to keep China divided against herself. . . . These same professionals openly advised the Communist armed party to decline unification of the Chinese Communist army with the Nationalist army unless the Chinese Communists were given control."

WHO COULD imagine that sinister influences were at work at that time in China? The Soviet propaganda mechanisms were operating all over the globe and the misinformed American public was as confused as the government. Among these influences was the Institute of Pacific Relations, richly endowed and, at that time, apparently respectable. One of the moving spirits of the IPR was Owen Lattimore, whose writings agreed with Soviet diplomacy in over 91 percent of the cases where American diplomacy conflicted with that of the Soviets. This was the conclusion of political scientists and area experts who were employed to go over all of Owen Lattimore's writings from 1935 to 1946, at which latter time Lattimore suddenly abandoned the subject of China and began on Japan as his subject of interest.

Owen Lattimore had written several books on China and about 100

articles for magazines, describing contemporary developments in China. For a person knowing China as he did, and able to speak the language, as he claimed, it is odd that he had no indoctrination of Communism in China, when in fact he was in Peking in 1927 during the raid in which the 4,000 documents were taken from the legation there.

The story of the IPR and Lattimore is now known, but the simple fact remains that all these influences—many of them ignorant, and most of them evil—forced the government of the United States to its final terrible decision.

Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, in his *Diaries*, states that during his meeting with Marshall in July 1946,

"Marshall said the negotiations [these were the negotiations the Ambassador was trying to promote between the Kuomintang and the Communists, looking toward peace between them and Communist participation in the government] had taken a very sharp turn for the worse. He was at that moment in conference with the GWO group. He said if his worst fears were realized and the negotiations broke down, he would recommend a period of withdrawal—and by that he included the withdrawal of the Marines—and that the U.S. then take two or three months for re-appraisal and re-evaluation of its policy toward China."

PREVIOUSLY, at the Potsdam conference, China, as a result of pressure from the U.S., had reluctantly granted concessions to the Soviets in Manchuria.

Then, in September 1945, Truman promised Chiang aid in the form of military missions and surplus equipment but refused to put this in a written memorandum. Furthermore, he refused to authorize any arm shipments until the Nationalists agreed to come to terms with the Communists and form a coalition government. Next, in June 1946, Marshall reported that the disagreements between the Communists and Nationalists in the coalition government had reached a point where the severe fighting in northern China and Manchuria that had broken out would probably result in the involvement of the Soviet government. Then, in August, Truman, in an effort to prevent the breakup of the coalition, sent Chiang a message pressuring him to compromise with the Communists. (Truman later stated that Marshall had proposed this message.) The situation then continued to deteriorate, and at the end of 1947 former Ambassador Bullitt stated that U.S. policy was deliberately destroying the Nationalists and that we had repudiated four past war agreements to assist the Chiang government. In February 1948, U.S. Government information reported that Mukden would fall to the Communists due

to lack of ammunition for the American arms we had previously sent the Nationalist defenders.

In October 1948, China was pleading for shipment of military equipment for which they had already paid the U.S. government. At the end of October, Ambassador Stuart urged all-out aid to save China from the Communists. However, this was never done, for it was apparent that Marshall was determined to bring about the collapse of the Nationalists.

It was not long before Marshall, with a stroke of the pen, disarmed Chiang Kai-shek's armies, and the Communists were allowed to conquer China.

As we have seen, this unwarranted decision was a tragedy for the Western world. It is even more tragic, for now we have absolute proof that it was totally unnecessary. The following documents speak for themselves.

We are reproducing here only a few of the documents found during the raid by the Peking Police. Unfortunately it has been necessary also to cut portions of the documents due to space limitations. You will find, however, that the deletions are clearly marked, and that the editors have noted the documents which appear in full. Any misspellings found in the originals have been corrected by the editors of the MERCURY.

The Metropolitan Police Headquarters, Peking, China, April, 1927 [This foreword to the publication of the

documents is reproduced here in full]

FOREWORD

For the past few years the Soviet Embassy and its adjoining premises had been notorious as the headquarters of subversive Soviet agitation against the Chinese Government. Towards the close of March alarming reports were prevailing in Peking about the growing activities of the communists.

For the sake of maintaining law and order in the Metropolis, the local police and troops, with due authorization of the competent authorities in the Legation Quarter, effected on April 6th a search of the premises of the Dalbank and the offices of the Chinese Eastern Railway, adjoining the Soviet Embassy on the west.

During the search, fire broke out in the office of the Soviet Military Attache, located in the compound of the former Russian Imperial Legation Guard, lying westward of the private properties of the Dalbank and Chinese Eastern Railway. The fire brigade which was on the scene entered the office of the Soviet Attache, together with the police, to extinguish the fire. It was found then that in that office an attempt was being made to burn up documents, over which kerosene had been poured. The fire brigade succeeded in extinguishing the fire and most of the documents, although partly burned and damaged by water and kerosene, were saved.

During the systematic and thorough search of the premises in question the following articles were found:

(a) A mass of documents, which throw an interesting light on the functions of the Soviet Embassy and particularly on the nature of the work of the Military Attache.

(b) A vast amount of Communistic propaganda materials in the form of pamphlets; propaganda posters; pass-

books for members of the Communist Party; red silk identification badges with the Soviet sickle and star stamped on them; thousands of small paper flags with communistic inscriptions; as used in communistic demonstrations . . .

(c) An assortment of rifles and pistols of various makes; one Thompson automatic sub-machine gun; one Bergman automatic rifle; a great quantity of small arms ammunition.

(d) A list of over 4,000 members of the Communist Party in the Peking area; an elaborate diagram showing the numbers of active members of the Communist Party in various countries.

A number of Communists, Chinese and Russian, were arrested during the search, the most prominent of them being Li Ta-chao who had represented China in the Third Internationale.

The raid established the fact that the compound of the former Imperial Russian Legation Guard contained the headquarters of the Communists in which most elaborate and detailed plans and preparations had been made for the overthrow of the government in Peking and for the establishment of a communistic regime.

The captured documents proved conclusively:

(1) That the Soviet Embassy had a most extensive political and military secret service organization in China, which conducted a thorough espionage everywhere, even in the foreign legations in Peking.

(2) That the so-called Soviet advisers and military instructors in the South are members of the various councils of the Kuomintang and the Communists; that they participate actively in the affairs of the aforesaid parties and that they were paid by the Soviet Government through the Military Attache in Peking.

(3) That the Soviet Government with its Embassy in Peking acting as

an intermediate agency was furnishing arms, munitions and other war supplies to the enemies of the Government to which its Embassy was accredited.

DOCUMENT NUMBER 1

[This document is reproduced in full.]
Instructions to Agents for Hiring Spies in Legations.

INSTRUCTIONS

When enlisting the Chinese servants and employees in the Legations of Japan, England and America you must pay the utmost attention to the following subjects:

(a) The man you enlist for our work, as a spy, must be first of all of some use to us, that is he must be in touch with the people who carry the most important and secret work in the legation (the head of the legation, the military attache, the secretaries, etc.), or he must be in the employ of a translator, typist, or a boy in the offices of the legation.

(b) You must be certain that the man you enlist is not a traitor and that his reports must be relied upon.

(c) He must not know that he works for the Russian Legation. You must make him believe that he works for a certain political party of China.

(d) The man you enlist must inform us of the prominent Chinese and foreign gentlemen who frequently visit the legations, the purposes of their visit, the conversations they held with the responsible members of the Legation, etc.

He also must find out the people who are in the charge of the secret military detective work in the legation and the Chinese and foreign spies who are in the employ of the legation.

He must find out where the secret documents and confidential correspondence are kept and find means and ways to steal or copy some of them, re-

membering that for his work we shall pay him a special premium besides his regular salary.

DOCUMENT NUMBER 3

[This document was badly damaged in the fire. The words in parentheses were supplied by the translators. It is reproduced in part.]

Instructions Drafted from a Résolution of Extended Plenary Session of Communist International Giving Directions to the Military Attache Regarding Policy to be followed in China. Very Confidential

TO THE MILITARY ATTACHE IN CHINA

Enclosing a resolution on the Chinese question, carried . . . the extended plenary session of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, we send you an instruction drafted according to this resolution, which you will carry out.

(1) Every attention must be paid at present to lend to the revolutionary movement in China an *exclusively* national character. To this end it is necessary to carry on agitation in favor of the Kuomintang as of the party of the national independence of China. . . .

(2) It is necessary to organize anti-European disturbances in the territory occupied by the troops of Chang Tsolin.

(3) It is necessary to discredit the activity of Chang Tsolin, stigmatizing him as a mercenary of the international capitalistic and imperialistic (currents), who hinders the Kuomintang in its work of liberating China from (foreign), control.

(4) It is necessary to organize agitation against European intrusion . . . particularly against British . . . [the rest has been burned].

(5) It is necessary to take all measures to stir up the mass of the popu-

lation against (the foreigners). To this end it is necessary to have the foreign Powers to resort (to repressive measures) in the struggle with the mob. In order to provoke the intervention of foreign (troops) do not shrink before any measures, even such as looting and mass (massacre). In case of collisions with European troops use largely these cases for agitation.

(6) Be careful not to carry out at present the communistic program. This might strengthen Chang Tos-lin's position and augment the split in the Kuomintang. . . .

(7) While carrying out the present anti-European movement it is most important to keep up the present antagonism among powers. It is especially important to isolate Japan as the country which can within the shortest time move into China a large number of troops. To this end it is necessary to pay strict attention that Japanese residents should not suffer during any riots. However, as regards agitation against the foreigners, the exclusion of Japan might produce an unfavorable impression. It is therefore necessary to carry on the agitation against foreigners in the form of an anti-British movement.

. . . immediately send to all chiefs of sections and follow (this instruction) . . . [the rest has been burned].

[This document is reproduced in part.]

DOCUMENT NUMBER 6

Confidential

Resolution relating to the Chinese question carried at the VII Extended Plenary Session of the Executive Committee of the International Communist Party, Moscow.*

I. Imperialism and the Chinese Revolution.

1. The Chinese revolution is one of

the most important and powerful factors which disturbs the stabilization of capitalism. During the last two years imperialism has suffered in China considerable defeats, the results of which will produce a considerable influence on the exacerbation of the crisis of the world capitalism. In consequence of the victorious advance of the National Army towards North China, the domination of the imperialists was practically undermined in half of the country.

Further victories of the revolutionary armies of Canton, supported by the mass of the Chinese people, will result in the victory over the imperialists, in the independence of China and its revolutionary unification, which will increase by many times the force of resistance to the influence of imperialism. . . .

2. The fundamental power of imperialism in China consists in the actual monopoly of everything that concerns the financial and industrial life of the country (the salt tax, the mortgage of the customs revenues, railways, mines, heavy industry—all this belongs chiefly to foreign capital.) . . . The victory of revolution in China would deal to the world capitalism such a heavy blow that the imperialistic powers will strive by all means to crush it.

3. From the international point of view the Chinese revolution, be it but for its anti-militaristic character, is an essential part of the international revolution. . . .

III. General Prospects of the Chinese Revolution.

7. The general prospects of the Chinese revolution become very clear when the grouping of the classes is considered from this point of view. Al-

*This document was received by the Soviet Military Attache on March 28, 1927.

though, historically speaking, the Chinese revolution at its present stage of development bears a bourgeois democratic character, it must get the character of a wider social movement. It is essential that the Chinese revolution should not result in the creation of such social-political conditions as would lead to a capitalistic development of the country. The Chinese revolution which is effected in the period of collapse of capitalism, is a part of the general struggle tending to overthrow capitalization and introduce socialism. . . .

8. The further development of the prospects of the Chinese revolution depends, in the first place, on the part which is played by the proletariat. The events of the last years have shown that a militarist revolutionary national front can be organized only under the leadership of the proletariat. The struggle against the hegemony of capitalists is successfully carried out only under the hegemony of the proletariat. This is a fundamental principle on which defines the tactics of the Chinese revolution. . . .

IV. *The National Revolution and the Peasantry.*

At the present transitory stage of development of the revolution the agrarian question begins to become acute. It is the principal problem of the present situation. The class that will peremptorily take up this fundamental question and will be able to give a radical solution of it will become the leader to the revolution. In the present state of affairs in China the proletariat is the only class which is able to carry out a radical agrarian policy, which is the condition sine quanon [sic] of the victorious issue of the anti-imperialistic struggle and the further development of the revolution. . . .

The fact that the agrarian question is

not handled boldly and that the numerous political and economic demands of the peasants are not supported is dangerous for the revolution. The refusal to give the question of the agrarian revolution a conspicuous place in the program of the national-liberatory movement for fear of irresolute and unreliable cooperation on the part of the capitalistic class is a mistake. This is not a revolutionary policy of the proletariat. The Communist party must not commit such mistakes. . . .

In the territory of the Kuomintang government the program of the agrarian revolution must be put in a concrete form. The Communist Party and the Kuomintang must immediately carry out the following measures in order to attract the peasantry on the side of the revolution:

(a) A maximum reduction of the rents.

(b) The cancelling of various kinds of taxation of the peasantry and the introducing instead of them of a single rural economic progressive tax.

(c) The maximum regulation and alleviation of the burden of taxation resting on the fundamental mass of the peasantry.

(d) The confiscation of lands belonging to monasteries, churches, reactionary militarists and those compradores, landlords and nobles who carry on civil war with the Kuomintang government.

(e) The securing for tenants the right to perpetual leasehold of the lands they cultivate and the fixing of a maximum rent by the peasants' unions and the representatives of the revolutionary authorities.

(f) The granting of full support by the Canton Government to the interests of the peasantry and, among others, the protection against oppression on the part of landowners, nobles and usurers.

(g) The disarmament of the "min-

tuans" and all other detachments of the landowners.

(h) The arming of the poor and middle class peasants, submitting all such armed forces to the organs of the revolutionary government.

(i) A maximum support on the part of the government to peasants' organizations, including peasants' unions.

(j) The organization of cheap credit on the part of the State; the combating of usury and the support of peasants' organizations and mutual assistance.

(k) Help on the part of the government to co-operatives and organizations for mutual assistance. . . .

V. *The Communist Party and the Kuomintang.*

14. The imperative necessity of obtaining an influence over the peasantry dictates also the relations which should exist between the Communist Party on one hand and the Kuomintang and Cantonese Government on the other. The mechanism of the national-revolutionary government presents a very effective way to approach the peasantry, and the Communist Party must avail itself of this mechanism. In the recently liberated provinces a governmental mechanism of the type of the Canton Government will be established. The duty of the Communists and their revolutionary allies is to penetrate into the mechanism of the new government, in order to put into practice the agrarian program of the national revolution. This will be achieved by using the governmental mechanism for the confiscation of land and the reduction of taxes and for the lending of real force to the peasants' committees, thus gradually carrying out reforms according to the revolutionary program.

15. On this and many other similar reasons the opinion that the Communist Party must give up the Kuomintang is erroneous. The whole process of the

development of the Chinese revolution, its character and its prospects demand that the Communists should remain in the Kuomintang and continue their activity in it. . . .

16. The Communist Party of China must strive to have the Kuomintang developed into a real People's Party, into a solid revolutionary block of the proletariat, the peasantry, the petty town bourgeoisie and other oppressed elements which have entered into a decisive struggle against imperialism and its agents. To this end the Communist Party must act as follows:

(1) Systematically and persistently struggle against the right wing of the Kuomintang and the ideology of Ta Tsi-tao and their endeavor to change the Kuomintang into a bourgeois party;

(2) give a proper form to the left wing and enter into close collaboration with it, but without trying to substitute in it the members of the Communist Party in the work of leadership;

(3) persistently criticise the center which vacillates between the right and left wings, between the further development of the revolution and an agreement with imperialism.

VI. *Problems of the Chinese Revolution and the Character of the Revolutionary Government.*

17. Lenin wrote: "Previous in the epoch of the world revolution, the struggle for national liberation formed a part of the general democratic movement. Now, since the victory of the Soviet revolution in Russia and the beginning of the period of the world revolution, the struggle for national liberation is a part of the world proletarian revolution."

. . . The problems of the Chinese revolution are as follows:

a) The nationalization of rail and waterways;

b) the confiscation of big enterprises, mines and banks which have the character of foreign concessions, and

c) the nationalization of the land which must be realized by means of consecutive radical reform effected by the revolutionary state.

VII. *The Communist Party and the Proletariat.*

In order to play a leading part in the revolution, the Chinese proletariat must consolidate its class organizations—political as well as economic ones. . . .

The laborers' class must be strengthened and developed as follows:

a) A mass of industrial unions must be created and all such unions must be amalgamated; the Chinese federation of trade unions must be consolidated.

b) The work among the masses must be intensified; the contact of the leading organs of the trade unions with the mass of Chinese workmen must be consolidated and besides industrial workmen, tradesmen, workmen of domestic industry and of small workshops, as well as cultural laborers, must be attracted into the trade unions.

c) Greater attention must be paid to the economic struggle of the workmen, which must grow into a political struggle; tactics must be worked out for the strike movement; mutual help and strike funds must be organized, cooperatives, etc., must be created and assisted.

d) Education of the workmen's masses must be intensified by means of counteracting the reformatory methods.

e) The contact between the movement of the Chinese professional unions with those of the whole world, especially with those of the far Eastern countries, must be consolidated.

19. In order to attract into the movement the mass of the workmen's class and to strengthen the position in the

national revolution, the Chinese Communist Party must carry on agitation insisting on the following demands:

a) A complete liberty of action for the peasants' and workmen's organizations. The legalization of the professional unions. The promulgation of liberal laws on professional unions. The right of strikes.

b) Legislation relating to labor, 8-hour work days, weekly rest day, maximum of pay.

c) Social legislation. Sanitary inspection and conditions of labor, housing question, insurance, relating to illness, mutilation, invalidation, and unemployment. Protection of women and children's labor. Prohibition of women's night labor. Prohibition of labor in factories by children under 14 years.

d) Organization of factory inspection.

e) Cancelling of the system of fines and corporal punishment.

f) Removing of all sorts of military and police detachments from the factory premises.

g) Coping with unemployment; influencing of the unemployed by the trade unions; organization of labor exchanges connected with the professional unions. . . .

X. *The Problems of the Communist Party in the Imperialistic Countries.*

28. One of the most important and urgent tasks of the Communist parties of the imperialistic countries is to support by all means the Chinese revolution. This support must be carried out in the following way:

(a) Agitation against military intervention in China. The danger of foreign intervention in China must be explained to the mass of the proletariat. The imperialistic policy of providing civil war in China and of lending financial and military help to the militarists must be exposed.

(b) Demand of the withdrawal of

foreign troops from Chinese territory and of naval forces from Chinese waters.

(c) Propaganda among foreign troops and sailors in China.

(d) Agitation in favor of immediate recognition of the Canton Government, as the really national government in China. These demands must be put forth at mass meetings and demonstrations of protest. Social-democratic and non-party workmen must be drawn into this campaign. [A true copy: (Signed) Kissinka.]

DOCUMENT NUMBER 9

[This is reprinted in full]

Draft of Telegram dated June 15th in the handwriting of Egaroff, the Soviet Military Attache at Peking, addressed to Galen. This telegram was found in a file dated 1926. It shows clearly that the Russian Embassy in China was acting as an agent between the Soviet Government and the Canton Government in the deliveries of munitions and arms.

To Galen.

1. Your order transmitted to Moscow. The execution of any order requires considerable time, usually two or three months, according to a communication from Moscow. Moscow wants an absolute precisement in the matter of payments for supplies. We think Moscow will not be satisfied with your statement referring to payment on delivery. Therefore I ask you to state your wants as clearly as possible an[d] [sic] to present us a plan of your orders. It is necessary to fix in a quite concrete form the amount of instalments and the dates of their payment on account of orders.

2. Your 299. Communicate separately which parts of the guns already delivered are missing, except spare parts. We informed Moscow about the care-

lessness with regard to the forwarding of guns and ordered everything enumerated by you.

3. Communicate to what extent is the National Revolutionary Army provided with munitions; what is, in general outlines, the distribution of divisions. Let us know about the later changes.

DOCUMENT NUMBER 10

[This document is reproduced in full.]

Draft of Telegram dated July 4th in the handwriting of Egaroff, the Soviet Military Attache at Peking, addressed to Galen, Canton. This telegram was found in a file dated 1926. It shows clearly that the Russian Embassy in China was acting as an agent between the Soviet Government and the Canton Government in the deliveries of munitions and arms.

To Galen

Canton.

Yavorsky informs:

1) The cost of supplies already handed over to Canton (until December 1) is 2,500,000 roubles.

2) 5,250,000 cartridges, 20 machine guns and 2,000 shells; 2 Arisaka guns and 2,000 shells; 7 three-inch mountain guns and 7,000 shells; 10,000 chemical shells for 3-inch guns; 9 Rosenberg guns and 6,000 shells; 40 bomb-throwers and 4,000 shells; 9 aeroplanes—all concentrated at Vladivostok—cost 2,000,000 roubles. The greater part already has been sent to you.

3) The Canton Government must pay immediately for the transportation from Vladivostok to Canton.

4) It is necessary to insist that Canton make payments for the supplies already delivered or to be delivered now, also that the dates of payment be fixed.

5) In the future Canton's orders will

be executed as far as possible only for cash payment.

There is a certain inexactness concerning the cost, as indicated by Yavorsky: e.g., some articles, which already have been sent from Vladivostok are not included in the indicated cost of 2,000,000 roubles, but this does not change the matter and will be elucidated supplementarily.

DOCUMENT NUMBER 11

[This document is reproduced in full.]

Draft of Telegram from the Soviet Military Attache's Office, to Borodin, Canton, dated August 27th, informing Borodin as to amount of ammunition concentrated at Vladivostok. This telegram was found in a file dated 1926.

To Borodin
Canton.

1. Concentrated at Vladivostok:

1,300,000 Russian cartridges; 1,200,000 Japanese cartridges, 8,200 shells for 3 inch field guns: Details concerning later data not available. In about one week's time will be concentrated: 7,000,000 German cartridges, 250 pounds V-la powder, 8,000 shells for 3 inch mountain guns; spare parts (and) munitions for 15 guns. Cost of the articles to be concentrated, except spare parts of the artillery (and) munitions, 564,148. This amount to be paid on delivery. Communicate immediately about the situation on Kiangsi-Fukien border, also the result of the negotiations about the going over of some unit to the side of the Nationalist Government.

After having read even these brief portions of the captured documents is it possible to conceive that the United States Government was ignorant of the Soviet aims and designs in China?

A Specialist of Sorts

If there's anything pleasant about a judge's job, it is the fact that the poor man gets to see a lot of familiar faces.

This particular morning he stared over the top of his bench into the dejected eyes of one of his best customers, a man who previously had been before him for speeding, reckless driving, drunken driving, improper parking and lastly, driving a car with faulty brakes.

"Oh it's you again," the judge said. "Seems to me last time you were here, I revoked your driver's license for a year. What's the charge this time?"

The defendant stared at the floor for a long time before he summoned up courage enough to answer. Finally he spoke: "Jaywalking, your honor."



Living Room Eatiquette

by J. Laurance Sutton

HOW CAN an olive eater hide his olive pits at a party? I have a sharp appetite for olives myself; so I know it can be very embarrassing when someone looks at my plate and says:

"Just how many olives have you eaten?"

Ralph Judson, of Omaha, Nebraska, has solved the problem. He manages to get near the radio or automatic phonograph and deftly tosses the pits into the back of the instrument. It does no harm to the mechanism, and it's usually months before they are found. By that time

no one can remember who was hanging around the cabinet.

Everybody likes to eat—especially in the living room. Etiquette books cover manners at an informal feast, but it takes more than etiquette to get through a refreshment period in the living room without incident.

Thus it is fitting that a few ideas and warnings be issued for the sake of everybody. But watch out for traps! These are not entirely the product of the foibles of the hostess but are, to a large degree, dictated by the fashion and custom of the day. . . .

At dainty little repasts, it is the custom to furnish dainty little paper napkins. For the man who has tried to stretch the morning shave through the evening, one wipe across a bristled chin can leave the napkin in shreds. Pieces of it will cling to the whiskers and give the poor gentleman the appearance of having been hit by a snowball.

The ladies say these dainty napkins are not supposed to be used as "wipers across the face" but only as "dabbers at the lips". Men, however, rarely stoop to the petite little act of dabbing. Moral: Take a late shave.

The usual setup for these feminine affairs requires that each person take a cup of coffee and saucer in one hand and a miniature plate in the other. The plate, of course, is to be filled with assorted del-

icacies found on the coffee table or buffet.

As a warning, it is best for anyone with a tremor or nervous disorder, to either stay at home or pretend he isn't hungry. He hasn't a chance to get through the evening without mishap.

THE ASSORTED delicacies are often presented in the wrong order. A friend of mine had to take a ripe olive, a green olive and a pickled onion on his plate first.

It was really nobody's fault; he just approached the table from that direction. Next came the liver paste sandwiches and a bowl of delicious chicken salad.

He is an orderly and methodical person and figured to balance his sandwich on the olives and onion to make room for the delicious chicken salad. When the salad stuck to the serving spoon he had to shake it to get any at all. This motion caused the olives and pickled onion to act like ball bearings, and thus the sandwich rolled off the plate. Quick as a wink, his reflexes came into play and he caught the morsel before it hit the floor. The delicious chicken salad didn't hit the floor, either. It landed on the foot of the lady next in line.

Whether or not there are any smokers present, it is a good idea to keep a few ash trays around just to catch the plum seeds.

While I was still in uniform, my

wife and I were invited to the apartment of an elderly couple for the evening. Shortly after we had been seated, the hostess passed around a bowl of luscious blue plums. We each took one. After we ate the fruit we found there were no facilities to take care of the seed. There were no ash trays around; so we held the seeds in our hands.

The obvious place to put them would have been the pants cuff, but Army uniforms have no cuffs.

Two hours later we left the apartment, still carrying the plum seeds in our hands.

Recently at a friend's house when the usual tidbits and snacks were brought out, a rather elderly gentleman hit upon a plan to place his plate of goodies on the edge of the baby grand rather than try to balance the plate on his knee.

There is really no way to escape—as he found out. Just as he was about to bite into a cracker containing a choice bit of pickled herring, a rather rotund lady ran into his elbow. Of course they each begged the other's pardon profusely.

It wasn't until the lady had gone her way that he discovered, though he still held the cracker firmly between his fingers, the pickled herring was nowhere to be seen.

In fact, it wasn't found until the guest of the evening sat down to play the baby grand. It was noted that B flat was a good deal flatter.

Most of us have pets around the house, and they naturally come for some of the fun of having snacks in the living room.

One gentleman attended a buffet supper where he filled his plate with assorted delicacies.

He found no table on which to set his plate, so he placed it on the floor in front of his chair while he went to get a cup of coffee. On his return, he was chagrined to find a Dalmatian gulping the last crumb.

My wife's Aunt Ethel keeps a couple of very nice cats. But one evening one of the felines could stand it no longer—she made a dive for the caviar and was on her second mouthful before she could be pulled away.

This brings up the problem of what to do when the cat has just gotten into the food and there is no more of that particular variety available—do as Aunt Ethel did. Take the bowl to the kitchen; stir up the contents a little so it looks different; then walk proudly back in the living room with it and announce: "It's a good thing I had more in the kitchen." This solution is simple but effective.

EATING in the living room with the lights on was difficult enough, but since the advent of TV, the custom of eating in the dark has become popular.

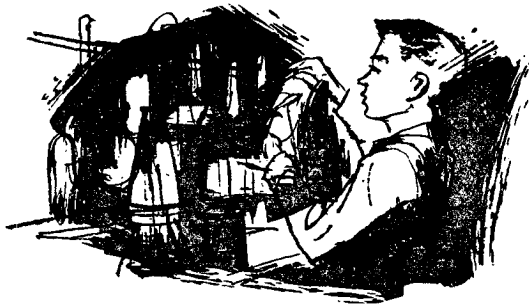
Since it is obviously difficult to

serve oneself in a darkened room, a neighbor of ours hit upon the idea of making a whole raft of dainty little sandwiches which she wrapped individually in waxed paper. When we arrived at Madge's house Roy Rogers was usurping the attention, so we were greeted in a discreet but quiet manner and were motioned toward seats facing the picture tube.

When the commercial came on, she went to the kitchen and returned with a tray of sandwiches but neglected to tell us they were wrapped in waxed paper. Though they tasted horrible and were difficult to chew we probably never would have known the truth but for Uncle Joe.

It seems that Madge had trouble making the waxed paper stay on one; so she put a rubber band around it. When Uncle Joe got it caught between his teeth the light had to be turned on in order to quiet him down. The light, of course, revealed the truth.

Yes, the rug may be mused; the floor may be stained by chocolate or cup cake frosting; the furniture may be nicked by cups and saucers. There's no way to get around it. It's fun to eat in the living room; and it's worth far more to morale than the damage can offset. Not for anything would we give up the pleasure—not even for the cup of coffee that just went down the front of my clean suit.



I Speak for the High Schools

by Richard Bert Lane

A young student discusses the real reasons behind America's shortage of scientists and engineers.

THE OTHER morning I heard a radio commercial that went like this: "Junior High School Students! Senior High School Students! Our country needs scientists and engineers! Enroll now in science and mathematics classes! Become a scientist or engineer!"

Practically every magazine or newspaper contains an article or two about how short our country is of scientists and engineers, or what a small percentage of today's high-school graduates are going to college to study science and mathematics. General Twining has worried publicly because Russia is turning out more trained scientists and engineers than is the United States. The White House Conference on Education was concerned about the shortage. Another conference is scheduled to find out

why so many qualified high-school graduates do not go on to college.

Well, nobody asked me, but I am a member of a high-school class, and we have talked it over. I would like to tell you what I and the members of my own age group think about the whole thing.

First of all—we do not like the implication that the high-school graduates of today are lazy and uninterested in the future of their country and the world. We think that we are as ambitious in science, mathematics and engineering as are Russian students. But we think that they get better groundwork than we do in school, and that a much larger percentage of the Russian national income is spent on schools than is spent for the same purpose here.

In many ways our own schools

are doubtless superior to the Russian kind. Everyone here gets music appreciation, driving lessons, and a chance at a wealth of cultural subjects. However, they could easily be ahead of us in science and mathematics.

There are two main reasons, we believe, why American kids do not go on to college, and into math and science, as they should. The first reason is the poor preparation they get in grade and high school. The second reason is that few can afford the expense of four years or more of college.

To discuss the first reason: I believe that the preparation-weakness begins when the child starts in school. Some joker has worked out the idea that a child feels rejected and inferior if his grades are not as good as anyone else's in his room—no matter what kind of work he does or is capable of doing. So the only grades most schools now give to younger kids are "Satisfactory" or "Unsatisfactory."

No value whatsoever is set upon scholarship—nobody cares if a child does good work or just gets by. In fact, how can anyone tell? And this when the kids are little—just getting an idea what school is all about! It doesn't take youngsters long to realize that no matter how hard they work, "Satisfactory" is the highest grade they can get. No wonder they come up with the idea that only dopes work

hard. The whole grading system sets a premium on mediocrity.

THIS SYSTEM develops lazy teachers as well as lazy students. Why should a teacher bother with individuals when classes are large and nobody can tell what the kids are learning? Why help the slower ones, why encourage the brighter ones? So our mediocre kids grow up and come to Junior High School.

Here the grading system undergoes a radical change. In the local junior highs, the grades run from a top of *one* to a failing grade of *five*. And here these youngsters come—having had "Satisfactory" grades all their lives.

By now, juvenile delinquency presents itself and the teachers are all set to nip it early, before it gets a start. Some of them use ridicule, some use overly-long homework assignments, some use long after-school punishment sessions to keep their classes in line. I never met one who tried to make the course itself interesting or who suggested any approach that wasn't explicitly outlined in the book. In my opinion, a genuine interest in science or mathematics on the part of the teacher, and encouragement by the teacher of kids who have the glimmering of a similar interest, would do more to cut down juvenile delinquency than any amount of tough talk.

A good science club—really do-

ing something, not just meeting once a week—would be wonderful. So would a science open house, or fair, with the public invited. In my town we have none of these in Junior High School—or Senior High, either—just unending discussions about endorsing papers in the upper right-hand corner and leaving margins exactly an inch wide.

In most schools, first-year algebra is required for graduation. Our “Satisfactory” kids—who never bothered about the multiplication tables and correct addition—take one look at Algebra and decide that if they are lucky enough to scrape through it, they will all become English teachers and will never crack a math book again. A lot of them know that they need Algebra to go into college majors, but they never realized they would need arithmetic and nobody made them learn it. And what ninth-grade Algebra teacher has time to go back eight years and start her classes in arithmetic—really teaching it to them this time?

However, there are a few kids whose parents drilled them at home, or who have a natural talent for mathematics and worked it out by themselves. These are the ones who will be the scientists and engineers. They have worked hard and tried to fit themselves for High School Science. And what happens?

I can tell you what happened to

me, and I would bet anything that it happens—with local variations—to many others in many other schools and towns!

ALL MY life I wanted to study astronomy. I tried to construct telescopes (you know those \$4.98 kits) in the lab which my dad helped me build in our basement. I never got a telescope that worked, but I became interested in other lines and saved my money for chemistry sets, microscopes, and so on. Most of my friends did the same, and we all worked up a healthy interest in science and eagerly looked forward to our first science course in high school. Ha, General Science!

The only thing I remember from General Science is that it is not smart to dig a well downhill from the barn. Nothing about antibiotics, radio, the atomic age. General Science should have been called “General Anaesthetic.” Oh, well—next year we would get into Biology! Real high-school stuff. Ha, Biology!

Our Biology book and teacher were both of slightly more recent vintage than the General Science ones had been. I think our Biology teacher had hoped to become a doctor, but—frustrated in that ambition—she put her heart into being a full-time character. She had a tarantula, a couple of rats, and all the senior boys for pets. We of the common tenth-grade herd could

gasp at the antics of the livestock and we could applaud the gay banter of "Teach" and the seniors—but we could not join in.

AT THIS TIME I decided that if I were to learn any Biology, I had better begin reading outside the tired vaudeville routines in class. I went to the library and learned some of the things Biology should teach—Mendel's law, eugenics, plant structures, etc.—from books. I figured that as long as I passed the tests, "Teach" could not flunk me. And pass the tests I did. But she noticed that I did not hand in any homework, and the grades she gave me infuriated my parents.

I knew I was learning Biology, but I could not prove it. So I just quit worrying and looked forward to Chemistry to rescue me from the doldrums. Ha, Chemistry!

Our Chemistry teacher is the finest argument for an adequate Teachers' Retirement Fund that I ever saw. As a gay young blade, he performed in Chemical Warfare in World War I. I don't think he ever looked at another Chemistry book. We had a brand-new Chemistry textbook, but he did not follow it. He used the same experiments he had done before World War I—with the same equipment. The newest item in his chemical repertoire is the manufacture of grain alcohol—learned doubtless during Prohibition days.

I am not interested in working up a do-it-yourself liquor business, so I started to study by myself again. But I was luckier in grades this time. The teacher gave everyone who did not bother him a *two*, and I did not bother. Kids who were troublesome got *three's*, and the children of all schoolboard members, millionaires and doctors got *one's*. Chemistry was an innocent little time-killer, and when it got boring I could always look ahead to Physics. Ha, Physics!

Our Physics teacher in this, my senior year, is a retired football coach of some 55 years. He prides himself on his man-to-man approach to his classes, and there certainly is no pretense about him. He collects all our homework and—right before our eyes—plops the whole business (unlooked-at) into the nearest wastebasket. He has us print our own names and the rest of the required data on our report cards at the beginning of the year, and every quarter we have to put on our own grades as he dictates them. Thus we know our own and everyone else's grade, and we have found that he never has flunked a student.

He definitely believes in live-and-let-live. The only thing that really makes him mad is for us to ask questions in class, especially questions about Physics. I think the only reason he chose Physics when he left coaching was that this way, he can use the school's Geiger

Counter. The classes are never allowed to touch it.

So here I am—working at home again and hoping I can teach myself enough Physics to get through the College Boards and maybe to be accepted by some college somewhere. Ha, College!

Meanwhile, this is what was happening to me in mathematics: The head of our school math department is an ex-PT boat skipper of World War II. He is tougher than a boiled owl, and his habits of command have apparently hung over from skippering days. We either learn what we are supposed to learn, when we are supposed to learn it, in his classes, or we get out. I have taken Algebra II, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry and Trigonometry from him. He is known to all of us as "Simon Le-gree," and sometimes we hate him desperately. However, we do respect him and we honestly are grateful to him for helping to reduce our mental flab.

SO THERE is one good teacher—Simon!—in the whole bunch. Maybe that is below par for the course, but after talking with kids from other towns and states (I go on debate and speech trips and meet many seniors from other localities), I do not think so. The worst of it is, our parents think the heavy school taxes they scrimp to pay are really buying us good educations!

We do not agree. We feel that if a business today were being run on the same lazy, irresponsible lines as are most schools, that business would go broke in a season. Any enterprise with as little imagination behind it as goes into our present courses of study must always fail. We consider that our time—as well as our parents' money—is being sadly wasted. We could learn more by studying at home alone than we can with most science teachers in school.

What should be done about it?

We think the whole course of study ought to be toughened up, and the grading system rebuilt. Make scholarship again something to be desired. Publicize the math and science departments, as the music and speech departments are publicized. Have science trips, fairs, and other public programs. Recognize and encourage outstanding science and math work. Encourage kids to enter science competitions. (That means more work for the faculty, I know. Probably the added work is why the science teachers in our school did all they could to discourage all of us from entering any competition.)

There were only three entries in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search from our school this year, although there are about 1,500 kids enrolled in senior high. I was one of the three, and had to beg for weeks before I was permitted to enter. Moreover, I would bet any-

thing that the science teachers never filled out and sent in the Personal Data sheets required if our entries were to be complete. Of course, they had no other part in our projects—we all developed them and worked on them by ourselves at home.

I think all academic subjects should be as well taught and demonstrated as the extra-curricular. An athletic coach or music teacher produces for the public often during the school year, and if his teams or her programs are no good, he or she gets fired. The same standards ought to apply in science, math, and all the others.

The entire junior and senior high-school science curriculum needs to be modernized. One of my present school books defines uranium as "a useless metal found in Western America." Every first-grader these days knows better than that.

Another criticism—the present courses do not contain the subjects and facts a high-school senior has to learn to make good grades in such tests as the Ohio State, Iowa State, College Board Scholastic Aptitude and Achievement Tests. I know. I have taken them all—and I think I passed them all. In some—those that tell you your score—I know I did well. What helped me was the studying I have done on my own.

For example: I scored almost twice as high in the Ohio State

Test as did the president of our school Honor Society. He is almost a straight *one* student, honest and hardworking. My average is between *two* and *three*. However, in order to get his high grades, he had to put in a lot of time studying outdated school books and doing repetitious homework assignments. I spent the time picking out and studying newer and more complete books on the same subjects by myself.

OF COURSE, the best textbook and best curriculum in the world can be so poorly presented by lazy, uninterested teachers that the classes profit little from either. Surely in this land, there are people who can and will *teach* science. Surely there is money enough in this country to pay them a wage comparable to what they could earn in industry. Until we get such teachers, high-school science will be as pedestrian as the people who presently administer it.

All the above gives us—the class of 1956—the feeling that we are not prepared to go into college math and science. But the big reason why many of us who were lucky on teachers and could swing it *cannot* go is something else—plain old *money*! We must go into service or get jobs—we just can't afford to go to college. Scholarships and loan funds for prospective mathematicians and scientists would alleviate this difficulty.

IT IS TRUE that many scholarships are available now, but most of them are awarded on a basis of high scholarship alone. Many of the kids who have specialized in science and math do not fall into that category—I know that I do not. The reason is self-evident—it is easier to get a *one* in History, English, and most other high-school courses than in Solid Geometry, Chemistry, Trigonometry, and so on.

I think high scholastic averages do deserve some reward, as do good athletic records, but the difficulty of the course taken in school ought to be considered, too. So many scholarship winners are the type who took the minimum of math and science, two years of a modern foreign language, and the rest “snap” courses.

Under the present system of scholarships, so much potential brain-power is wasted. Many kids with good minds—the kind geared to math and science—are overlooked at best; snubbed at worst. They are the kind who ask questions, who study other books than the ones assigned. Many finally give up on the idea of going to school—driven by poor grades and parental reaction to those grades, they begin to doubt their own ability. Some become resentful and some even become problem children in school, at home and in the community.

It seems to me that the solution

to this loss of good minds is to give IQ and aptitude tests early in a child's school life—and make use of the results of the tests. In our school, these tests are given, but as far as I know, no use is made of them. No more is required of a 140 IQ than of a 90.

Another thing—use standard tests, properly administered, to arrive at a good achievement grade. There is too much cheating on tests in our school—and in most others, I think. Quite often our big scholarship winners go away to college where cheating is impossible and the teachers are too smart to be talked into high grades—and the roof falls in on them.

Of course, these things cost money. But I am convinced they would save some money, too. For instance, scholarships to scientists and mathematicians could well be on a loan basis. Most of the recipients will make better than average salaries, beginning right after graduation, and could pay back even substantial loans over a period of time without hardship on anyone. Then, too, the added income taxes resulting from their improved earning power would probably more than repay the government in the long run for the extra costs of educating scientists and mathematicians.

Another and immediate saving would be in the costs of juvenile delinquency and similar social ailments. A kid who has something to look forward to—like

earning the chance to become a scientist or engineer even though his parents are poor—is likely to develop a genuine interest in learning. He has a real incentive to self-improvement. Too many kids feel that as things are, they are not wanted and that—through no fault of their own but poverty—they can never fit themselves to fulfill their

ambitions. To many of them this frustration works itself out in delinquency of various kinds, or in working with the foreign isms against the country that they feel has not treated them justly.

Perhaps it's too late to help us—the class of 1956—but can't something be done soon—to help our younger brothers and sisters?

The estimates upon which our National policies are based are not derived from factual intelligence, but upon the opinion of left-wing professors who meet periodically at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, New Jersey. This is NOT part of Princeton University, although they like you to think so. It was founded by Louis Bamberger, the department store owner. Robert Oppenheimer, who was dropped from the Atomic Energy Commission is head of it.

The “consultants” composing this Left Wing Group, are “selected” from Harvard, M.I.T., Yale and Princeton. *A high level government agency grants them security clearance which includes Top Secret clearance.* The innermost government secrets are discussed. The estimates are written according to their slanted views. In a recent meeting at which the Middle East and Soviet “captive nations” developments were discussed, a well informed, impartial observer exclaimed: *“My God, this bunch is completely uninformed and incompetent to discuss such events and they are all Marxist-Socialist.”*

(Does this help you to realize that, since 1947, we have strengthened our enemy and weakened our Country?)

One of the highest and most influential members of the State Department's U. N. Support Group is a protégé of Harry Dexter White. This individual, while in military service at the Pentagon, was under investigation for Communist activities. His name was found in the notebooks of two Communist couriers as a Communist contact. The investigation was halted under suspicious circumstances. This same individual muzzled Henry Cabot Lodge during the admission of the latest Soviet satellites by citing the 1947 Vandenburg resolution that the U. S. will abide by the rule of the majority. This man will surely quote the forgotten National Security Council policy that, by $\frac{2}{3}$ —majority vote at the U. N.—our U. S. forces can be committed to war.

(Don't you think Congress should investigate this affair?)

SENATOR KENNEDY: THE PERFECT POLITICIAN

by Russell Turner

WHEN James M. Curley, who for many years shuttled between being Representative, Mayor of Boston and Governor of Massachusetts, left the House in 1946 to move back to the Mayoralty, a wide-open primary scramble ensued for the Democratic nomination to succeed him in Congress. Nine candidates slugged it out for the designation which, in the low-income, predominantly Irish and Italian 11th Massachusetts congressional district, was tantamount to election.

When the ballots were counted, politicians rubbed their eyes in amazement. Two veteran campaigners, who had been pre-election favorites, wound up among the also-rans. To the surprise of the pundits, the winner was a boyish-looking, tousle-haired, 29-year-old young man, only one year out of the Navy. He was a scion of one of New England's wealthiest families, and up to that time had been best known as a sailboater and sportsman. His professional career had been confined to brief stints

as secretary to his father and a newspaper reporter.

The intervening decade has seen the same John Fitzgerald Kennedy astound national pundits just as he did Bostonians in 1946. Today, he still is boyish-looking and tousle-haired; but he has to his credit three terms in the House of Representatives and four years in the United States Senate. He missed winning the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination last August by the proverbial nose. At 39, he has won universal recognition as one of his party's outstanding personalities who, some day, may be its Presidential standard-bearer.

Kennedy has been regarded by many as the Democratic counterpart of the GOP's Richard Nixon. Nixon probably is basically a moderate conservative but with some liberal tendencies. Kennedy is basically a moderate liberal, but with many conservative leanings. Neither is an extremist in any sense. A showdown battle between the two for the Presidency of the United States is not at all impossible.

"Liberal, but with many reservations," is the way some of Kennedy's friends describe his political philosophy.

One of those reservations has caused him to refrain, even to this day, from saying how he would have voted on the 1954 issue of censuring Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, had he been in a position of having to say aye or nay. He was on the sidelines because, at the time, he was in a hospital, recuperating from surgical correction of spinal injuries suffered in battle when he was a PT boat commander in the southwest Pacific during World War II.

Kennedy and his friends insist that there was no ulterior motive in the timing of the surgery, that his back simply had reached the stage where the operation was necessary and that the convalescence lasted longer than anticipated; actually, the original surgery was performed before the question of McCarthy's conduct had assumed the paramount proportions it achieved that summer. Nevertheless, the timing of Kennedy's hospital siege did serve to take him off the McCarthy hook and permit him to avoid committing himself either way.

LIBERAL pundits attacked his inaction on the McCarthy issue as demonstrating a lack of the political fortitude to which Kennedy himself pays such high tribute in

his best-selling "Profiles in Courage." They contend that he did believe McCarthy should have been censured, but that he feared saying so lest he alienate the hundreds of thousands of McCarthy followers among Massachusetts' very substantial—and very anti-Communist—Catholic elements.

The contention ignores a much more plausible and logical explanation. Kennedy is himself a sincerely and whole-heartedly anti-Communist Catholic; his admirers believe that in his own heart he realized that McCarthy had been performing a function essential to the national welfare in rooting out Red influences, and as such was deserving of commendation rather than condemnation. Assuming this hypothesis, Kennedy did demonstrate political fortitude by refusing to bow to the manifold and urgent pressures exerted by his Democratic colleagues to persuade him to join their otherwise-unanimous ranks, by putting himself on record as favoring the censure.

Another issue on which Kennedy did record himself in opposition to his party's overall policy was the Eisenhower-Benson flexible price support farm program, for which he voted last spring despite warnings that it would turn farm states against his national ticket aspirations. He insisted that the Administration program deserved at least a fair trial in the national interest; he pointed out that his

view was in agreement with that of his colleague from New Mexico, Senator Clinton Anderson, who had himself been Secretary of Agriculture during the Truman regime.

The warnings were fulfilled. Rural area support probably was the decisive factor in Senator Estes Kefauver's narrow victory for the second spot on the 1956 Democratic ticket. Nevertheless, Kennedy says he would vote the same way if he had it to do over again, and adds:

"One cannot adapt all Senate voting for the possibilities of what may come. I don't think one should use a Senate seat as a position to work up to possible higher office."

KENNEDY studiously maintains the position that he is not now, and will not be, a candidate for either the Presidency or Vice Presidency in 1960. He has told interviewers that he has given up all thought of either spot because he believes his youth and his religion, would prevent him from winning the number one spot on the Democratic ticket. The second spot, he says, he does not want.

Without imputing any insincerity to the Bostonian's disclaimers, those who know him note that the comments have a ring of reminiscent familiarity; he was saying the same thing last year, right up to the time of the convention itself.

But when he arrived in Chicago on Saturday, two days before the convention opened, he found his name being bruited as one of the top possibilities for the number two spot. Kennedy buttons, pamphlets and even neckties, paid for by well-wishing friends, were being circulated throughout the Windy City. His name was being mentioned favorably by numerous delegates, particularly from the northeast and south. He began losing his pessimistic "no chance" outlook, began talking seriously with delegations.

About one A.M. Thursday, he received a telephone call asking him to make the speech putting Adlai Stevenson's name in nomination and decided he had been ruled out of consideration as a running-mate. But he toiled through the small hours, and the speech he delivered in the afternoon won him new acclaim. When Stevenson that evening declared hands-off, Kennedy was back in the race and, apart from a short nap, spent most of the next 14 hours conferring with any delegates he could find.

One important hurdle his friends had to overcome was within his own Massachusetts delegation—the *sub rosa* antipathy of the veteran Representative John W. McCormack, Democratic leader of the House, from whom Kennedy had just wrested control of the party's state organization. McCormack ultimately came around, however,

and finally made a speech seconding his colleague's nomination. History records the hectic maneuvering and vote-switching which finally resulted in Kefauver's selection.

All of which persuades Kennedy's friends that sincere as his present attitude may be, he ultimately can be persuaded to make a new—and very possibly more successful—bid in 1960.

McCormack's lack of enthusiasm stems from an earlier instance of Kennedy's political independence. Shortly after Curley returned to Boston to pick up its Mayoralty, he was convicted of involvement in skullduggery in the award of certain government contracts. McCormack sponsored a petition urging a Presidential pardon, but Kennedy, convinced that justice had been effected, was one of the few members of the Massachusetts Democratic House delegation who refused to sign it.

There were other early evidences of the young legislator's refusal to be stampeded into going along with his party elders. One such occurred only a few months after he assumed office as Representative and found himself assigned to the House Committee on Education and Labor.

IN THE SPRING of 1947, the Republican majority of that committee brought to the House floor what eventually became the Taft-Hartley law. The Democratic

minority, in a party-policy pronouncement, bitterly assailed it as a pro-management, union-busting bill. Kennedy signed that minority report, but, over objections of his colleagues, filed a supplemental report expressing his own additional views which in some respects went even further toward regulating unions than the GOP bill. He proposed, for instance, that provision be made for permanent, rather than limited time, anti-strike injunctions in disputes imperiling the national health or safety.

One section of his supplemental minority report of that occasion well summarizes the philosophy of moderate liberalism which seems to have guided his legislative career:

"I reaffirm my basic faith in the system of private enterprise under which this Nation has flourished and successfully carried the burden of two great wars. But if this system is to work in our complex economic society, there must be a recognition by management and labor that the welfare of each is dependent ultimately upon the welfare of the other.

"If repressive and vindictive labor legislation is enacted at the behest of management, a tide of left-wing reaction will develop which may well destroy our existing business system. At the same time, if labor continues to insist on special privilege and un-

fair advantage in its relations with management, I have grave doubts as to the future of the trade-union movement."

History, of course, has shown the fallaciousness of the "repressive and vindictive" label as applied to the Taft-Hartley law. By resorting to it, Kennedy yielded to the spurious arguments of the ultra-liberals. But his final sentence is heresy, coming from one usually claimed by Fair Dealers as one of their own. It is another revealing instance of the senator's refreshing independence in placing his personal interpretation upon leftist proposals, which his colleagues uncritically accept.

AS A MATTER of fact, Kennedy's "liberal" views mystify many, in the light of his family background and his early training. Most of it he received from his father, Joseph Patrick Kennedy, who has amassed a fortune estimated conservatively at well in excess of \$50,000,000. Joe Kennedy is a life-long Democrat who served as Chairman of the Securities and Exchanges Commission, Chairman of the U.S. Maritime Commission and U.S. Ambassador to Britain's Court of St. James during the late FDR's New Deal era in the 30's. But Joe Kennedy was, and is, basically a conservative Democrat, and he retired to private life because the continuing leftward trends of the New Deal (which

would seem mild by comparison with today's liberalism) were more than he could stomach.

Nevertheless, Joseph Kennedy maintained a deep sense of obligation to the nation which had made it possible for him to accumulate a vast personal fortune. He felt he should do all he could to persuade his children to devote at least part of their lives to public service. So it was that he created for his offspring million-dollar trust funds, to enable them to "dedicate themselves and their talents to the public service as fully and ably as they can."

The family tradition of public service goes back even further than Joe's praiseworthy efforts. The present Senator's paternal grandfather, Patrick Kennedy, served several years as a member of the Massachusetts State Senate. His maternal grandfather, John F. Fitzgerald (from whom he derives his middle name) served both as Congressman and as Mayor of Boston, and once was an unsuccessful nominee for the United States Senate.

Jack, as a youngster, attended many political rallies and meetings with his grandfather. As a teenager, he spent much time in the Washington bureaucracy with his father. Later, as a Harvard student, he took a year's leave to go to London to serve as his Ambassador-Father's secretary. Since his training was primarily in basically conservative philosophies, his refusal to

accept today's brands of liberalism without ample doses of salt should surprise no one.

Born May 29, 1917, he was the second of nine Kennedy children, seven of whom are still living. He attended Brookline, Massachusetts, elementary public schools, then Choate Preparatory School in Connecticut. At Harvard, as a sophomore, Jack teamed with his brother Joseph, then a senior, to win the MacMillan Trophy emblematic of the Intercollegiate Sailboating championship in competition off Cape Cod. He swam backstroke on the Harvard swimming team, played golf and football. It was in the latter sport that he suffered a serious back injury which caused his rejection when he tried to volunteer for the Army. Because of this, he undertook an intensive five-month back-strengthening course, and was accepted by the Navy in September, 1941, just three months prior to Pearl Harbor.

He had graduated *cum laude* from Harvard the previous year, having returned to complete his courses after six months in London and four months touring through Europe. Majoring in economics, he wrote a thesis which early in 1941 was published as a book under the title, *Why England Slept*. Drawing a parallel warning between England's unpreparedness for war in 1939 with the then-present danger of war to the United States, it was widely acclaimed by critics as an

amazingly acute analysis for one so young.

In the Navy, Kennedy soon received an Ensign's commission and was shipped to the southwest Pacific as commander of a PT boat. Operating in the Solomon Islands area, his craft finally was rammed by an enemy ship and sunk; Kennedy is credited with having saved three of his crew members, towing one of them three miles to shore. He was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for his heroism, and the Purple Heart.

IT WAS his war-incurred wounds which finally necessitated the 1954 surgery, the recuperation from which kept him away from the Senate during the McCarthy battle. But he did not waste the time. For one thing, he took a speed-reading course, as a result of which he now frequently reads—and assimilates—as many as five or six books a week. For another, he spent many long weeks on the basic research for his *Profiles in Courage*, which hovered at or near the top of the best-seller lists for many months after its publication in the winter of 1955-56.

The book recounts episodes of outstanding courage in the careers of eight individual United States Senators, one of them being the late "Mr. Republican," Robert A. Taft. Kennedy's open admiration for the great Ohioan came as some-

thing of a shock to leftists who had been seeking to portray him as a full-fledged liberal.

In the Senate, Kennedy's greatest personal interest probably lies in the field of foreign relations. His views lean heavily toward internationalism. He has consistently opposed Republican cuts in foreign aid programs, and propounds a need for greater cooperation with our anti-Communist allies as well as for more positive steps toward ultimate liberation of satellite peoples. He is avowedly a low-tariff advocate; but, having seen the damage caused in such instances as the New England textile and fishing industries, he also seeks federal programs to alleviate hardships which he admits sometimes result from tariff cuts.

Probably sharing the top spot in his field of legislative interest is the welfare of New England. One of his first efforts, after he graduated to the Senate in 1953, was to induce coordinated, joint action by all 12 Senators, Republican and Democratic alike, on issues affecting their six New England states. It was remarkably successful—one result has been that for over three years, the 12 Senators have met fortnightly to discuss current issues affecting New England. Party differences have been largely eliminated on regional problems.

KENNEDY works particularly well with his GOP senior colleague

from Massachusetts, Leverett Saltonstall. So much so, that when the latter was up for re-election in 1954 and was opposed by former Democratic Representative Foster Furcolo, an ADA-style ultra-liberal, Kennedy carefully spent most of his time in Washington and refused to give any endorsement whatsoever to his ex-fellow congressman. This calculated inertia contributed to the initial reluctance of McCormack and a few other party wheelhorses to support the Kennedy cause at the national convention last August. However Kennedy did relent during the subsequent campaign, to the extent of making speeches in support of Furcolo's successful 1956 candidacy for the Bay State's Governorship.

Kennedy won his Senate seat in 1952 by a combination of hard work and fortuitous circumstance. The work consisted of some extremely vigorous campaigning by himself and several of his closely-knit and somewhat clannish family. The fortuitous circumstance was the overconfidence of his opponent Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Underestimating Kennedy's vote appeal, Lodge had spent more time working in behalf of Dwight Eisenhower's nomination and election than in his own behalf.

Unostentatious, disarmingly informal, Kennedy enjoys a highly developed sense of public relations and an ability to get along well with newsmen. This is undoubted-

ly a result of his six months as an International News Service reporter in 1945, when he worked on such assignments as covering the San Francisco, United Nations and Potsdam Conferences and the British elections of that year.

His knack in this regard is shared by his top Senate staff members: Administrative Assistant Ted Reardon, a personal friend who has been with Kennedy since he first came to Washington, and legislative aides, Lee White and Ted Sorrenson. The acute public relations sense of the entire quartet has contributed substantially to the favorable regard in which Kennedy is held around the country generally, and to the willingness of both reporters and editors to give him publicity breaks.

For example, when Harvard last June awarded the Senator his tenth honorary degree, he shared the kudos ceremonies with two Cabinet members and a Supreme Court justice. Nevertheless, most New England newspapers headlined their stories, "Harvard Honors Kennedy."

KENNEDY maintained his pristine bachelor's status until after he had become a Senator but in 1953 he succumbed to the striking beauty and charm of Jacqueline Bouvier, then the 20-year-old "Inquiring Photographer" for the now-defunct Washington Times-Herald. They live quietly in a graciously palatial \$125,000 mansion in suburban Virginia, largely eschewing the capital social circuit in which his family background and present stature would open virtually all doors if he chose to enter.

"Young man on his way," is a favorite Washington phrase to describe this still-young veteran Legislator whose boyish mien, with its dangling-forelock trademark, is belied by his serious, hard-working approach to governmental problems.

The place where he is going could well be another palatial mansion, located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. The road could be long; but with the start he already has achieved at only 39, Kennedy should have a long time to travel it.

En Garde!

Two actresses had been rivals for years and, whenever they met, anyone who could lingered to note the fireworks. At a Hollywood party they came face to face. "Hello, darling!" gushed one. "How have you been? Not ill, I hope—you look so much older tonight!"

The other returned the kiss with a smile. "So sweet of you to ask, dear. I'm quite well. And how well you must be—you look so improved. Positively *young*, dear!"

by
day

Eugene W. Castle

Montmartre—the city of the Moulin Rouge, bright cabarets, the can can and the apache—shows another face in the daylight.

AMONG the amusement centers of the world, Montmartre at night has held a glamorous name and reputation for almost a century. But that is Montmartre by night—we are going to recommend a new and revealing experience—Montmartre by day.

If you are one who cannot afford \$30 to \$50 a night to entertain your wife or your sweetheart, you will thank us for what follows. It is possible to take a taxi to the city on the hill, enjoy a fine luncheon at an intimate cafe, an aperitif at cocktail time at a quaint bistro, load your best girl with an armful of fresh and fragrant flowers, take a taxi back to your hotel, and still have change left from a ten-dollar bill!

Even if expense is not the consideration, we believe you will take kindly to our ideas, especially if you are the sort of a traveler and sightseer who is not content to explore a city from a well-stuffed chair in a hotel lobby but, instead,

prefers to make close contact with the lives and the personalities of its inhabitants.

Old-timers and seasoned travelers will probably tell you that Montmartre has changed and bemoan the old days. But, in reality, it is the people who have changed—it is the people who have passed through time—while time and Montmartre have stood still.

When you leave the Metro or bus at Place Pigalle, you will be in the heart of the section of the city that has contributed most to the glamour of Montmartre. Within the radius of a few blocks you can see the garish fronts of the legendary places, not too attractive without the softening cover of night and incandescent lights. The little fountain in the square is where the models used to gather in the gay days of the famed artists Lautrec, Renoir, Van Gogh, and the wild group of young men who were called Impressionists. Every morning these artists would prow

around the square, much as plantation owners in the old South around a slave market, selecting their bit of flesh for the day's work in the studio. Henner, the painter of luscious nudes, could always find a red-head in the group. And, nearby too, is the site of the little cafe du Tambourin where Van Gogh, the mad painter of Arles, had his first showing. He sold no pictures, alas, at that exhibition, nor during his entire tortured life. Try to buy one today—for seventy-five thousand dollars!

WHETHER you enjoy art or not, you will have to accept it if you care to know the reason for Montmartre. For it always was, and probably always will be, an artist's town. Nearly every school child is familiar with the feathery pictures of Corot. It was Corot who gave the city its first boost. Until 1860, Montmartre was a comfortable town of homes and fields on the outskirts of Paris. There were three windmills in the town, first grinding out flour for the natives, and later flower seed for the perfume makers. The artist, Corot, entranced by the windmills, in view of the Paris boulevards, made a painting of them while the more practical M. Debray, who owned the mills, made pancakes (*galettes*) from his flour and sold them to the gay Parisians who climbed the hill on Sunday for a holiday in the country.

As Marie Antoinette liked to play at being a milkmaid and had a little farm near Versailles built for her court, the Parisian, surfeited with boulevards and metropolitan life, longed for the simplicity of nature. M. Debray prospered with his *galettes*. Soon he added a shooting gallery behind his mill, then a dance floor and a bar. The Moulin de Galette became famous. Envious and enterprising neighbors seeing all this prosperity opened up cafes along Place Clichy.

At about this time in the 1870's a dwarf left his ancestral chateau in Toulouse, threw away his hunting finery and court clothes, and donned the artist's smock. Toulouse Lautrec liked to sit around the cafe and paint the girls. And in those days artists were not ashamed of being called "commercial"; Lautrec painted the exciting billboards and lithographed the posters for the Moulin Rouge and its soon-to-be-famous performers—Bruant, Jane Avril, May Belfort and the can-can girls. Let the psychologist explain why artists like to sit around cafes. Often the cafe was not only the place to meet one's friends but the only place where one could keep warm.

So the cafes of Montmartre became the gathering place of the painters, the poets and the writers who fill the school books and the roster of the masters. The Impressionists started their school at the

Lapin Agile near Sacré Coeur (Church of the Sacred Heart) and a half century later the Cubists startled the world and broke up the old forms of art. Cafe proprietors know that the average human being stands in awe of the artist—a breed that to the layman seems to live without work—so they encourage artists to attract trade.

TODAY, as you stroll down Montmartre's bustling Rue de la Pic you will conclude that the Frenchman lives in the street. That is largely true. The French cherish four things, in this order: food, drink, flowers and pets. All night long the giant trucks have been rumbling along the country roads leading to the highways and Paris. These trucks are filled to overflowing with beans, carrots, lettuce, cabbages, mutton, beef, hare, game, and flowers, all fresh from the fields and forests, thirty miles, fifty miles and even a hundred miles from the capital. By midnight the trucks have reached the great markets and the owners of the stalls have arranged their wares, always with an eye to composition, like an artist's still-life. By five o'clock in the morning the buyers for the hotels and the Paris establishments have arrived and begun their frantic choosing. Meanwhile the drivers of the giant trucks are downing their wide and deep bowls of onion soup. The owner of the stand or cart in the Rue de la Pic is there

too, choosing the things she knows will attract and please her Montmartre neighbors and customers. By eight o'clock she has her stand stocked and in perfect order, for she knows that the law states she must have cleared her place and be off the street by two o'clock in the afternoon. There are few deep freezers in France and few refrigerators of any kind. So the Frenchman, as far as his table is concerned, lives from day to day.

The French family is up early, looking out of the window and judging the day. The sons and daughters may gulp *café-au-lait* with a roll and dash off to the Metro enroute to the boulevards of the shops and other enterprises. The father goes to his job, probably stopping at the nearest Bistro around the corner for a glass of white wine and a dozen coppery oysters. But, Maman, the mainstay of the French family (unless, of course, Grandmère is around, too) has pleasant and important business to attend to. She takes her generous-sized market bag and is off to the busy street of markets.

No self-service, chrome-plated emporium for her with silent shelves and no clerks to answer back! Life blood to Maman, as to all her other kin, is contention. Perhaps she likes argument better than food. She stops at the fish wagon, weighs, argues, insults the proprietor about the age and condition of the glistening trout, or

other finny wares. Satisfied at last, she moves on to legumes, the salads, the fruits and finally the assorted cheeses. Everything must be tested and, if possible, tasted. And, along with the furious bargaining, you can catch snatches of opinions about the Cabinet, the Chamber of Deputies and the world in general.

Perhaps Maman wants a new dress or a pair of shoes. All these things are close by the vegetable carts—yard goods, baby clothes, notions, everything in plain sight. Now, the time has come to go home and prepare the children's noontime meal; but, before departing, Maman must not forget the precious flowers, so necessary to every French home, humble and affluent alike. It is drawing toward the end of the shopping day, and maybe she can get twice as many for the same price. Perhaps Papa does not come home for lunch. He may have business to discuss with Jean at the Bistro—the stern business of settling the world affairs and the lighter business of a few games of cards.

AS YOU WALK up and down the precipitous Montmartre streets, with the quaint houses and apartments seeming to lean across the narrow passage, you are welcome to observe life within the homes. Maman, or daughter, Marie, may be at the window drying her hair. She knows just the moment the sun will shine on the

faded shutters or illuminate the center of the courtyard. Grandpère stands while smoking his large pipe and thinking of other days. He seems as old as the house, the weathered patina of his wrinkled face matching the paintless age-old wood of the shutters. Tante (aunt) has stopped a moment to pet the family cat. Always cats, dogs, dogs, cats, living in complete harmony. And rabbits in the backyard where, in summer, grow the salads, the herbs and the marigolds. You can see the relics of the gardens of an earlier day, when this part of Paris was a country town.

As you wind and turn, you come upon little parks big enough for a bench and two lovers. You meet another member of the household going home with the yard of freshly baked bread. Ah, they are well fed, and you wonder if some of them can get through the narrow streets. There is always time for talk and more talk, gossip, news of the day, and all of it with vigorous gestures. Despite Paris and its encirclement, Montmartre is still the pleasant town with ancient ways and well-lived-with amenities.

You will, of course, want to see Sacré Coeur. If for no other reason than to compare it to the beloved Notre Dame and obtain from its steps and terraces a view of where you have been and the distant boulevards of the metropolis. The French, it seems, are not too proud of Sacré Coeur, perhaps for aes-

thetic reasons. But the great and lofty Cathedral is there, eternal as the streets and a towering beacon to the joys and the sorrows and the lights and the shadows of all of Paris. Near by is the Lapin Agile we mentioned before; it is the shrine for two great movements in art. You can get an aperitif there or a delightful white port before you take the bus or taxi back to your hotel and the most sophisticated city in the entire world. And, oh yes, you should have change in your pocket—and no hangover!

A PARISIAN, an artist by profession, was talking to the writer recently following his return from his native city. He had been away from home for one war and ten years. He shook his head sadly, saying that he felt that he would never go back. He had lost the desire to return to the haunts of his youth and had decided to become an American citizen. Asked for his reasons, he thought awhile be-

fore coming forth with this explanation: "As a foreigner, you will always enjoy Paris. But, to me, something has happened. Paris no longer seems to me to be a city of friends. It has become like Rome, like Athens, one with the Ages. It still has, and will always retain its everlasting beauty, but it now seems to me to be a frozen beauty, a towering and overwhelming monument to something. I did not feel at home—except in Montmartre; there an artist is still free and the people go about their ways as in other friendly places—yes, Paris, the City of Time and tourists, has failed to capture Montmartre!"

That will be one of your rewarding memories of Montmartre by day—a sense that you have met with folk much like yourself and your neighbors at home, a feeling that it is not the strangeness of tongue and the differences of living that matter, but the things of living that we happily share.

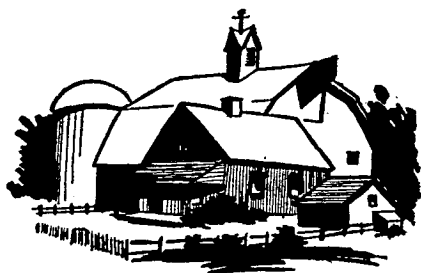
TV Coercion Laid to R.C.A. and N.B.C.

The Radio Corporation of America and its subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company, were charged on December 12, 1956 with conspiracy to restrain trade in five of the eight primary television markets in the United States.

A civil suit charging violation of the Sherman Anti-trust Act was filed by the Justice Department in Federal District Court in Philadelphia.

THE SCIENCE FICTION FARMERS

by
Henry LaCossitt



PIONEER Growers Cooperative, with headquarters at Belle Glade, Fla., is a farm organization which grows 27 varieties of vegetables on 12,650 acres of Everglades muckland around the southern shore and on the islands of Lake Okeechobee. Each year thousands of tons of celery, corn, beans, leaf crops and other vegetables—an average of 6,000 carlots—are shipped from Pioneer's giant packing plant all over the United States and Canada and to our armed forces overseas. The operation has been called "electronic farming"—and it does resemble science fiction, for every modern technique is employed to streamline the harvesting and marketing, including a unique use of two-way radio.

In the marketing office near the

plant in Belle Glade are a radio transmitter, a speaker, microphones and a chattering Western Union teleprinter bringing up-to-the-minute market news. Salesmen wearing telephone headsets with mouthpieces, study a blackboard on which figures based on Department of Agriculture wire and radio reports giving a daily record of food supply in, and shipments to 16 major cities of North America. These are key distribution centers; Pioneer's salesmen are thereby informed of where every pound or bushel of produce is that interests them.

This is vital information. Orders pour into the salesroom over the telephone from 116 towns and 216 regular customers, including such chains as A&P, First National,

Kroger, and Horn & Hardart; and from many more chance buyers. The information on the black-board affects all prices quoted to customers. It also influences work in the fields. If the board shows heavy food supplies piling up in the cities, harvesting will be curtailed, and vice versa. The corps of salesmen is led by Eugene A. McCabe, the Co-op's stocky, blue-eyed Irishman who grew up in Manhattan's bustling produce markets.

McCabe and his four assistants all talk at once, glance at the board, peer at the teleprinter, check the weather, talk over the microphones at their elbows, say yea or nay to the would-be buyers. If the deal is closed the order will usually be on its way by sundown.

Such speed and efficiency are possible largely because of radio. In the fields foremen and growers have two-way radio sets in their jeeps so that the salesmen may talk directly to the point where harvesting is in process. In addition, roving supervisors, called fieldmen, carry sets in their cars and talk to the fields or to the marketing office as they drive around the thousands of acres of growing vegetables. The system permits fieldmen, foremen and salesmen to talk to one another while the buyer is on the telephone.

To see how the system operates, look over McCabe's shoulder as I did one day last winter. The owner of a small chain in Massachusetts called to order celery, corn, beans,

escarole and miscellaneous vegetables. It had been snowing in New England but the long-range forecast was for a good Saturday. The man in Massachusetts expected heavy week-end buying.

McCABE called the foremen and fieldmen by radio. Some of the miscellaneous vegetables were in short supply with the cooperative's regular members, who concentrate on celery, corn, beans and leaf crops. But about 25 other producers in the Belle Glade area, although not members of Pioneer, use its marketing, packing and shipping facilities. Some of these grew the stuff that was wanted, and were willing to help.

McCabe quickly located the producers of all the items he needed, and then checked the harvesting rate with foremen in the fields. He wanted corn, for example, and he learned that they would bring in about 2,000 crates that day. He got other figures on celery, beans and leaf crops.

The Massachusetts man could hear the replies of the foremen, growers and fieldmen as they came over the loud-speaker into the marketing office. And, in the few minutes he was on the phone he learned what was available, in what quantities, and placed his order accordingly. Within hours the stuff was harvested, processed in Pioneer's packing plant, loaded in refrigerator trucks and on its way.

In addition to obtaining data for marketing, McCabe also uses radio to speed up or slow down harvesting, to coordinate the work in different fields, and to check the efficiency of fieldhands. For example, when celery, the largest crop, is being harvested and crated, each packer is assigned a number, which goes on the crate he packs. If packing falls short of federal standards—there is a U.S. inspector at the plant at all times—McCabe radios the foreman, tells him number so-and-so is careless, thus keeps the loading “in grade.”

Pioneer's two-way radio system, with its transmitting tower in Belle Glade, was installed in 1952. Since then the individual profits of the 21 Pioneer members and of the 25 or so other farmers who pay to use the Co-op's facilities have risen steadily. When markets are good, a few gross a million dollars annually. And within the last five years, savings to the organization have amounted to more than half a million dollars—most of it since McCabe began to use electronics in the operation.

If Pioneer has emergencies, McCabe, like a field general, organizes his forces by radio.

ON A GLOOMY DAY last April a big order for celery came in from New York City, from the Quartermaster Market Center of the U.S. Army. It was late in the morning and raining—so hard that harvest-

ing had stopped in all places except the celery fields. Celery is harvested by giant machines. These, with the aid of manual labor, cut, trim, clean and crate the vegetables, ejecting them over roller conveyors into trucks which carry them to the packing plant for further processing and loading. The machines are moving units and provide shelter for the hands, which is why celery harvesting can continue in wet weather.

McCabe took the order, radioed foremen and fieldmen. Within minutes he had the information he wanted. At the pace the harvesting was proceeding, about 3,000 crates of celery would be produced that day. It wasn't enough. The Army wanted at least 4,000 crates for export. To fill the order in time, the vegetables had to be harvested, crated, brought to the plant, processed, loaded in refrigerator cars and on their way by evening.

By radio, McCabe speeded the harvesting; other growers reported to fieldmen that they could supply enough to make up the desired amount. Almost before he was off the air, trucks were rolling up to the packing plant and crates were being run through the precooling plant to be loaded in the cars. That week-end, the Army had all the fresh celery it wanted.

Radio also has proved invaluable in cases of field accidents: Not long ago the saw that trims celery tops almost severed the arm of a work-

er. A radio call to headquarters brought an ambulance and medical aid quickly, and saved the man from bleeding to death. In another case when the driver fell from a tractor and the machine ran wild into a group of field hands, the radio summoned doctors in time to give early treatment to serious injuries.

ODDLY ENOUGH, radio also helps predict the weather. The Co-op's radio has a power range of 20 miles around Belle Glade, but one day in 1953 McCabe picked up a radio operator in a station of the Ontario Power Commission. The station was above North Bay, Ontario, about 200 air miles north of Toronto. Due to sunspots or unusual conditions of some sort in the ionosphere—nobody seems to know exactly what—McCabe and the Canadian were able to hear each other on that particular day. It is not an extraordinary phenomenon, as both of them know; it startled them, nevertheless.

Since then they have become accustomed to it and a warm friendship has sprung up between the electronic vegetable merchants of Belle Glade and the people of the power station up above North Bay.

The phenomenon has practical value. McCabe and his men say that they have observed that two to three days after they hear Canadian signals and chat with their friends 1500 miles north, Belle

Glade has a cold spell. And they also have learned that if they pick up Hobbs, New Mexico, or a certain oil company station in West Texas—as they sometimes do if the upper air is misbehaving in some other mysterious way—a wet spell will be around in about two or three days.

To all intensive farmers like those of Pioneer, this is important information. Cold retards crops; if crops are retarded supply is affected and so are prices in the retail markets. Rain is usually a blessing, but a hot spell immediately following wet weather blights leaf crops. And hard rain beats down plants, washes spray off the corn. Forewarned by the unexpected radio phenomenon, the growers are prepared for such things.

Pioneer crops are carefully planned from seed to market for maximum returns. Celery is first in production. Celery growers begin making their seed beds in April and start planting the first week in September. They continue to plant until about April 1st, harvesting all the while. There are only two crops of beans and two of corn. The plantings and harvestings of these are staggered among the growers so that Pioneer has a continuous supply on hand during the season, which runs from November 1st until the end of June, when Northern growers take over. Leaf crops—lettuce, escarole, en-

dive, romaine, etc.—are, like celery, continuous, but not in as great demand. This stuff is cut according to order, fields disked up, planted again and again. Sometimes leaf crops are left in the field when prices are low; it is cheaper than harvesting and selling. The plants are used as compost.

All Everglades soil, as a matter of fact, is organic—centuries-old compost covering a bed of coral rock to an average depth of five feet. There is no sand, no marl; the soil actually will burn, and sometimes does, even dangerously. Last spring, fires smoldering beneath the surface emitted smoke like volcanic terrain, covering southern Florida down to the Keys with a smog pall. But the muck is sensationally rich. Only in the Everglades could farmers like those in Pioneer operate as they do.

In the conventional sense, Pioneer's people aren't farmers at all; they are industrialists. Not one is originally from the region in which they operate, and no one lives on his land. All live in Belle Glade or some other urban center. There are no chickens, ducks, guineas, pigs, dairy cows or horses on the Pioneer farms. There are, in

fact, no farm dwellings on any of the acreage around Okeechobee, except shelters for emergencies or for people servicing some mechanical installation. Most buildings are for supplies and machinery. Much of Pioneer's labor, by the way, is contract: the men are mostly Bahamians, the women local. They all live in Belle Glade or nearby.

DURING the season the work is constant and grinding, but many field workers take most Sundays off; the men who operate the Co-op take no days off at all between November and July and frequently work the clock around. When people exclaim over this McCabe shrugs.

"The stuff grows 24 hours out of every day," he says.

Since Pioneer started to use radio, other farm organizations have adopted it. Now McCabe is dreaming of the time when Pioneer will have television in the fields.

"If we could do it," he says, "it would mean that a buyer in a store in Cleveland could tune in on us and select his own produce right in the field. Boy, that'll be the day!"

It will indeed.

Edison didn't invent the talking machine. He made the first one that could be turned off.

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

? ? ? ? ? THE UN DOES IT AGAIN ? ?

by Halsey McGovern

LET'S FACE IT, the UN has surpassed itself again. And if perhaps, after one reading of the choice item below, you still do not believe your eyes, then read it again.

Special to the New York Times, UNITED NATIONS, N. Y., November 6, 1956. Twenty-three years and nine months ago, a committee of the League of Nations began the task of defining the term "aggression." The basis of the discussion was a resolution put forward by the Soviet Union.

When the league disappeared and most of its functions were assumed by the United Nations, the definition still haunted the conference tables.

Today a special committee on the question of defining aggression, completed its discussion of various draft definitions submitted to it. It was unable to agree on any

definite text to be submitted to the eleventh session of the General Assembly, opening November 12.

Its final announcement, with the Hungarian and Middle Eastern crisis still seething, was:

"In view of the obvious divergence of views, it was decided not to put any of the existing drafts to the vote."

There you have it. It says just what you thought it said on first reading, i.e., that after 23 years and 9 months, the international dippy-mats can not tell one another—much less "tell the world"—just what constitutes "aggression." No, indeed! But a grammar school child can explain it in ten minutes.

Those representatives of the "peace-loving" nations of the "united" nations, supposedly dedicated to the maintenance of the world's peace, would not even

unite to declare officially just what constitutes a violation of the very peace they are supposed to maintain! Why? Well, isn't the answer obvious?

Hypocrisy and moral bankruptcy is the answer when so many peace-loving members of this peace-it's-wonderful UN are engaged in so many not-so-peaceful pursuits: with its member Egypt seizing the Suez; with fellow-member Israel grabbing the Gaza strip; with ever-loving Britain maintaining the peace on Cyprus through murders and suppressions; with colonial-loving France killing its Algerians and Moroccans; with peace-loving Israel and peace-loving Egypt swapping potshots on an almost hour-to-hour basis; at a time when Vive la France and Rule Britannia are solicitously bombing and strafing Port Said; when that great Apostle of Peace, Nehru, is stirring up trouble whenever and wherever opportunity presents; when the meddlesome mollies who pass as American leaders are sticking their noses into everyone's business in nearly every corner of the world.

IT CANNOT be otherwise when I commie UN members pose as "the governments" of the enslaved people of Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia; with UN's commie-bloc members of the Godless, satanic, international conspiracy

called Communism fomenting strife in Christian lands all 'round the world; with sensible free governments taking extra precautions against Soviet Russia's spying and sabotaging activities at a time when almost every UN activity subverts the constitutional sovereignty of America; when UN-loving commie puppets are shooting down American planes in the China Sea with impunity; when our fighting men are being held in Red China's prisons in open and flagrant violation of the so-called UN truce in Korea; when UN's principal conspirator, Russia, holds hundreds of millions of God's people in abject and fearsome slavery; and when the brutish, blood-soaked Kremlin gorillas mow down, and butcher, and slaughter the valiant and courageous men, women and children of a Hungary whose sole crime is to wish for those freedoms, rights and human dignities which are supposed to be the aim and objective of This Thing called UN.

Well, the international bureaucrats of UN run true to form. They hem, haw and dodge, but won't give any forthright declaration of what constitutes aggression. Why? Because any honest and rational declaration would condemn and damn their UN for what it is—a ghastly and costly fake, fraud and failure.

Any concrete statement would bring crashing to earth their glass

House of Hypocrisy and would deprive the commie conspiracy of its most valued base of propaganda and subversion. And, above all, it would cause the international bureaucrats to lose their jobs. That, of course, is something not at all desired by those boresome bums—

although it is a thing devoutly wanted by every loyal and informed American who “knows the score” concerning that House That Hiss Built.

Heaven hasten the coming of that happy day: when America is without a UN.

It might be a good idea to get a copy of Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's autobiography “The Living of These Days” and read his chapter on “Liberalism” and what he “thought” it was. Whatever that may have been, it seems odd for a celebrated preacher to loudly proclaim that the United Nations was the “last hope” of mankind when churches are supposed to rely on Jesus, the Bible and its promises.

In reading it, it might also be well to keep in mind that Fosdick's brother Raymond, a small lawyer, was catapulted into the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation. His two daughters have long held very comfortable jobs either in the United Nations or Washington Bureaus, and have traveled about the world on expense accounts while Fosdick himself was the preacher of Rockefeller's Riverside Church. Also he must have been a magician to travel as much, as long and as far as he did on a preacher's salary. The record indicates that “Liberalism” pays, at least to some people.

Incomplete figures show that 144,000 Hungarians fled to Austria from the “Red” Russians. When countless numbers of these refugees were asked why none of them went to Tito's Yugoslavia (with a border three times that of Austria), they all said, “To do that would be the same as going to Moscow!”

Do You Know?

► It is important to observe those getting bank loans, those buying companies and land, and those who dominate and control the mortgage markets.

► Red China cares little for United Nations recognition except it thereby gets United States recognition. China's bandits want U. S. dollars from suckers in America. It is similar to what happened from 1933 to 1939, when hundreds of millions of dollars from U. S. were "invested" in Red Russia after our sinister recognition of the butchers of the Kremlin.

► The "planned" 1929 depression was ordered by the Octopus to help communize the world, and America in particular.

► The New York City international bankers sent Trotsky (Bronstein) and other revolutionaries from New York to Russia to start the Russian revolution. They knew that America would collapse if they could also keep privately issuing our money, and keep the bond-interest racket working, while creating crises throughout the world.

► If you were a gambler, you would be crazy to play with a group that used a "marked deck." The "*international* organizations" set up by the conspirators are far more crooked. Why do we try to do business with them?

► Research men want Alger Hiss to explain how certain original Russian documents got into his personal files.

► In mythology, Circe changed men to pigs and they went off to their own destruction. The Communists are repeating it in real life today.

► Russian oil production is still far less than that of the United States. Our average of 6¾ million barrels a day is five times that of the Soviet Union. Texas alone produced twice as much oil last year as Russia did.

► The American trade union movements have as an objective the limitation of the Americanization Program. Many of the unions' "hard cores" are thoroughly un-American. Their plan is to influence America to the left first—then Communism.

► The World Almanac has always printed a full page on the Great Seal of the United States, until 1955, when it was omitted altogether.

► Every country in the world first considers themselves. Naturally, they are for Nationalism. The "conspirators" in our country, however, never cease plugging for Internationalism. Much more can be stolen through "international transactions." Also, foreign bank books are not available for investigations.

COLOR

CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by Arthur Larsen

THE YOUNG Englishman barely heard the shouts of his friends as they tossed a ball back and forth underneath his window. William Henry Perkin, though he was home from school on an Easter holiday, was completely absorbed in an experiment he was conducting in a makeshift laboratory.

The year was 1856 and Perkin, at the tender age of 18, was attempting to make quinine synthetically, something no scientist had yet accomplished. In one experiment he treated a salt of aniline, derived from coal tar, with bichromate of potash. The result was an uninspiring, dirty reddish-brown substance that the average person would have tossed into the sink. Perkin, however, was curious, experimented further and learned that, instead of quinine, he had made what seemed to be an excellent dye. He named it mauve.

This apparently trivial discovery turned out to be one of the most important ever made. It was the first step in the establishment of the tremendous synthetic organic chemical industry, which began

with dyes and, in a brief hundred years, has led to medicinals, pharmaceuticals, plastics, detergents and other vital products.

Dyes are so common in today's living that most of us tend to dispose of them with a shrug. Not very exciting, not romantic, not particularly interesting. Or are they? How many persons know that dyes are used to color bees, subdue the murderous instincts of chickens, keep soldiers sober and trap forgers?

Scientists are interested in the flight patterns of insects and often tint them, as well as birds and fish, so that they can be traced more easily. If you ever see a pink fish or a blue bee, therefore, a visit to the oculist isn't mandatory.

One of the companies with the longest experience in the dye field is the National Aniline Division of Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation, which began operations in 1879. Because of its vast dye experience, the company has compiled a long list of unusual uses and odd requests that have come in over the years.

Although successful in most requests for dyes, National Aniline has been forced to admit defeat on several occasions. They bowed out when a budding candy manufacturer requested a striped red dye for peppermint sticks. And they have trouble convincing the uninitiated that there are no dyes which will color black objects white.

ONE ADVENTURE that still intrigues National's chemists concerned the representative of a foreign government. He told one of the company's chemists that the people in his country were largely illiterate and, when voting, signed their ballot with an X. Because there were more votes than voters, it was obvious that some of the citizens were over-working their voting privilege. Could Allied Chemical curb this enthusiasm by supplying a dye which could be applied to the hand of every citizen when he voted and which would not wash off for at least a day? He was assured that it was possible. But evidently the official was vetoed in high places within his own government for he was not heard from again.

Dyeing people isn't the most unusual thing in the world. In a region of the Far East during a national celebration, a red dye is tossed over marchers and watchers until they resemble fire engines. Years ago, an African tribe began

wearing clothes made from a blue-dyed European cloth whose color came off on their skins. They were so delighted with the shade of their epidermis that from that time on they wore nothing but that material. With modern fast colors, however, the natives can justifiably complain that it's getting so a fellow can hardly keep his skin blue.

Another visitor to National Aniline's offices came from a branch of the armed services. His unique difficulty concerned the hydraulic fluid in the caissons of the big artillery. It seems that soldiers had learned, with that remarkable sixth sense every soldier develops, that the fluid in the caissons had a high alcoholic content and they were, naturally, sampling the brew. National had the answer in five seconds: Methyl Violet. This bright dye was poured into the hydraulic fluid and had a sobering influence on the soldiers.

Turpentine collectors ran into similar difficulties some years ago. It was their habit to hack a scar into southern pine trees and collect the sap in a bucket. To prevent the wounds from healing, a sulfuric acid solution was applied to the trees regularly, and this powerful stuff was toted around in one-gallon jugs. To many thirsty citizens of the region a jug meant only one thing, and it was feared that some of them might try to snitch a drink. A dye called Methylene Blue SP was used to color the acid

a brilliant blue and thereby discourage any attempts at tipping.

THERE IS, of course, sound reasoning behind such methods. Coloring dangerous substances, such as roach powder, insures that they can't be mistaken for harmless products and accidentally eaten. Not only safety, but efficiency, lies behind industry's system of coloring assembly-line parts to make selection easier and to cut down human error. Many manufacturers of dinnerware use a dye that tints glazes and clays but which is destroyed in the kiln. It's a simple matter, then, for an inspector to spot those dishes which have accidentally skipped the vital baking process.

Similar techniques are used in spraying waterproofing compounds on cement. The color which is added to the mixture reveals any spots the sprayer has missed and yet fades away in a few days.

In the animal kingdom, dyes are used to eliminate the murderous instincts of chickens. When one chicken in a barnyard cuts itself on a piece of broken wire, all the other chickens peck at the wound until the set-upon fowl breathes its last. All the farmer has to do is dissolve an oil soluble red dye in petroleum jelly and rub it on the chicks' heads as soon as they are hatched. The chickens quickly grow accustomed to this color and keep their bills off when one of

their number is accidentally wounded.

Allied Chemical's National Aniline Division once received a letter from an imaginative chicken raiser who wanted a dye which he could add to feed to make white Leghorns lay brown eggs, since in his part of the country brown eggs sold for a higher price. This idea isn't as silly or as impossible as it may sound. Agricultural schools have actually added oil soluble red food dyes to chicken feed causing hens to lay eggs with orange yolks. And years ago, when a certain chemical was used to preserve eggs, a dealer added a brown dye to it which seemingly turned white eggs brown.

Some brands of bird seed used to contain an oil scarlet dye. When fed to canaries, it produced pink or orange birds, depending on whether their natural color would have been white or yellow.

A state fish hatchery once called on the dye industry to stimulate the appetite of its fish. The fish were uninterested in their regular diet of chopped fish because the pieces did not drip blood. A red food color was employed to fool the fish, who began attacking their meals with great enthusiasm.

In rural New York, a state official was passing by a farm when he observed that the outhouse was dangerously near the water supply. He took the trouble to stop and warn the farmer of the hazard

but that man was not at all convinced. The good Samaritan then dissolved a vivid greenish-yellow fluorescent dye, Uranine, in a pail of water and dumped it into the outhouse. The next day when the farmer drew a bucket of water from his well, it came up fluorescent, proving the official's point—he thought. Unfortunately, the angry farmer had him arrested for poisoning his drinking water!

The Epidemic Intelligence Service of the U. S. Public Health Service has often used dyes in the same way. This organization investigates any health matters which indicate that an epidemic may be in the offing. Once in Tennessee 100 out of 400 children at a summer camp came down with jaundice. EIS agents suspected that either a community drinking cup or a nearby spring was the culprit. By dropping dye into the sewer lines they traced the source of the infection to the meandering stream, and nipped what could have been an even more serious outbreak of illness.

BEFORE the modern synthetic dyes were discovered, the ancients used plants and insects to get coloring for their clothes. Thousands of years ago a plant called woad supplied indigo, then the most important natural dye. Centuries before Cortez invaded Mexico, the Aztecs were using a bright red dye obtained from a tiny insect

called the cochineal bug; it took 70,000 of these creatures to make a pound of this expensive dye. A thousand years before Christ, a dye called Tyrian purple was in such demand that the Romans exacted it as tribute from conquered nations. When the tomb of King Tutankhamen was opened some years ago, scientists discovered fabrics dyed with madder, an ancient root dye.

Every time one of us writes a check, we're unconsciously saluting the dyes that protect our pocketbook. When a crook tries to raise a check by means of ink eradicator, it will turn a different color thanks to previously invisible dyes.

Dyes once helped the Department of Agriculture catch a gang of olive oil bootleggers. These enterprising, if phoney, gentlemen were selling olive oil substitutes as the real product until the Department of Agriculture began to use chemical analysis to spot the diluted stuff. The bootleggers then added several ingredients which made the adulterated olive oil analyze like the real thing.

The government then started testing for chlorophyll, another ingredient found only in genuine olive oil. Naturally, the crooks added chlorophyll to their product. Then Department chemists found that squaline, a vitamin by-product, existed in olive oil in minute amounts. This would have stopped most self-respecting thieves but not

this group, which promptly used squaline from shark liver oil to foil the government.

The exasperated officials then secretly added anthranilic acid to every ounce of squaline in the country, waited until the suspects had time enough to buy a supply and add it to their "olive oil" and then raided them. In court the addition of another chemical to the adulterated oil turned it, and the crooks' faces, pink, establishing their guilt to the satisfaction of judge and jury.

Hollywood regularly uses green food dyes to color the countryside when shooting a color picture. Ball parks do the same thing on occasion, though using a different type of dye. A Boston stadium once ordered a green dye for its grass and received the product plus instructions to use one ounce for every ten gallons of water and apply in a fine spray. Some bright soul decided that a pound per ten gallons would work even better and then compounded the felony by putting the stuff on with watering cans. The visiting football team, unhappily for them, were wearing white jerseys. By the time the first quarter ended, however, they resembled real sons of ould Erin.

DYES FIND numerous uses in the field of medicine. The sulfa drugs are, in most cases, dyes pure and simple. Another dye, Scarlet

Red, is applied on burns, wounds and ulcers to stimulate the growth of epithelial cells, while Trypan Blue has been used in the treatment of leprosy. Still another dye is an antidote for cyanide poisoning, while Azure A has been tested as a means of detecting stomach cancer.

An experimental method of spotting heart conditions may soon be applied to humans. When the difficulty is created by fatty material blocking one or more arteries carrying blood to the heart, this blockage can be located by injecting a dye into the blood stream and taking X-rays which reveal where the dye has collected.

Don't overlook the use of dyes in hospitals to cheer up patients. A Chicago doctor recently recommended eliminating the monotonous white used in today's hospitals, a color which "emphasizes the abnormal and severe hospital atmosphere." One way of perking up easily-depressed patients is to use colored sheets, bedspreads, pillow cases and towels. Food experts very likely would agree with the doctor because they have found that adding cheery colors to foods (such as sprigs of parsley) actually influences the appetite. The dark color of prunes, for instance, has a depressing effect on most eaters, according to a University of Illinois food specialist.

Did you know that there is a dye which can prove you're alive,

if proof is ever needed? Bearing the formidable name of triphenyl tetrazolium chloride, this dye is normally white but will turn red if applied to living tissue. A more practical application is in the making of beer. Since barley will not make malt unless it is alive, the application of this product will quickly determine the germination rate. It's used in the same way by seed houses.

During time of war, dyes go into the smoke cannisters used to identify friendly troops to attacking airplanes. Other dyes react to disclose the presence of poison gas. Sea markers made from Uranine, which spreads a glowing circle of

color, help rescuers locate downed airmen.

Those same pilots also carry a mixture of a special Nigrosine dye and copper acetate which is used to simulate the effect of an aroused octopus and thus frighten away sharks.

THE STORY goes on and on. Dyes are part of our lives, in our clothes, in medicine and a thousand and one other products. The next time you look around and notice the colorful world in which we live, give a mental salute to the young man who forsook play for the chemist's laboratory and made it all possible.

Precarious Professions

An irresponsible medic obtained a job on board ship and, on receiving any complaints from the crew as to ill health, would administer salt water while he stood by to see that they drank. He figured in this way to eliminate imaginary and unimportant complaints.

One evening, after treating himself to something which was not sea water, he fell overboard. The captain rushed to the scene and, colliding with a crewman, asked what was wrong.

"The doc has fallen into his medicine chest, sir," was the reply.

The client had constantly found fault with every move his lawyer had made since the opening of the case. He criticised his speeches, found omissions in the defense. After a lively session in court, the evidence offered against him angered the client still further. "Look here," he said to his attorney, "how long will it take you long-winded lawyers to get through with this case?"

"Well," said the other thoughtfully, "it will take *me* another day, but I'm afraid it's going to take *you* about four years."



Must We Curb the SUPREME COURT?

by Donald R. Richberg

WHAT IS WRONG with the Supreme Court—if anything? This is a timely question. But it will not be answered here by any legalistic review of a long line of decisions and opinions. Public opinion is actively divided—not by lawyers' arguments but by emotional feelings resulting from a succession of judgments that deeply offend large numbers of people.

Supreme Court decisions are commonly offensive to defeated parties and their friends. But this ill feeling only extends to widespread criticism of the Court at irregular intervals. Present day criticism has been slowly generating ever since President Roosevelt lost a battle but "won the war," as he put it, in his fight against the too conservative "old court."

Naturally, conservatives have been critical of the remade Court ever since Chief Justice Hughes

switched a majority to defeat the President temporarily by expanding the constitutional limitation of congressional power over interstate commerce. Then the discouraged resignation of the older Justices began and the new-dealish Court began reversing a great many conservative rulings. In the new judicial devotion to federalism—or, let us say, to a more centralized, socialized government—the Court was certain to reduce steadily the area of states' rights in a manner eventually offensive to far more than a few southern states.

One decision of this wider sweep deprived maritime states of their off-shore authority—particularly over oil wells—and quickly motivated a demand for legislative action so that Congress could exercise its high prerogative of overruling the Court.

Some time later the Court un-

dertook to expand the federal authority over natural gas production, despite the language in a federal law, which the Federal Power Commission itself had held denied it such authority. Again came a widespread demand for Congress to overrule the Court, which would have been met promptly except for a misguided veto of the Act which was passed by Congress.

Without sticking to chronology it is pertinent now—before discussing the segregation cases—to cite a recent ruling against state authority in the widely criticized decision that Congress had “pre-empted” the field of anti-sedition legislation and hence nullified all state laws of this character. As a practical matter (as in the natural gas case) it was quite clear that Congress had not intended to do what the Court held it did do. Demand for a reaffirmation of state authority rose with extensive support outside the Southern states.

TWO OTHER cases should be mentioned as contributing to public dissatisfaction with the Court, for very different reasons. In the *Slochower* case the Court held unconstitutional a provision in the New York City Charter requiring the discharge of a city employee who invoked the Fifth Amendment. The dissent of four of the presumably less “progressive” Justices showed the dubious quality of this restriction of local government.

Then came the decision upholding the 1951 Amendment to the Railway Labor Act which nullified 18 states’ right-to-work laws in their application to rail workers. This was actually only a decision that the 1951 Amendment was not invalid as a violation of the First and Fifth Amendments of the Constitution. But in so holding the Court declined to follow the state doctrine that workers have a constitutional right to work and a constitutional freedom of association which the legislative power should protect and not disregard. So this decision rightly added fuel to the fires of hostility to the Court.

It is well to note the foregoing examples of many cases which have spread opposition to the Court before taking up the segregation cases, where the immediate, violent reaction came from the South. If viewed as a purely political decision there could be no defense of the Court, because statesmanship would not have attempted to issue a peremptory mandate so contrary to the laws, customs, traditions and deep emotions of a substantial percentage of the nation’s population. The first line defense of the Court—that it was only fulfilling its duty to announce, and was not making, the law—crumbled at once when it was pointed out that the Court had to overrule its own precedents of 70 years which had established what the law was.

The second defense of the decision was based on the Court's own assertion that times had changed and new knowledge had developed compelling the Court to overrule outmoded decisions. This defense was refuted, however, by the Court's opinion which grounded its judgment on a strongly biased, one sided view of the assumed evil effect of segregation on Negroes with no consideration of the evil effect of forced integration on whites, which had been the reason for a century of segregation laws.

It also became apparent that the Court had found "authority" for its supposedly well-grounded opinion in a motley array of writings by political partisans of anti-segregationism. Finally, it was quickly apparent to lawyers that the Court was not simply "interpreting" the Constitution, but actually legislating to enforce its dubious construction of the Constitution, although the Constitution itself (in the Fourteenth Amendment) had provided that *Congress*, not the Supreme Court, should have the power to enforce the Amendment.

THUS, as months passed and public opinion broadened into deeper instead of shallower channels, criticism of the Supreme Court became more substantial and less sectional. A real menace to constitutional government became evident in the readiness of the Court to disregard the fundamental law that

our national government is one of strictly limited powers and all powers not specifically granted have been reserved to the states.

It has been made plain by both majority opinions and dissents that frequently a majority and commonly at least a minority of the Justices give little consideration to this fundamental law of the Constitution whenever it conflicts with their dominant desire to strengthen the central, socializing government of the nation.

Chief Justice Warren has stated that the judicial problem is "how to apply to ever-changing conditions the never-changing principles of freedom." But those critical of the "Warren Court" have had reason to feel that, in the effort to adapt the law to "ever-changing conditions," the Court is much too willing to utilize ever-changing principles of Constitutional interpretation. To be told in case after case that plain words in a statute or constitution should not be given a plain meaning is disturbing enough to lawyers. But, as this idea becomes prevalent in the heat of political debates, confidence not only in the Court but in the integrity of The Law is seriously undermined.

What is wrong with the Supreme Court would appear to be that, in its desire to be "progressive" and "forward-looking," it has assumed a leadership in law-making which is appropriate to the legislative branch and tolerable in the

executive branch, but a questionable virtue in the judiciary.

WE are no longer looking to the judges, as in common law development, to create new law. Indeed, in the field of constitutional

law, the search for new principles and the abandonment of old principles comes close to a sin against the Constitution itself which places the power of amendment solely in the legislative representatives of the people.

The Latin words on the back of our one dollar bills are, "*Annuit Coeptis Novus Ordo Seclorum MDCCLXXVI.*" The translation is "*God has favored our undertaking — — A New Order of the Ages, 1776.*"

Can any rational man believe that the following programs are for the best interest of our people?

1. Deficit financing and fiscal insolvency.
2. Export of our natural resources in giveaway foreign aid programs.
3. Participation in international organizations which weaken our national sovereignty.
4. Overemphasis on personal comfort instead of opportunity in our domestic affairs.
5. Constant compromise of honor, justice, and truth in an hysterical search for world peace.
6. Dissipation and overcommitment of our armed forces all over the globe.
7. Placing reliance on others to provide for our defense and security.

Would this nation have ever achieved greatness if we had followed these programs from our inception?

Who is deliberately steering us in the wrong direction?

Don't you think it's about time we in America either *rededicate ourselves* to the New Order of the Ages, or else take these Latin words off the Great Seal?

FORCE FOR FRIENDSHIP

by
Christopher Bird

As you step out of a MATS plane onto the runway of Clarke Air Force Base, your gaze is inexorably drawn to a huge, blue, symmetrical cone dominating the surrounding flat country. If your curiosity pricks you to accost any Filipino in the vicinity of the air base and ask him about this solitary cone, you find out that its name is Arayat and that it is a symbol of the greatest evil and disaster ever to threaten the Philippines since the birth of the Republic on the 4th of July, 1946.

Mount Arayat was for many years the central headquarters and home of the Huks, the well-known organization of armed Communist guerrillas, called HMBs in the Philippines today (the abbreviation of the new Tagalog name). Between 1946 and 1954 this organization terrorized thousands of simple Filipinos and attracted many thousands more with promises.

The story of how the Philippines government has waged a victorious campaign against these internal dissidents is a story of how all determined and courageous men, with a

free government behind them, may shatter the Communist lie. It begins with the reorganization of the Philippines Army. In 1950 under the leadership of the then newly appointed defense minister, Ramon Magsaysay, now President of the Philippines republic, units of the Army were created to deal with the fast moving and ubiquitous bands of Communists. As a result of this reorganization, the basic unit of the Army today is the BCT (Battalion Combat Team).

It was in the rear area of one of these BCTs (the 20th) that, on the afternoon of February 18, 1954, "Operation Milagrosa" was formulated. The success of this operation was capped by the surrender of Luis Taruc, "Huk Supremo," and by the clearing of Mt. Arayat of Huk forces. Thirty-three of the forty-eight known Huks in the mountain area were accounted for, including Commander Pilapil, finance-minister-designate in the Communist government-to-be and Commander Smart, "King of Arayat Mountain."

IT WAS the climax in a long series of operations which have reduced the Huk forces from a well-organized, well-armed body hammering at the gates of the capital city to isolated groups of two's and three's roving a countryside whose population has become increasingly less sympathetic.

One of the reasons for the change in the affection of the people for the Huks and one of the leading weapons in the anti-Communist fight today is the Army's Public Affairs Office (PAO). This office is dedicated to countering Communist propaganda and bringing the message of the Philippines government down to the people. The PAO is directed by Colonel Nicanor Jiminez, an officer who knows his business when it comes to fighting the Communists.

He has seven teams consisting of one officer and five enlisted men. These teams are attached to the BCTs to assist in the consolidation of the area under BCT command. Captain Casibang, in charge of one of the teams, explained how they operate. Wearing civilian clothes as a symbol of friendship and equality, the team enters a *barrio* and sets up its equipment: a PA system, tape recorder, mimeograph machine and movie projector. The young and curious are immediately attracted. The team lets them record their voices on the tape recorder. As these are played back, general laughter breaks out and

soon shouts to friends to "come over and have a look" are ringing through the village.

While music plays over the PA system, members of the team mingle with the populace, making friends and learning about the local problems and gripes. When there is a large crowd assembled, a program for the evening, with songs, movies, and lectures is announced by the team commander. Before leaving the village, recommendations for assisting it with its problems are noted, and specific aid is parcelled out. The BCT attempts to act on these recommendations and to provide more aid as quickly as possible. The Army has helped the people actively in all fields, even sending them doctors and nurses to help with the delivery of babies. This program is the counterpart of "face to face agitation," recommended by Lenin to his young Communist propagandists. So successful have the operations of the PAO teams been that BCT commanders are fighting to get them.

In the PAO's lecture hall Colonel Jiminez delivers a lecture entitled "How We Fight the Communist" to Army officers, members of the press, government officials, foreign observers and other guests. The lecture is clear, business-like and convincing and it is meant to be just that.

Before Colonel Jiminez appears, the door shuts, the lights dim and

a voice booms out over the public address system, announcing the slogans of the Communist line in the Philippines. An announcer explains what the Communists are trying to do to subvert the country and the urgency which faced the Magsaysay government in countering these plans. The voice concludes "Here is part of our answer . . ." and immediately there flashes onto the screen a propaganda picture showing how the PAO goes about its work with the Army in consolidating a village ravaged by Huks, terrorized, confused, hungry and desolate.

After the movies, short, stocky and cocky Colonel Jimenez comes in to play professor. He plays the role well. Masking tape is ripped away to bare charts, facts, figures, maps, statistics and plans, all imaginatively and vividly telling the story of the PAO and the Army campaign all over the Philippines. The tactics of the Communists, clearly outlined, emphasize the similarity of the Communist programs in various Asian countries.

The central theme of the PAO's campaign is one of "ALL OUT FORCE" and "ALL OUT FRIENDSHIP." All Out Force means unrelenting pressure and no compromise for the declared enemies of the government; All Out Friendship means unlimited assistance and cooperation with the populace and guarantees of justice and security for enemies who elect to surrender.

A realistic program of rewards for the capture of individuals was also instituted. How far the government was willing to go to attack its number one public enemy, the Communist rebel, is revealed on a typical reward leaflet offering 50,000 pesos (\$25,000.00) for the capture or information leading to the capture dead or alive of one Mariano Balgos, accused of rebellion, sedition and murder. The leaflet ends with the rather startling statement: "The identity of the captor or informant will not be revealed. He is guaranteed executive clemency if charged with or convicted of any or all crimes."

With incentives such as these the Army has won the cooperation of the people. Huk forces have been decimated by Army troops operating mainly on the basis of accurate information volunteered by individuals.

THE PEOPLE's cooperation with the Army has been the result of the other side of the Army's program—All Out Friendship, symbolized best by a mural in the offices of PAO of a soldier standing side by side with a farmer. In addition to such endeavors as rehabilitation, the Army has opened another important assault on the social-economic front with the establishment of its EDCOR farms, new tracts of land opened up in wilderness areas to provide homes and work for surrendered dissidents.

The first group of settlers was brought into one of these farms in May, 1951. Today more than one hundred contented families have been accorded similar treatment and the maneuver has provided considerable propaganda fuel to the Army's program. There are now at least four of these settlement farms.

EDCOR helps settlers to help themselves by granting them lands which will become their own after a period of time, and by providing financial, educational, medical and technical assistance to the settlers. Loans are repaid to EDCOR from income derived from farming and industrial products. By incentives such as these, the Army has persuaded many rebels to surrender themselves. In many instances the dissidents collect the rewards offered for their own capture. And some have collected additional rewards for informing on fellow rebels not inclined to surrender.

The Army has shown how it can help the people by fighting on the home front. It has proved itself to be of valuable assistance in many ways and the people have responded. In the early days of the anti-Huk struggle an Army patrol entering a village would be met by closing doors and shutters. The patrol would find half the population gone and the remaining half openly hostile. Some of this attitude was in part due to the conduct of individual soldiers who did not realize that their acts of rudeness, their

requisitioning of materials without reimbursement and their general indifference to the troubles of the civilians was causing an important rift between the uniformed forces and the people.

One of the most important jobs, therefore, was the remoralization of the Army itself, so that each soldier might realize that his individual part in the campaign against the Huks was an important one. When the soldiers were made aware of their role, they responded very favorably and the Army began to score success after success among the people. "All Out Friendship" has been the second "fist" that has backed up the solid punching of "All Out Force."

WITH ALL these successes, however, the battle is not over, and the Army is the first to realize it. Taruc has surrendered, not so much because of his belief in the government but because of an order of the Communist party, now, once again, shifting its tactics to conform with a changing situation. Neither the Philippines nor the free world can afford to be confused about the reasons for this surrender.

Taruc is a very popular figure, one of the top organizational brains, and he will use his prestige and his ability to fight the Communists' battle not on the military but on the legal front. As they have in other countries, the Reds are for-

saking violence and are preparing now to continue the struggle by using the machinery of democratic government: the courts, appeals, parliamentary procedure, elections and other political paraphernalia, to their own ends.

Magsaysay has won a brilliant first round. But he has other, perhaps more difficult rounds to fight. A large segment of the population, comprising many of the well-to-do, intellectuals, merchants and professional men are in doubt that this Huk fighter *par excellence* can cope with other problems facing the Philippines. Magsaysay has the undivided allegiance of the Army. The Army has won the solid support of the country people. The next step is more subtle. It will

mean, in part, the readaptation of the PAO and other similar bodies to focus more directly on the skeptical intelligentsia.

SOME of the intellectuals were former Huks. Some still remain with the Huks. Countless others sit on the fence. It is up to Magsaysay's regime to gain support from this upper stratum who oppose Magsaysay's economic policies. The Philippines are facing a serious economic test. They need capital, probably foreign capital, to expand the production base and increase the standard of living. The Magsaysay government will have to tackle this and many other problems as well as the political-legal battle with the Communists.

It Started with an Egg Cup

One afternoon, in the 1800's, a man entered the establishment of a New Orleans druggist named Psychaud. He wasn't well and Psychaud decided that the best prescription for his condition would be a shot of brandy and bitters. Having nothing handy to serve it in, he used an egg cup that he usually mixed other prescriptions in.

An egg cup of the type Psychaud used is called a *coquetier* and pronounced "Kok-tyay" in French speaking New Orleans. When the man told his friends about the good tasting drink, the "Kok-tyay" the druggist had served him, the demand for the drink grew. Cafes, hurrying to cash in on the new fad, advertised the Koktyays with window signs and featured them on their menus.

Eventually coquetier, or Kok-tyay, was corrupted and became cocktail. So from a simple egg cup came the pleasant ritual known today the world over—the cocktail and the cocktail hour.

—THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

What's happened to our language?

THE CASE OF THE MISSING ARTICLES

by

Dr. Leo Hamalian

THE average reader may not yet have noticed a mysterious development in language which has been taking place literally under his eyes. Gradual in its invasion and outwardly minor, this phenomenon may have major implications. I cannot say conclusively where and when this started. I would venture to guess that it first flourished under the popular journalist's coaxing. There are several sides to this development; but since they are all related, they may be considered under the single heading of "The Missing Articles, and How They Got That Way."

You need only glance through the pages of current publications. Take, for instance, the recent issue of a well-known periodical. A story on Walter Reuther opens, "Restless, hard-driving Walter Reuther walked in flanked by U.A.W. Vice-President John Livingston and Negotiator Irving Bluestone." In the same story, you encounter

the expressions: labor's aging wonderboy," "Detroit's Tuller Hotel," and "Reuther's pattern of life was molded by his father, Jacob's son Valentine."

If the practice were restricted to one or two publications, you might dismiss it as a freak. But in everyday reading, in books, in magazines, in newspapers of all sizes and descriptions, you come across such combinations as "Ohio farmer-novelist Louis Bromfield, Spanish-born painter Pablo Picasso," and "bachelor presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson."

All of these examples have one thing in common: each has been picked over carefully for stray articles. According to conventional usage, there should be in each expression an article which is not there. The question is, why are the articles absent? Certainly the writer does not make these omissions in order to annoy the reader. On the contrary, his intention should be

to please and to inform, not by what he omits, but by what he includes. Hence, we get down to the real question: Why does the writer put in what he puts in? On what basis does he present material to the reader?

THE considerations governing the presentation of popular information may be reduced to three fundamental laws: The Law of Irrelevant Detail, which maintains that the writer can interest any reader in the commonplaces of everyday occurrences by adding even more commonplace details about them; Mencken's Law of the Booboisie, by which the writer assumes that the reader knows virtually nothing; and The Law of Conservation of Space, by which the writer is compelled to pack a sentence like airlines luggage, with no superfluous articles. Let us look at each law individually.

For example, the news that a teacher is writing a religious biography of Woodrow Wilson might be good enough for some publications, but, for others, this would not be satisfactory until ballooned into at least, "Unmarried, 35-year-old, crew-cut English teacher William Turner Levy is writing a religious biography of Woodrow Wilson." Some publications might go further, and give the story this treatment, "Writing a religious life of the late Woodrow Wilson, once president of the United States, is

unmarried, 35-year-old, crew-cut English teacher William Turner Levy." The writer thus carefully observes Mencken's Law that the author should assume no knowledge in the reader, not even the knowledge that Wilson was president or that he is no longer living.

Occasionally, the writer may produce a somewhat more startling effect. By now, virtually committed to calling every woman under the age of sixty either "attractive" or "lovely," the exploiter of human frailty and figure drowns at the typewriter or else subconsciously rebels against the habit and permits his machine to produce something like "blond, attractive Miss Kathleen Windsor and dark-haired Miss Helen MacInnes were present at the publisher's party." This type of statement book-reviewing MacInnespouse Gilbert Highet could hardly take as anything but ungallant in aim.

These forces throw heavy pressure on the poor unprotected little articles. If it is impermissible to mention the name of Woodrow Wilson without the accompanying information that he was once president of the United States, or the name of a labor leader without calling out the color of his hair or the size of his suit, there will be a potent demand created for space-saving devices. Something must be carved away from the crowded columns, and the ax descends upon the article as most dispensable.

TO MAKE matters worse, in the space created by the obsession with economy may appear a piece of advertising copy written in old-fashioned English, full of articles, both definite and indefinite. We are forced to face the nightmare possibility that the best writing for a mass audience is to be found in advertising copy.

Should the grammarian groan, we can only state that perhaps the worst is yet to come. Bad habits multiply, and we do not have to employ much imagination to en-

visage a linguistic counterpart of Huxley's *Brave New World*. In time, the entire routine will be fixed into an efficient master-form, mistake-proof, with blank places for age, appearance, occupation and political complexion. Solemnly, the writer will fill in the blanks for a reader who has developed an insatiable appetite for such details, an utter disregard for their relevancy or what may lie behind these superficialities, and an almost total indifference to the disappearance of the articles.

Military Merriment

Two soldiers attended an auction at Aachen, Germany, bidding successfully for an automobile. To pay for it, they had to go to a bank to cash traveler's checks, but the auctioneer wouldn't hold the car without security. "We'll leave our wives until we come back," the soldiers said. The offer was accepted.

Frustrated airmen at Sampson Air Force Base in Geneva, New York, can take their complexes to the clinical psychologist there—Lieutenant Freud.

In Washington a letter of deferment for "traumatic persinovitis of the flexor digitorum sublimus in profundus muscle at the metacarpophalangeal joint" was stamped disapproved by surgeons who claimed a sore finger just wasn't a good enough excuse.

Filling out re-enlistment papers in St. Louis, a Marine Corps veteran signed all the necessary papers Private Peter Rabbit, and in the space for relatives recorded his brother Jack and sister Bunny.

Army Private Ralph Antonelli, who joined up while visiting the United States from his native Italy, recently received disquieting news in Tokyo. "We're deferring you from the draft," the Italian government wrote, "until you complete your current enlistment."

After a brief shutdown of the Fort Sam Houston, Texas, sanitation laboratory, an inspection showed that mice had been feasting on the Army field manuals. The main course was a tasty pamphlet titled, *Control of Rodents and Insects*. —N. H. BROWN



Those AWFUL FOODS

by John Sidney

It May Sound Strange But It's Probably a Gastronomic Treat!

THE GI's face was grass-green long before the sergeant passed him the plate of New Guinea "oysters." His throat moved convulsively. Suddenly, he broke away from the others and ran into the jungle. With the rest of his platoon he was completing his jungle training in living off the land. That was back in 1942 in the tough stages of the war against the Japanese—and the "oysters" were the larvae of the big Cossus wood moth which had been baked in hot ashes.

Some of the tougher-stomached GI's in the platoon, who shut their eyes and took a good swallow of the "oysters," found them good and tasty like a slightly nutty-flavoured oyster.

This is not surprising because a

highly prized delicacy at Roman banquets was the grub of an allied species of the Cossus (or goat) moth.

Among the repasts that U.S. and Australian commando troops ate in New Guinea, during training and later living off the land, were python tails, lizards and grasshoppers.

It would be foolish to say that all troops enjoyed these strange foods. But some on their own admission did, although they gave you the impression they thought the foods were pretty tough.

Tough nothing! As I know from personal experience, the flesh of most snakes is tender and delicious. Native peoples have known this for centuries, and in recent years in

the United States, gourmets have been smacking their lips and exhausting their vocabularies in praise of rattlesnake filets.

As for the lizards eaten under duress in New Guinea, they're more than palatable if soaked in salt water for a few hours. That removes the oil, and the beautiful white flesh tastes like the tenderest chicken. The grasshoppers in New Guinea are large yellow locusts. After soaking in salt water, boiled and shelled out they taste like prawns! That, again, is not a very remarkable discovery. John the Baptist, you remember, came down from the mountains where he lived on locusts and wild honey. And locusts are still eaten with relish in the Middle East, in Africa and in Mexico.

THE TRUTH about all these so-called strange foods is that they are not really strange to anybody but ourselves. We who live in the prosperous areas of the world have eliminated from our tables many items that other peoples in the world eat eagerly. We have come to shun many foods which our ancestors regarded as great delicacies.

Roast peacock was the number one dish on the Christmas tables of the gentry in 17th century England. The bird was skinned without damaging its brilliant plumage, then stuffed with herbs and spices. The peacock was roasted slowly and basted with rich gravies.

When it was ready, it was sewn up in its lovely plumage and borne to the table with its resplendent tail outspread. Its beak was gilded, and brandy-soaked wool in the bill was set alight. Cygnets, herons and larks were also prime Christmas fare.

More recently, American pioneers ate squirrels, opossums, grizzly bears, parrots and many other animals and birds and rated them first class. They thought they were feasting royally when they sat down to a robin pie. A few Americans still eat some of these foods. Even the skunk was eaten and enjoyed. Beaver trappers fed mainly on buffalo meat but also ate the roots of the white apple and wild cherries and berries. When food was short they ate black crickets and even ants.

Outside the more prosperous countries today, almost every bird is eaten. The few exceptions include the vulture, whose flesh is too nauseating, and the spruce grouse, which has a bitter taste.

Hawks, however, are good eating, and French fishermen make the same claim for comorants. They've told me that they are as good as duck!

In Africa natives eat ostriches, and in Australia the aborigines feast on another large, non-flying bird, the emu. I've eaten steaks cut from the ribs and hips of emus and can assure you that they are the equal of the best turkey.

The eggs of most birds are edible. Those of ostriches and emus are very handy—break one into a bowl and you can make an omelette big enough for six people!

MOST EXOTIC of all the bird foods are the swallows' nests of South China which are a highly-prized and high-priced ingredient of an epicurean soup. The birds build their nests with a "cement" of gelatinous spittle, pieces of small fish and seaweed. It's an iodine and protein-rich mixture with a delicate flavour.

Because the swallows build their nests high up in sea caves where they are hazardous to reach, the nests are expensive. Only mandarins, warlords, and wealthy Chinese merchants could afford this epicurean delicacy in the past—and, presumably, only commissars today. If you think it's a strange food, you're probably right, but what, after all, is our familiar honey but the secretion, not of a bird, but of an insect?

In lands other than our own, people feast on many strange fish. Squid, octopi and cuttle-fish are prized all along the Mediterranean and in China. In the Mediterranean the recipe for octopus tentacles is to skin and soak them, rub with garlic, dip them in batter, and fry in deep oil. Very good, too! Squid soup is an epicurean Chinese dish.

Sharks are eaten everywhere—including that great Arctic shark

of Greenland. The natives thrive on it, but it can poison a newcomer who eats it too lavishly. Sometimes shark is eaten more or less unwittingly in some of the more fastidious countries. For instance, some species of small dog sharks are sold in Britain under the name of "rock salmon"—and are enjoyed by many who don't know what they're eating!

Fish eyes are a delicacy in the West Indies and in some parts of Asia. Dried prawn eggs are relished in China. But then, what is caviar but the eggs of the sturgeon?

Jellyfish are eaten in Japan—as once they were in Cornwall. Sea-worms called *palolo* make a prized stew in Polynesia.

Reptiles of all kinds are eaten in various parts of the world. Some Southern negroes still preserve enough of tradition to enjoy the tender white flesh on an alligator's tail which is undistinguishable in taste and flavour from pork.

Fricassee of iguana is a favorite dish in Guinea. The back only is used and treated with all the deference in the cooking which we give to a prime chicken—and rightly so, because it tastes as well, if not better!

Another reptile, turtle, rarely figures on our tables except in a soup. But in Polynesia the flesh and eggs of turtles are eagerly sought after. The eggs fry a beautiful *eau-de-nil* shade and have a delicate flavour.

Almost all species of animals are consumed throughout the world. Monkeys are eaten and enjoyed in many tropical countries. Horsemeat figures regularly on poorer French tables—at least half the butchers' shops in Paris sell only horsemeat. (Horseflesh is, indeed, more typically French than the more renowned frogs' legs and snails which are eaten by epicures). Cats and rats are eaten by many peoples. I've never knowingly eaten them though they're sometimes passed off as "rabbit" in some parts of Europe. And in the course of eating my way 'round a lot of the world, I have not yet faced up to the finest dish of Canton cooking—indisputably the best Chinese—of a fattened chow dog. Nor have I attempted the spiced dogs of Luzon and I'd shudder away from the dog hams of Inner Mongolia. But only lack of opportunity has prevented me from sampling two acknowledged kingly dishes—elephant's heart in French Equatorial Africa and tapir's nose in South America. And I would also like to sample bats which are valued highly in some parts of Asia.

INSECTS are a staple—and an epicurean delight—in many parts of the world. Hottentots and Koreans smack their lips over white ants (termites) which if you shut your eyes, taste like sweet almonds.

Oddest—and nicest—of insect foods are the honey ants which are

eaten with the keenest pleasure by Central Australian aborigines, Mexican natives, and by "educated" white men. The small honey ants gather nectar from flowers and shrubs and feed it to some of their fellows whose abdomens become living reservoirs. These luckless reservoir ants with bellies distended to the size of a large grape hang helplessly by their arms from the roofs of the galleries in the nest. Aborigines hold the storage ants between finger and thumb, blow on them to get rid of the dirt, and pop them into their mouths! Lovely! After all, it's still honey whatever the container.

Other insects and grubs eaten by native peoples include spiders (some have a nutty flavour), centipedes (apricot taste) and earthworms (oyster-shrimp flavour). Japanese geisha girls eat earthworms in the hope that they'll improve their singing.

Apart from insects, which are distinctly strange foods, nothing is more neglected in the richer countries, such as ours, than vegetable products. The Chinese have over 150 kinds of vegetables. John Evelyn, the famous 17th century diarist, listed 73 English salad ingredients, including the buds and tender leaves of nettles. Many of the 73 flowers and plants grow wild in Britain today and are eaten only by discriminating cattle and sheep. So forgotten are many tasty vegetables that a Melbourne man

made headlines recently because he dines regularly on rose buds and chopped seaweed. Yet both have an honorable gastronomic ancestry in Europe. For instance, Countess Morphy in her *British Recipes* (traditional dishes) records a dozen ways of preparing seaweeds and sea mosses.

And if you should want to test food made from flowers yourself,

here's John Evelyn's recipe for "a most palatable relish": "Infuse in vinegar, especially those of the clove, gilly flower, elder, orange, cowslip, rosemary, archangel, sage and nasturtium."

THE TRUTH is that we probably can eat and enjoy almost anything if we rid ourselves of prejudice.

Traveler's Aid—Jungle Style

A night hiker in the jungles of the American tropics might be astonished to see a tiny flying saucer soaring overhead. Against the velvet darkness of the sky, the apparition would appear as a brilliant golden light floating above the treetops. It would be what the natives call a "fire beetle."

The beetles are nearly two inches long, dull brown in color, and covered with fine black fuzz. They spend their days hidden on the jungle floor, becoming active after dark.

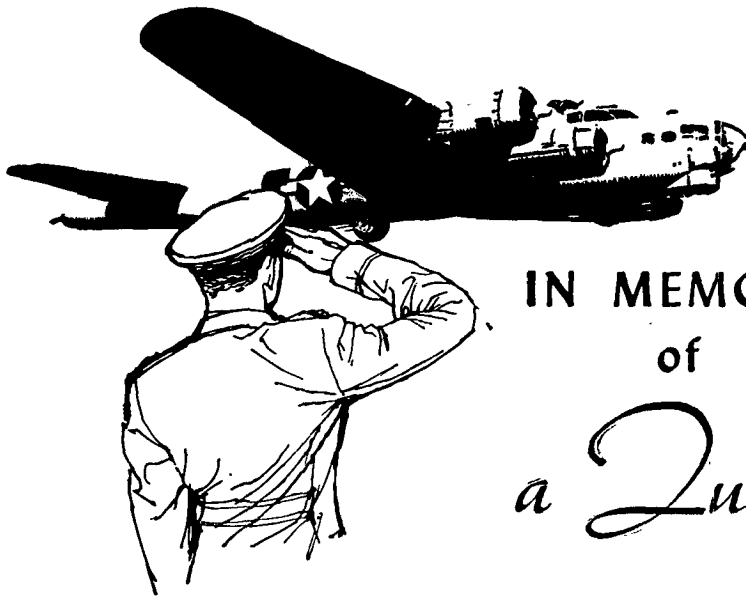
The fire beetles have two sets of light-producing features; the first is a pair of strong headlights which give off a powerful soft green light, while underneath the insect's wings are many small windows through which shines a brilliant orange-red glow.

The light from the beetle is cold, like that of a firefly, and is produced in much the same way, but the beetle's light is continuous. While the Panama Canal was being built, a surgeon in a small interior village performed an emergency operation by the light of a number of such beetles placed around the patient.

Native women at the village dances add glamour to their costumes by using these beetles as living jewels that sparkle without reflected light.

Jungle explorers have learned to attach the luminous beetles to their boots for night travel in order to light the way and ward off snakes. When morning comes the beetles are carefully placed under a shady shrub for their daylight siesta. Such travelers are remembering the words of an Indian admonition: "Carry away the firefly, but restore it from whence thou tookest it."

—H. N. FERGUSON



IN MEMORY of *a Queen*

by Capt. Harold R. Keyt, USAF

LAST SPRING, quietly and without fanfare, a grand old lady died. Over a million men were once so intimately acquainted with her that the dreams of their advancing age are still haunted by her picture. For during a brief and terrible moment of their lives they awarded her a completeness of faith that they have been able to give few women before or since. I know, for I was one of those men.

I remember a July morning in 1944. We were at 30,000 feet and had just released our bombs over the I. G. Farben plant near Leipzig when suddenly our B-17 reeled and shuddered under the impact of a twin burst of flak. The first burst knocked out the No. Two

engine and started it burning fiercely. The second knocked out No. Three, plus the oxygen system and intercom. Minutes later, we were at 5,000 feet—with a crippled airplane and not a friend in the sky.

Although we had managed to put out the fire, we were still faced with a tough decision: should we bail out and try to walk out of Germany, or should we stick with the plane? If we decided to stick, would the old girl hold together long enough to get us back to England? Could we maintain sufficient altitude with only two engines operating? What about the risk of running into further ground fire? What if we ran out of gas and had to ditch in the

Channel? Moreover, in our battered condition, any fighter attack would certainly prove fatal.

In the face of such odds, it may seem surprising that we elected to sit pat. Actually, the decision came as the result of a quite simple fact—we had faith in our plane.

While our aircraft commander ordered the rest of the crew to jettison all non-essential gear and fittings, I plotted a course back that was calculated to keep us as far as possible from known ground batteries and fighter bases.

Hours passed. We encountered sporadic ground fire but managed somehow to survive it. Fortunately, we were sighted by no fighters, nor did we see any. Our greatest trouble was altitude. Too many flak holes had set up too much drag. Despite their boosted power settings, our two remaining engines could do little more than shave the edge off our gradual descent. By the time we reached the Channel we had dropped so low that we could see foam cresting the swells.

I'M NOT SURE what plane the war-time song, "Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer," was inspired by, but it could have been the B-17. That's about all we had when we limped over our home field—at a scant 300 feet. But we made it. That was the main thing. Our trust had been well placed.

And so was the trust of literally

hundreds of other B-17 crews, for our experience was by no means an isolated one. The Flying Fortress returned from missions which, by the book, she simply wasn't supposed to come back from. She came back with two and sometimes even three engines inoperative. She came back with her tail section shot in half, with control cables severed and patched in mid-air. She came back with cannon shells in fuselage and wings, ripped and punctured by scores of flak fragments. But she came back.

I remember one Fort from my unit (the 490th Bomb Group) returning from a raid with 286 flak holes in her—by actual count. Yet, not one member of that crew had been injured. They loved her, that airplane, and would quite readily have flown to hell and back in her. As a matter of fact, they did take her on many other successful missions.

Now she is gone. Her death was a silent one, mourned only by a few of the older pilots of the 57th Air Rescue Squadron stationed in the Azores Islands. From this remote mid-Atlantic base she flew her last missions. It was fitting, perhaps, that instead of missions of death they were missions of mercy—giving assistance to vessels in distress, para-dropping badly needed blood plasma and medical supplies, and flying escort on crippled military and commercial planes. Such feats were not nearly

as publicized as those of her combat days. Gone was the glory, the screaming bannerlines: THOU-SAND-PLANE RAID OVER SCHWEINFURT! Still, the old girl had some mighty fine memories.

Those memories go back to 1935 when the first B-17 was completed by Boeing, who paid out of their own pocket the \$600,000 that the prototype cost. Credit for the plane's concept and design is given Wellwood E. Beall, now Senior Vice President. Mr. Beall disclaims it, remarking: "The knowledge needed to incorporate the latest thinking in stresses, aerodynamics, hydraulics, electricity, and countless other specialties into one airplane, even a small one, just can't be contained in one lone human brain."

BUILT TO ENTER the U.S. Army Air Corps bombing competition at Dayton, Ohio, the first B-17 broke the Seattle-Dayton speed record on her way there. She proved so impressive during the trials that 13 others were ordered immediately for service tests. During the 1936-38 testing period, she shattered the coast-to-coast record in both directions, and chalked up a fresh one by covering a closed course at 259 miles per hour at 34,025 feet, with a pay-load of nearly six tons!

By 1937, a production line had been set up, and the monthly output increased steadily until 1944

when 578 were built in one month at an average cost of \$200,000 each. In all, a total of 12,731 were built. In addition to Boeing, Douglas turned out 3,000 and Lockheed 2,750.

Like the men who went to war with her, she sometimes remained on the field of battle. A total of 4,750 were lost on combat missions, more than any other type aircraft. This was due simply to the fact that she carried the heaviest work load in the heaviest fighting of the war.

The Flying Fortress cut the heart out of the German industrial machine. She dropped 640,000 tons of explosives on European targets—nearly as much as all other U.S. aircraft combined.

She flew her first combat mission with the RAF in 1941, bombing Nazi battleships. During the first U.S. air raid in Europe, led by General Ira Eaker on August 17, 1942, 12 Forts bombed Hitler's stronghold at Rouen, shot down their first German fighter, and returned without a casualty. Later missions were not so easy, but the Fort proved conclusively to the skeptics of high daylight bombing that no bomber force could be stopped from hitting its target.

Time and time again she flew through flak so heavy that "you could get out and walk on it," as we used to say with only slight exaggeration. Daily she fought off heavy fighter attacks. On some

missions, such as the famous Schweinfurt raids on the German ball bearing plants, "bandits" met flights over the Channel and fought all the way to the target and back. Still, the bombs were dropped.

Her ability to defend herself was unapproached by an other type of aircraft. The 13 fifty-caliber machine guns formed an almost impenetrable barrier when multiplied by the hundreds of other planes in a formation. The Germans learned this the hard way. While U.S. fighters were able to destroy only 11 enemy planes per thousand-plane raid, the Fort more than doubled their record with an average of 23 kills per thousand.

FORTRESSES fought in what may well be the last air war of its type. Just as trench warfare was peculiar to World War I, and thousand-plane bombing raids to World War II, the H-bomb has placed today's emphasis on a few planes, which are capable of delivering fantastic pay-loads at incredible speeds.

From a visual standpoint, this is regrettable, as the air war over Europe was probably the greatest spectacle ever produced by man. Thousands of fighters and bombers—locked in a death struggle at 30,000 feet with their tenuous white contrails splotched here and there with the smudge of oil fires—created a stirring scene that those who were there can never forget.

Each bomb run was an experience in itself. No one who has ever been on one can forget the mingling sensations of fear and anticipation. Before it started, chatter on the intercom was always excessive. Some voices were overly calm while others were keyed to a high pitch. All were trying to talk out some of their tension before the trip down "flak alley."

Then the run began and conversation came to an abrupt halt. The dead silence was broken only by terse comments from bombardier and pilot as the former cupped his eyes to his Norden bombsight and called for minute variations in headings.

Who can forget that endless wait for the first inevitable burst of flak near the plane, the involuntary cringing at the rattle of hot metal against wings and fuselage, the awesome sight of blue sky blossoming with black patches of death?

It seemed as though the bombardier's cry of "Bombs away!," accompanied by the upward lurch of the plane, would never come. But when it did, and you were finally out of the target area, you felt like laughing for you had made it and your number hadn't come up. But you couldn't, for there was a vacant spot in the formation where Number Three plane should have been. Joe Kelly, with whom you'd played poker the night before, had been in Number Three, and Bob Spivac, who'd made the

last liberty to London with you—and you'd never see either of them again.

Individual forts were given many endearing names by their crew's—some for wives and sweethearts, others for comic strip characters, while some were merely products of the airman's not always decorous sense of humor. Most Americans probably aren't familiar with the plane, "My Assam Dragon," but many will recall the "Memphis Belle," which survived an almost unbelievable tour of duty (all of which was documented on film), and the "Swoose," which broke the flying record between the U.S. and the Phillipines and went on to establish another record of 150 combat hours in one month.

THE LAST Flying Fortress had no special name. To the men who flew her she was simply B-17 No. 3701. This last lady had a plaque attached to the fuselage in the nose compartment which read: "Pur-

chased by the War Bonds of the School Children of Salina, Kansas." The bonds which built her have matured by now, and the children who saved their pennies have probably long since forgotten how their money was spent.

As 3701 took off from Lajes Field in the Azores and pointed her nose westward on her flight to retirement in Tucson, she was watched with mixed emotions. To the young pilots she was simply an old airplane going to the boneyard. To older ones she marked the end of an era—an era of romance and glamour, and the birth of the world's mightiest air force.

It was with no little sadness that I plotted a course for Bermuda and the States. One veteran pilot who saw us off, whom I'd never known as a sentimentalist, told me later: "I stood and watched till you faded away in the west. I dunno, but somehow I got the feeling that she'd never land, that a B-17 would go flying the sky forever."

Sure Sign!

The bus was crowded and the traffic heavy. A woman boarding the bus explained she was a stranger and requested the motorman to tell her when to get off. This he obligingly agreed to do. Several times she reminded him to call her stop.

When, for the fifteenth time, she queried, "You won't forget to call me, will you?" and added nervously, "How will I know when I get close to my street?", he just couldn't resist it.

"By the big smile on my face," he answered. —B. MIKESELL



The Teen-Agers of Balboa

by Winifred Wise Palmer

WHEN AROUSED CITIZENS finally clamped the lid on riotous teenagers in the beautiful Newport-Balboa beach area of southern California, wiseacres said it wouldn't work. They said the lid wouldn't stay on for more than a day or two. They said you couldn't change a tradition that had been growing for more than 30 years.

It was as inevitable as the coming of spring, they said, for 20,000 to 35,000 strange teenagers from all over southern California to swarm in and do exactly as they pleased for the whole week of Easter vacation. Hundreds upon hundreds of them left ordinary rules at home

along with their schoolbooks and came for a frantic fling—a real spring “whing-ding,” symbol of revolt against parents and authority.

The kids called it “Bal Week” for Balboa Island, their favorite destination for the holiday. But the 17,000 permanent residents of Newport-Balboa and the other beach districts under one jurisdiction were beginning to call it “Hell Week.” Nobody got any sleep. Arrests and riots were the order of the day—and night. Drinking was heavy, and shocking all-night beach parties in secluded spots were a scandal that was beginning to hurt the reputation of the whole

lovely municipality with its famous yacht harbor and its glorious sweep of beach and pounding surf.

It was getting so bad that thousands of teenagers who came for innocent fun were being branded along with the rowdy and the wanton. "Do they have to call me a juvenile delinquent, just because I'm *here*?" one girl summed it up pertly. Big city newspapers sent crack reporters and photographers in to cover goings-on that made ugly stories and headlines:

"Easter Week tempo surged into double-time last night when 31 minors and juveniles were picked up by harassed police officers for drunkenness, fighting and possessing liquor . . . 19-year-old Los Angeles boy gets a little mixed up and tanked up and breaks into a house occupied by girls . . . exuberant youth socks beer bottle at police sergeant's head from second story window . . . four empty cases of beer and six empty whiskey bottles confiscated at apartment . . . street fights broken up . . . four minors and one juvenile picked up with homemade sap in their car . . . nocturnal swimming party brought ashore at 1:20 this morning . . . 17-year-old intoxicated juvenile picked up as friends try to carry him across the street."

THEN, in the early morning of April 10, 1954, an accident occurred that stopped all shoulder-shrugging and any such accept-

ance as "Kids will be kids," and "They've been doing this for years." The facts and the implications were hideous and heart-breaking when a car bearing ten youngsters aged 12 to 18 made a left turn directly into the path of an on-rushing oil-tanker truck.

The leviathan roared into the light car **with its** load of young people and **cans** of beer. Two were dead when the police arrived. Others were to fight for life in the hospital; and one, a beautiful 14-year-old girl, was to **remain** for months, and perhaps forever, in a coma as deep as on that morning of the screaming brakes. A 12-year-old was discovered to have cigarettes in one pocket and boyish marbles in the other, while a 16-year-old had his forearm tattooed with the images of syringe, dope pills and needle pointing to the elbow's vein.

Parents all over the Southland shuddered. Citizens of Newport-Balboa were incensed as never before, determined that "Bal Week" must change its growingly vicious pattern or be abolished altogether. Something drastic and far-reaching had to be accomplished before another Easter season.

The teen-age problem that exists everywhere to greater or less degree was so vastly accentuated here that solving it seemed an almost impossible task. Every facet of it was exaggerated, blown up to heroic proportions by the size of the

annual spring mass-migration—seemingly as instinctive as the fabulous dive of the lemmings into the North Sea bound for nowhere.

By the same token, however, what Newport-Balboa discovered is highly significant for responsible citizens in any community. They had to work “in the big”; their work shows up like a huge sign-board along a highway.

The first step was to find someone to spearhead the drive towards teen control. Quickly, attention fixed upon Mrs. Edgar R. Hill, a woman of stature and great understanding who for years had been active in local civic, church, and social life. Mother of three sons, she was literally swept into the office of mayor by a whopping majority—ten days after the fatal accident.

“I’m not a politician,” she says in an explanation that one glance at her makes quite unnecessary. A grey-haired, charming woman in a smart, grey linen suit with hand-knit sweater to match, she is as fresh and unexpected as the City Hall she occupies as the first woman mayor.

A modern one-story building, the Newport City Hall rambles over a park-like area girt with coxcombs and oleanders. Within, the walls are painted in pastels, and rooms have the dramatic greenery of large potted plants. It is as different from the traditional City Hall as it is possible to imagine.

Instead of corridors dim with cigar vapors and lighted by brass spittoons, the sunny council chamber even has a sign, “Don’t smoke!”

Mrs. Hill’s decision to run for her first public office was equally a break from pattern. It happened over the space of only two-and-a-half hours. An imploring contingent of citizens called upon her at 9:30 in the morning; noon was the deadline for filing candidate’s papers. Flabbergasted at their request, she had to consult quickly with her husband by phone at his office miles away in Los Angeles, get two sick grandchildren who were staying with her to the pediatrician’s, and in all the other ways only a woman knows, suddenly compromise her private life with civic duty.

She minced no words as she took office with the prime assignment of “doing something about Easter week.” In her first interview with the press, she said, “It’s actually a battle between what’s right for youth and how much money can be made off of them—regardless of the harm done.” Her brown eyes were angry. “Somebody has to decide what’s right for youth.”

As she began her work, Mrs. Hill had standing by her side the California Youth Authority, the Los Angeles Youth Committee, Los Angeles district PTA’s, and the Federation of Community Coordinating Councils.

"The time was ripe," she explains, modest over her own skilful leadership. "Everyone wanted to help."

So, as Newport cleared the empty beer cans and liquor bottles from its beaches, it also cleared the decks for action. Even if it failed, the community was going to make a valiant try and ask some harsh and highly pertinent questions:

Who has been responsible for the abuses? Is it the parents?

Many were allowing youngsters to come for the week entirely unchaperoned and unrestrained. Further, careless control of family liquor supplies meant that many youngsters were starting a secret *cache* of bottles shortly after Christmas. While some bribed servicemen to buy it for them, homes were the chief source of the intoxicants. Newport-Balboa bartenders were found to be "not guilty"; the penalty for selling to minors in California is too great to justify such risk as loss of job and license of the house.

IS IT THE COMMUNITY? It was obvious that some property holders and business men were profiting from the hordes that came for Easter week. Some absentee landlords of summer places charged as much as \$100 to \$450 for the week and paid their taxes from these extortionate rentals. Housing of this type was an especially serious problem, since faraway landlords cared

little when boys in a rented garage had easy access to the adjoining cottage occupied by girls. Further, fantastic rentals made overcrowding almost inevitable. To meet the expenses, youngsters slept four in a bed and sprawled over floors and couches. Fire hazards were great on popular, packed Balboa Island.

What can we do about it?

In the beginning, the citizens of Newport-Balboa felt a bit like the storied Dutch boy who tried to hold back the sea by sticking his thumb in the hole in the dyke. It was only after the work of weeks and months that a course finally became clear out of the original bafflement.

It was the result of extensive researches and discussion by a planning committee of 15 members drawn from churches, clubs, PTA, YMCA, schools, Scouts, and Chamber of Commerce. It was likewise the end-product of opinions expressed at mass-meetings of citizens, and the cooperation of 38 influential organizations of the vicinity. What they achieved, with Dora O. Hill pulling all the tangled threads together, has withstood the grueling test of two Easter weeks since the tragic one of 1954.

The Newport plan channeled into five main objectives:

Cease the overcrowding. Calling upon the State Housing Act of California which regulates the cubic feet of air per sleeper, the city attorney, Karl Davis, drew up an

ordinance for emergency relief during the Easter period. This required licensing of all rentals made for the critical weeks and permission for inspection, at any time, by fire officials or police.

Get to know the youngsters. For every block of Balboa Island, a resident agreed to act as counsellor, meeting the visitors in a personal and friendly way and offering them every assistance. For more effective law enforcement, Police Chief Upson divided the island into four sections, each under a sergeant and three assistants who could come to know the youngsters as individuals.

Stop trouble before it starts. Under the emergency housing ordinance, police were empowered to enter cottages and confiscate liquor before parties had a chance to "jump." A road block across the only land-access to Balboa Island, always the center of most activity and trouble, was established to prevent suspicious cars from crossing over without inspection. Beer, liquor, marijuana, and other forms of dope were seized. Shady adults who sought to join the throngs and prey upon the innocent, as in other years, were barred.

ALERT parents to the dangers. Volunteer speakers from many organizations ranged the Southland during the weeks before Easter, appearing with panels of teachers, parents and students. Meetings be-

came so aroused that some asked that spring vacation be skipped entirely for the high schools. While the two counties most involved—those of Orange and of Los Angeles—did not take this drastic step, they did decide not to have their free weeks coincide; one would follow the other.

"Know where your young people are going," was the tenor of pleas broadcast from radio, speaker's platform, and even pulpit. "Be sure they have adequate money for living expenses; sleeping on the beach or in cars will not be permitted. Try to check the quarters they have rented or, better, do the renting yourself. Remember how precious they are, and how much they need trusted chaperones or supervision of some kind. Drop down to see them once or twice—see how they're doing and what's going on."

Don't glorify culprits. The previous practice of putting trouble-makers in jail or making them work in what were slangily called "chain-gangs," only made them celebrities in the eyes of their contemporaries. It would not be so funny this year when dad or mom might be called in the middle of the night; whatever the distance and whatever the hour of the offense, parents would be ordered to come at once and take the "toughies" home.

With a doubled police force at an additional cost of \$5,000, New-

port-Balboa anxiously awaited the first of the jalopies, trucks, and borrowed-from-the-family cars that streamed down every highway. The metropolitan press was here in top form to report the doings, with the assistance—for the first time—of an experienced local reporter assigned to work with the police department and give out real stories, if possible, to offset lurid tales.

By Saturday afternoon of 1955's spring vacation, 20,000 youngsters had moved into holiday quarters. Sunday brought thousands more as daytime visitors until estimates placed the figure at over 75,000. Each evening for a week the crowds were roughly comparable as youngsters cruised in cars, strolled in throngs, and munched hamburgers at juke-box eateries while cottages echoed the strains of rhythm and blues.

Strict enforcement of curfew made it possible for permanent residents to get sleep instead of nightmares of fatigue. Only 57 arrests, mostly for minor offenses, were recorded against the 1,000 of the previous year.

Everyone was surprised. Block counsellors said that the teenagers showed amazing courtesy and that some even asked whether their parked cars were annoying! The youngsters remarked with astonishment that the cops were friendlier: "They don't push you around so much." And even the police admitted that "the kids are really behaving themselves."

ALL IN ALL, it turned out to be the quietest Easter week in 15 years. Renting crowds were smaller—down 15,000 from the previous year's 35,000—but those who came were of higher caliber. Many had been kept home by alarmed parents. While a few merchants reported less business, most were pleased with their profits and the absence of pilfering.

With the guard still up, Newport-Balboa experienced similar behavior in 1956 instead of frantic antics. It is a community that has found significant answers, but one that knows also the need for eternal vigilance on the part of those who believe strongly in youth and its right to adequate protection.

A diner asked what flavors of ice cream the restaurant served and the waitress whispered hoarsely, "Vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

Trying to be sympathetic, the man said, "You have laryngitis?"

"No," she replied with an effort, "just vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

—OLLIE JAMES (*Cincinnati Enquirer*)

HOW TO OUTWIT *The Gyps*

The man who gets a kick out of being a "sucker"

by

Leslie E. Dunkin

I GET A KICK out of being a sucker—a big kick for the person trying to work the racket. P. T. Barnum commented, "There's one (sucker) born every minute." Today's observation would be, "Hundreds and thousands of people are made suckers every minute—by the wide variety of rackets being operated."

Millions of dollars are garnered yearly by the operators of these financial grist mills. Much of this is lost to the people who really earn the money, largely because they do not make a racket about the racket. The unscrupulous operators are allergic to insistent attention being focused upon them and their methods. So, each time I get a big kick out of being a sucker, there are fewer racket promoters interested in me and my money.

My earliest sucker experience was with a small supply of neckties, in the days before high prices. I could keep these to replenish my low stock if I would send the friendly

firm a dollar. I needed more ties, so I kept the ones sent to me unsolicited, and forwarded the dollar.

This opened a floodgate of other "bargain" merchandise that could be kept by sending anywhere from a dollar to ten. In each case, I was told to return the merchandise if it was not wanted and not paid for. Instead, I put this merchandise back and waited. The pleasant inquiries and reminders were ignored, as they enclosed no postage for the reply. The later warnings and mild threats were soon replaced by the "Final Notice", which included a postage-paid envelope for sending them the money.

I reminded them pointedly that I had not ordered the merchandise. No postage had been enclosed for the return. However, I promised to return the unwanted merchandise promptly as soon as they would send postage for the return and also 25¢ in coin to pay me for handling and storage of the unordered merchandise.

No more inquiries came from

the firms. What is more, none of them valued their merchandise enough to send me the return postage and a quarter for its return to them. After a month's wait I put the cheap merchandise to personal use to pay me for my disturbance and trouble. All of it proved to be poor quality merchandise when actually used. I found I could get much better quality merchandise at the same price from the local stores.

Nobody has to return or pay for unordered merchandise, no matter how attractive the promotional literature is or how sharp the warning reminders.

A local food market advertised their potatoes for ten cents less per peck than any other store. I thought this was a cheap bait to get people into the store and then make up for the potato loss with the prices of the other foodstuff.

"I'll get them and nothing else!" I declared. At the store the sign near the potatoes featured the bargain price, but the finer print sent me back to my automobile before making my potato purchase.

"I want a peck of your special potatoes," I told the clerk, and I handed him the exact change for the bargain price. They were in a handy carrying-sack, much like a shopping-bag.

"There's 25 cents for the shopping case," the clerk reminded me.

I drew a large sack from under my arm and said, "Pour the pota-

toes into my sack here. I don't need your two-bit shopping case."

At first, he refused to sell them that way, but I told him if he refused, I would call the Better Business Bureau and the police and close his racket quicker than he could get out of the building. He grudgingly gave me the potatoes at the bargain price and I went at once to the Better Business Bureau and the police to protect other people from that racket.

THE UNITED STATES Postal Department at Washington, D. C., is always ready to increase the effective "kick" against operators of rackets. If the racket is promoted through the mails, keep all the literature, including the stamp-cancelled envelope to show it came through the mails. Keep a record of dates and correspondence. If fair dealings are not received, as promised in the advertising, let the Postal Department know. The chances are it will not be long before you will receive an apologetic refund of your money from the racket firm. The Postal Department has been alerted and that racket will be stopped.

A personal bank check is ready to protect you. Write a check for the money paid out and write on the check for what it is being paid. When the receiving firm signs that check, you have a receipt from him through the cancelled check for the desired merchandise or service.

Keep it until everything has been completed satisfactorily.

A philosophical organization that advertises widely throughout the United States in various publications enrolled me when I sent the application or initiation fee. They stated the membership fee was \$2.75 a month and offered a book free with a six-month membership payment. I became suspicious when I found their membership literature was little more than applied modern psychology to be found in any public library.

However, I sent a check for six months at \$2.75 a month, marked the check as paying for six months' membership and asked for the free book. The free book did not come. I wrote about it and received a gracious letter stating that two months before I had enrolled, the membership fees had been increased to three dollars a month. If I would send the difference in the amount, the free book would be sent.

The amount was comparatively small, but I did not like the principal of it. It smelled to me like a money gyping racket. I wrote at once to cancel my membership and refund the unused amount. They reminded me that all moneys received was for their "General Fund" and could not be taken out of it for any refund.

I reminded them their literature, which I still had, gave \$2.75 as the monthly price. Also my can-

celled check with their endorsement was designated for a six-month membership. Still they were pompously adamant toward refunding any money. I finally informed them if the refund was not forthcoming, I would refer their evident plan of operation to the proper investigating authorities. By very quick return mail, I received a most gracious letter and their check for my refund.

I PRIZE my autograph very highly. I have found it pays to wait until tomorrow to sign on that dotted line. In the meantime I ask to have a copy of what I might sign so I can read it carefully, especially the fine print, without any immediate pressure of time. If I do not understand some part of it, I ask a friend, who is both well-informed and disinterested. Many a money racket lies in that unread fine print. Once your signature is on the dotted line, you are hooked.

If I am told, "Somebody else is ready to pick up this bargain before tomorrow and then it will be too late for you," I promptly reply, "Let him have it then, for he's likely a bigger sucker than I am."

I never use any of my hard-earned money in an amount more than \$25 without first consulting a reliable banker or somebody familiar with what is being offered, but who is disinterested in the immediate offer. "Brooklyn Bridge," gold-mine stock, and the like do

not weather a banker's investigation.

As a prize-contest fan, I frequently get advertisements offering to sell me prize-winning entries for current contests. I write and ask them if their prepared entries are sure-fire winners, why don't they enter themselves and capture the big prize. Why bother with small-fry suckers? At the same time I forward their literature to the U. S. Postal Department.

AN ELECTRIC vacuum cleaner promoter gave us his promotional line. This included letting our old cleaner be the down-payment. The handle of the new machine was hollow with a slot at the top. He suggested putting in a quarter each week or oftener. Then when the monthly payment would be due, we could remove the handle and there would be the money. He generously put a quarter (so he said) into the handle to show how it was done and let it apply toward our first payment. We found later when we removed the handle that he had put in only a penny, instead of the quarter, which he claimed to have put in.

He capped it off by saying the firm was sponsoring a local radio telephone quiz program. Each purchaser of a cleaner was eligible to be called. Each caller would be asked a question about the cleaner, the answer for which would be found in the booklet given the

owner. If the correct answer were given, the participant would be given a check equal to the total amount for the new cleaner.

We needed a new cleaner so we became suckers. Two days later our telephone number was called on the radio program. We turned quickly to the page in the booklet that had the answer to the question. They apologetically explained that was not the right answer. I insisted it was. They hung up on us.

Telephone calls to the radio station program manager, to the local Better Business Bureau, and to the local police department, and finally letters to similar people in the city where this cleaner firm had headquarters, brought forth an apologetic explanation that our answer was correct and we were given a check to pay for our new cleaner.

Rackets looking for suckers appear at times apparently championing some religious or philanthropic enterprise. Aid to the blind or to hospitals or similar institutions, often is a 50% to 75% money racket for the outside promoters of the campaign.

A quick thorough check with the local Better Business Bureau is the most effective action when a local money or similar racket seems to be at hand. I try to detain the person in question until I can get a report from the B.B.B. or they can get a police car to take care of the racketeer. They help me to get a big kick out of being a sucker.

Mother's Day Off

by Betty Land

WOULD YOU take the children and go someplace next Sunday?" I asked my husband Bill.

He looked up at me questioningly. "What do you mean? Are you going someplace?"

I snatched at his question. "That's the trouble with being a housewife," I complained. "There's no place for me to retreat to. Now with a man, when he gets through with his work he can come home and just do nothing. If I go out I have to wear my nylons and be alert. I just want to stay home and do nothing too."

"Well, go ahead," he said, turning back to his paper.

"That's just it," I said. "I can't. As long as all of you are home you put me to work making decisions and sandwiches and conversation. The only way I'll be able to do nothing is if all of you leave."

"Where do you suggest we go?" Bill asked with exaggerated politeness.

"Go fishing, go to a ballgame, go to a movie, go anyplace," I replied with an encompassing wave.

There was silence. Bill studied his hand and sighed. "I suppose we can go somewhere, but I don't see why you can't just go in the bedroom, shut the door and be by yourself. I don't know why I have to go tracking off someplace with the kids . . . but I will, I will," he added hastily, silencing me.

Sunday morning was bright and cloudless. A touch of autumn wind skittered the first fallen leaves across the walk.

"Why don't you come along?" Bill asked, his enthusiasm growing as he packed the fishing gear. "Going to be a swell day. Bet the north-erns will just grab at the hook."

For a moment I wavered. The yellow leaves shone bright against the blue sky. The wind was making waves that would slap excitingly against the side of the boat. But creeping into those thoughts

was the memory of one fishing expedition when Bill had baited Jimmy's hook and then said, "All right, throw in your line." Jimmy had obediently thrown line, rod, and reel into the lake. It had been a tense moment while Bill watched it sink out of sight.

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll stay home. I've got it all planned."

CHILDREN and husband stowed away in the car. Doors banged shut. I waved goodbye. Inside there was a strange silence in the place of the usual bustling preparation for church and Sunday school.

This was the moment to savor. I poured myself another cup of coffee. Ten o'clock—I began on the "Home and Hobby" section of the Sunday paper. But instead of concentrating on the directions for refinishing a coffee table I found myself wondering if I had put in enough sandwiches. Maybe I should have made some egg salad and put in two cupcakes apiece instead of just one.

I wrenched my mind from the subject and turned to the book reviews. Today I would read them thoroughly. As I read, my attention was distracted from time to time as Kenny and Myra, our neighbors, moved around outside our window with stepladder and storm windows for their house. I thought of our own storm windows that should be put on, but read the reviews doggedly, then

went on to the want ads, only to put them aside in favor of the magazine section.

When I had fulfilled my long-time ambition and had read all of the Sunday paper on Sunday, I glanced at the clock. Surely it was at least noon—time to do the breakfast dishes and start my lunch. The clock showed only 10:45.

In my planning of this day off I had scheduled my reading of the Sunday paper to take until noon. At noon I was to fix myself a nourishing and appetizing lunch that the editors of women's magazines urged the housewife to have even if she ate alone.

I was ahead of schedule by an hour and fifteen minutes, and felt a little like an inexperienced hostess at a birthday party who finds that the games she had planned took only half the time she expected. It still wasn't time to eat. What should I do now?

The refrigerator clicked on. That was one of the things I meant to do that always got interrupted. I checked the clock to see how long the refrigerator ran, and how long between intervals of running.

It ran for three minutes and 48 seconds, then turned off. Making a note of the time I waited for it to turn on again. In the silence my mind began daydreaming and didn't even hear the refrigerator click on. It was running again and I hadn't checked the time. The sun had warmed the autumn air and

a lady bug attempted erratic flights on the window glass. Its black dotted orange shell looked as incapable of flight as a turtle. "Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home. Your house is on fire—your children will burn." But my children were safe with their father and I was safe at home, all alone and an hour ahead of schedule.

WELL I could fix myself that nourishing, attractive lunch, and I set calves liver to crackling on the stove with bacon and onions, a dish that I alone enjoyed. I set the cottage cheese just so on the pineapple slice, and for dessert, in an excess of pampering, I opened a jar of plums.

Myra next door called Kenny for a cup of coffee and distributed cookies to her youngsters. I ate slowly, mouthing each forkful thoroughly, like a ruminating cow. The leaves rustled on the concrete, a cloud blew over the sun, and the house seemed chilly and lonesome.

The clock showed 11:30. Bill and the kids would be opening their lunches now. I could visualize Sheila sitting on the end seat of the boat, chewing her sandwiches in a ladylike manner as she conscientiously kept a watchful eye on the red and white bobber in the water. Jimmy would be gulping his food, eyes looking everywhere at once, his youthful spirit soaking up the excitement of the outing. And Bill, his felt hat pulled well

down over his eyes to shield from the sun glare, sat next to the motor, the family provider of food playing the role naturally as he watched all three bobbars at once and ate without tasting. The water would be dark gray close to the boat, and a greenish gray next to the small island, dappled with darkness beneath wind-whipped waves. When Bill pulled up the stringer with glistening fish on it a bit of jade-colored seaweed would cling to it, dripping water pearls.

I shook off my daydream and washed the dishes. "This is it, old girl," I reminded myself. A day off from parental and wifely duties. Now forget about the family and *enjoy yourself!*"

I resolutely picked up a novel I had taken from the library in anticipation of the day. First I would read and then take the nap I had coveted for so long.

But something in the unaccustomed leisure or silence made it impossible for me to sleep when I put the book aside and plumped up my pillow. A horn honked loudly across the street, accentuating the quiet that followed. The sun rolled out from under the clouds and its glare made the room bright and more silent than ever. Without family sounds in the house I felt adrift, a nameless guest in a nameless dwelling, without purpose or aim to anchor me to reality.

I SWITCHED the pillow again and pulled down the window shade, and even tried counting light, airy, other-world sheep, which seemed only to intensify my sense of aimlessness. I switched to a new method of sleep inducement, which was to think of the first dress I could remember having, and the occasion I had worn it, and then the second dress, and so on, but when I got to my first party dress and the high-school affair I had worn it to when I met Bill, I was wide awake again with thoughts of the family. Were they catching any fish? Or were

they catching cold? Was Sheila warm enough?

I moved a chair to the window and sat looking out. Kenny washed another window in the backyard and Myra polished it to a diamond sparkle. I gave up on the nap. It was too late to go to church, too early to go to a movie—even if I'd wanted to. But—if I hurried—I would just have enough time to wash a few storm windows of our own in the sunny backyard, and bake a pie to surprise the family.

By then my day off would be over, thank Heaven.

TV Tidbits

A family in Winnipeg, Canada, is getting its sleep again—thanks to television. For weeks it had been disturbed by a cricket which hid in the woodwork and chirped away all night. But the nuisance ended when a TV show featured a Summer night sequence filled with such authentic-sounding cricket songs that the sleep disturber finally popped out of hiding—and was promptly pounced on by the sleep-hungry family.

At the University of Cincinnati, a course in psychology was taught via television and to a "live" class group. Dr. George W. Kisker compared examination papers of 50 students from each group and found that the TV pupils made definitely better grades.

TV rivals modern drugs for the treatment of mental patients, according to the superintendent of a New Jersey hospital. "Television is beneficial for these patients," he declared, "it pleases them and makes them more calm."

Some municipal trucks in New York carry safety slogans based on television. Rear bumpers on the right side are marked "Medic" while those on the left say "This is your life."

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

By Russell Maguire

NON-RADICAL American churchmen will be aghast at the proposal which the Divisions of Home Missions and Christian Life and Work of the National Council of Churches have just made.

The Divisions will propose to the General Board of the Council that it send a goodwill delegation of prominent American Protestant leaders to Communist China to establish relations with the "Christian churchmen in Red China." American clergymen actually propose to drive a breach into our nation's boycott of Red China—a boycott which has been official American policy ever since the murderous attack of the Red Chinese on our American troops at the Yalu River in November, 1950.

What, precisely, does this proposal mean?

First of all, there are no "Christian churchmen in Red China" whom the delegation could visit. The only Chinese who today publicly call themselves Christians, in Red China, are masquerading Communists who have been planted in the former churches to take

them over and convert them into Communist government agencies. The actual Christians, who are still in China, are either in prison, in the forced work camps, or else they are cowering in fear and terror.

We wonder if the National Council group, which is spearheaded by Dr. John A. Mackay, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, has ever heard of the so-called "Christian Manifesto," *which every clergyman in China was forced to sign in 1950 under penalty of expulsion from his pulpit.*

Listen to Dr. Hollington K. Tong, Ambassador to the United States from the Republic of China: "Signing the Manifesto was obligatory for all Christians if they wished to avoid public accusation as supporters of Western 'Imperialism.' This Manifesto followed a virulent campaign of the Communists against Christian churches which were affiliated or connected with any foreign body."

The so-called "Christians" with

whom Dr. Mackay's delegation proposes to hobnob are the former churchmen who have cringingly signed this "Manifesto" and who have accepted the role of secret police for Communism to search out and expose to public trial the true Christians of China.

Dr. Tong continues: "I am afraid that at least 50 percent of the Christians on the mainland have been driven underground by Communist persecution. They do not openly attend services. Communists keep a close tally on church attendance and those on the Christian list are subjected to stern discrimination."

What is the purpose of Dr. Mackay's proposed delegation?

Since they will be unable to contact the true Christian underground, it is a fair presumption that they propose to fraternize, as fellow-churchmen, with the Red agents who are now operating the former churches as political institutions. Dr. Mackay and his companions will dignify these ignoble Peking sell-outs by clasping hands with them as fellow-Christians. In doing so they will dishonor the heroic fight which is being made from the underground by the 50 percent of the Chinese Christian

clergy who refused to sign the "Manifesto."

It is difficult to conceive of anything more shameful to the good name of American Protestantism.

IT is important to note that Dr. Mackay himself is an old hand at urging friendly American gestures to Red China. On August 4, 1950 at Northfield, Minnesota, he vehemently urged American recognition of Red China in an address before an audience of Lutheran missionaries. At that time, Chinese Communist volunteers were already killing American boys in Korea.

Dr. Mackay is entitled to his off-centre opinions about Red China. But when he endeavors to mobilize a church body which purports to speak for the 740,000,000 American Protestants behind his schemings, that is another matter.

American Christians don't want friendship with the denouncers and murderers of the true Christians of China. It will be a black blot on the name of Protestantism if a little chosen group in the National Council succeeds in making this un-American and un-Christian gesture in favor of Chinese Communism.

For countless years, in all parts of the world, the Bible has been freely printed and reprinted for distribution by people of good will. No one ever dreamed of copywriting the Bible. Now, to the amazement of dedicated Christians, the National Council of Churches has had the gall and the bad taste to copywrite the "rewritten version" of the Bible.

THE NEGRO VOTER

Comes of Age

by George S. Schuyler



LONG LABELED as politically naive, the American Negro voter in the 1956 Presidential election displayed an acumen far beyond the expectations of the experts. Instead of solid bloc voting, once regarded as a racial characteristic, he followed the politically disturbing national trend and made hairline distinctions. This was surprising only to those who still view the colored brother through the spectacles of prejudice. Uncle Tom, Uncle Remus and Topsy are dead, and even in the Southern backwoods the stereotype of the shambling rustic, unable to add two and two is rapidly vanishing.

The average Negro today is an urban dweller, probably a grammar or high school graduate, a newspaper reader, a viewer and a radio owner, with an electric refrigerator, maybe a telephone and quite likely an automobile. He is, doubtless, a church-goer, maybe is one of the 1,500,000 Negro labor-union members, has served in the

armed forces at home or abroad, has a savings account, could be one of the million homeowners, and not unlikely is one of the 200,000 colored who have graduated from college since World War I. Thus, a certain political sophistication is to be expected.

To be sure, with rare exceptions up until 1932, the Negro voter followed the dictum of his great leader, Frederick Douglass, that "The Republican Party is the ship, all else the sea." At that time it was true, and the reasoning was sound. The Republicans had emancipated the Negroes, made them citizens and voters, and, at first, protected them from re-enslavement and bloody reprisals. At the same time the Democratic Party, dominated in the South by emergent poor whites (similarly emancipated from near-slavery by the Civil War) and in the North by immigrant city whites—who made it difficult for Negroes to make a living save as laborers and

domestics—would only have been regarded as a black haven by cretins.

After the virtual abandonment of the Negro by the Republicans beginning with the notorious Hayes-Tilden Compromise of 1876, the crucial anti-civil rights Supreme Court decisions of 1883 and 1896 which followed, the legal and terroristic devices used to disenfranchise the blacks, the convict lease system and the increase of lynchings until they reached two a week, the remaining Negro voters had nowhere to go, so they stayed with the GOP. Even when their loyalty was shaken by the indifference of the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover regimes, there was little if anything to lure them to the Democratic fold.

When the combination of the boll weevil, World War I and mounting terror drove or lured a million Negroes northward, there was little real change in their status. Moving from plantations to slums, their range of employment was often narrowed instead of broadened because of the indifference or hostility of business and organized labor. The period called the Negro Renaissance was far more literary than economic and social, and except for the absence of "Colored" and "White" signs, the migrant's life was little different in Chicago than it had been in Chattanooga. Negro dissatisfaction grew with the great Depres-

sion which, of course, hit them much harder than it did the whites. It culminated in a vast gathering of Negro leaders on the White House lawn where the noted orator, Roscoe Simmons, cried to President Hoover, "Tell us, Mr. President, tell us that the spirit of Lincoln is not dead." The reply was not reassuring.

In the 1932 election the Negro voters switched allegiance with a vengeance, led by the late Robert L. Vann, editor of the powerful *Pittsburgh Courier*, largest Negro newspaper. The Democratic platform and pronouncements appealed to the disinherited and dispossessed, which included most Negroes.

WHAT MADE the defection of the Negroes from the Republican Party easier in 1932 than it would have been thirty years earlier was the fact that, for over a decade, the urban Democratic political machines had been slowly wooing them. In exchange for their votes they had been offering the Negroes a measure of protection against their unfamiliar environment. Political crumbs had descended to a few Negro Democrats from the bosses' tables. Under the patronage of Tammany Hall chief, Charley Murphy, Ferdinand Morton organized the United Colored Democracy in Harlem and was rewarded with the job of Civil Service Commis-

sioner. Negro doctors were put on the staff of Harlem Hospital. There were similar gestures in other cities which raised the pay of some and the hopes of others.

Clearly, however, the black masses needed and prayed for a miracle comparable to the Feast of the Fishes. Trapped and hungry in the ghettos to which they had fled from Dixie, they believed the Democratic propaganda of Charlie Michaelson and blamed their plight on Mr. Hoover. It did not strain their credulity when told that the Republicans were the party of the rich, the so-called Economic Royalists, who delighted in starving the poor while food rotted in warehouses. So they hearkened eagerly to the mooing of Roosevelt, even as did the whites. Though it promised ten times more than it delivered, the New Deal at least *talked* equality and fair play. It handed out relief food to the hungry, issued rent checks to those who would have been otherwise dispossessed, and somewhat belatedly gave out boondoggling jobs on the lower work levels to those with nothing to do but vegetate.

This is all sneered at now as shovel-leaning, leaf-raking, deficit-financing political iniquity, but to jobless Negroes it seemed like the final fulfillment of the cruelly shattered promise of Emancipation and Reconstruction. The overwhelming majority of Negroes be-

came and remained New Dealers, not because they disliked the Democratic Southern wing any less, but because they loved the social legislation of the Northern wing more.

IT WOULD be wrong to think that the majority of Negroes even today is disillusioned with the New-Fair Deal. They cannot dissociate it from the period of their greatest gains and prosperity. For instance, the effect of the Wagner Act on Negroes was revolutionary. When the great CIO organizational drive was launched in 1937, Negroes who had previously been excluded by almost all of the craft unions, and discriminated against in numerous and devious ways, gained new importance as the new industrial unions took form. They sat on bargaining committees, became organizers and were elected to office. The CIO may have been an adjunct of the New Deal, but it also, by constitutional provision, outlawed segregation and discrimination based on so-called race and made a real effort to practice what was preached. Instead of being discouraged and rejected, the Negro worker was solicited and accepted. He participated in union deliberations and elections as an equal, even in states where racial separation was the law and custom. With these unions invariably following the Democratic line through the CIO Political Action Committee, it was only natural that the Negro

members should do likewise. Here again the Negro was only following his economic interests.

On the eve of the last election, the Southern Regional Council reported 1,239,000 Negroes registered to vote in eleven Southern states, or only one out of four of voting age. The white population of voting age in this area was 16,882,882 with an estimated 11,072,125 registered. The Negro potential vote was 4,980,740. It is owing to the various techniques of disfranchisement that we have the Solid South which enables professional politicians from Dixie to wield such disproportionate power in Congress. If the proportion of Negro registered voters in the other ten states had been as high as in Tennessee, Eisenhower would have carried all the Southern States.

This, then, was the Negro voter's dilemma last November 6: how to reward his friends and punish his enemies, after the advice of the late Samuel Gompers. Aside from the doubts raised by Stevenson's studied avoidance of the civil rights issue until forced to put himself on record, there were the dramatic and well-publicized efforts of Eisenhower to end segregation and discrimination in the nation's capital, Washington, D.C., and the complete racial integration of all government installations, reservations, shipyards, factories and armed services units here and

abroad. This made a profound impression on American Negroes, as well as darker peoples everywhere.

IMPRESSIVE, too, was the energetic campaign waged by the Committee on Government Contracts, headed by Vice-President Nixon, which greatly extended the range of employment of Negroes in the vast number of industries having government contracts. Negroes could not ignore, either, the strong effort of the Eisenhower Administration to end racial discrimination in government departments and bureaus, which no previous President had done since Taft, nor the numerous appointments of qualified Negroes to the Foreign Service as cultural attaches, ministers, consuls, scientists and Point-4 administrators. Even President Eisenhower's caution in not making politically-motivated racial commitments convinced them of his sincerity. He made them feel, as had no President since Grant, that he was actually trying to do all that he possibly could to make up for the indifference or timidity of his predecessors. They contrasted his *actions* with the *talk* of Roosevelt, Truman, et al. As George W. Lee, Memphis Negro GOP leader, said: "He (Ike) didn't promise; he did. Roosevelt promised but never did."

It was not the contrasting platforms of the two parties that swayed Negro voters; actually

there were few differences between them. Rather it was the prospect of a wholehearted carrying out of their pledges. After the 1956 Southern Manifesto of a hundred Southern Congressmen pledging an unyielding fight against the U.S. Supreme Court desegregation decree, and the defiant statements of some Southern legislatures and Governors, the Negro voter felt that he had little choice in the Presidential race.

IN ACCORDANCE with the above analysis, the Negro voter in the Northern and Western cities continued to support the Democratic Party, but by margins reduced by from 10 to 15 percent. Stevenson easily carried the Negro districts in New York City, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Philadelphia, and other cities where the question of civil rights is practically settled and where there is more concern with housing, employment, up-grading, fair employment practices, the civil service and the issues of war and peace. Chicago and New York Negroes still voted 65 percent to 75 percent for Stevenson.

In the South, on the other hand, the Negro vote was strikingly different. Here the colored voter felt the need of a favorable Administration in Washington and a President sincerely bent on ending second-class citizenship. It was felt

that it was necessary to rebuke the reactionaries, to break the Solid South. So Eisenhower carried predominantly Negro districts in Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk, Louisville, New Orleans, Savannah, Baton Rouge, Atlanta, Tampa, Nashville, Miami, Charleston, S. C., Greensboro, Birmingham, Mobile and even Montgomery, erstwhile Confederate capital, for the first time in history.

Negro votes were largely responsible for putting Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana in the Republican column. For the first time since 1876, Louisiana went Republican, and by 40,000 votes. The state had 160,000 Negro registered voters. In Memphis, 38 Negro precincts gave Ike 16,802 to 14,131 for Stevenson, whereas in 1952 the same districts gave Stevenson 19,592 to 9,309 for Eisenhower. In Nashville in 1952 Eisenhower carried no Negro districts. In 1956 he carried three. Typical of how North Carolina Negroes voted were the results in Durham's Negro Precinct which, in 1952, gave Stevenson 1,704 votes and Eisenhower 121, but in 1956 gave Stevenson 695 votes and Eisenhower 822. In Miami's Negro Coconut Grove and Richmond Heights districts, the voters favored Eisenhower by 852 to 669 and 861 to 718 respectively, whereas in 1952, Stevenson carried the Negro vote ten to one.

In Texas, Negroes voted Demo-

cratic by a margin of ten to one in 1952, but last November voted 3 to 2 Republican. In Richmond, Virginia, Eisenhower carried every Negro ward. Roy Cabell Jr., who ran for Congress as a Republican, was ahead of his Democratic opponent in every Negro precinct. In Dade County, Florida, state representative John B. Orr, who openly announced that he was a white NAACP member, was re-elected to office by more than 20,000 votes. In Huntington, West Virginia, a Negro, Reverend J. Carl Mitchell, was elected to the City Council on the Republican ticket, the first of his race to be elected to any office. West Virginia deserted the Democrats for the first time in many years. Although the Democrats won Georgia, Atlanta Negroes voted 85 percent for Eisenhower!

FROM THE foregoing it would seem that Negroes vote according to their economic and social interests, or in other words just about like white folks. The fear of Negro bloc voting is unwarranted save by those whites hankering to perpetuate *apartheid*. That this element of professional white supremacists may be a smaller minor-

ity than we think was indicated by the huge vote Eisenhower received in the South, which the local Democratic spokesmen claimed to be in rebellion against the desegregation policies with which his Administration was identified. How else except as a mandate to continue those policies can one construe the tremendous vote Eisenhower received even in the six Southern states he lost?

Where Negroes have constituted a voting bloc, it has chiefly been due to similar action by whites; Negroes, as such, have closed ranks in self-defense. Their solidarity is an artificial one forced from without. When this pressure is removed, solidarity based on race will gradually disappear.

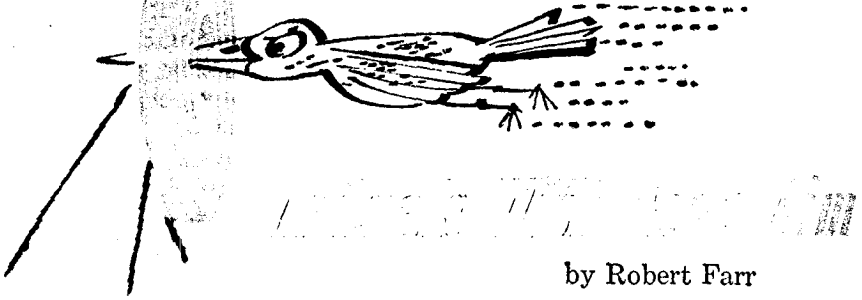
Paradoxically, as the Negro vote increases in size and effectiveness, it will become even more fluid and discriminating, and finally will go much the way of the German, Italian and Polish vote. The cultural difference between colored and white American groups now appears to be so narrow that in a few more national elections distinctions between the Negro and White vote will be little more than academic.

Samuel F. B. Morse, who was an eminent painter before he invented telegraphy, once asked a physician friend to look at his painting of a man in death agony.

"Well," Morse inquired after the doctor had scrutinized it carefully, "what is your opinion?"

"Malaria," said the doctor.

—S. SALVA



by Robert Farr

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was at Martha's Vineyard off the Massachusetts coast watching the patrolling gulls flying over the waves. Then a great white bird with a six-foot wingspread came into view. It was the common gannet, or "sea-goose." Up and down the sea it went, scanning the green water beneath for fish. It was flying at an altitude of about 30 feet, when suddenly the gannet spotted its target. It closed its wings and dropped headlong, diving straight into the waves with a big splash. Johnny Weismuller in his prime never made a more spectacular plunge. The force of its dive must have carried it many feet under water, yet such was the marksmanship of that gannet, having converted itself into a living bullet, that when it came to the surface moments later it carried a fish in its beak!

But when it comes to uncanny accuracy of aim, what bird can surpass the falcon and hawk? It

wasn't so many generations ago that people in Europe used a falcon for hunting as they now use a gun. To make use of its powers of marksmanship the falcon first gains a good altitude. Then it waits until it spots a victim, for example, a pigeon. The falcon flies hard in the direction of the pigeon, detecting as it flies the motion, direction and altitude of its quarry. With the pigeon beneath it, the falcon attains great speed, then makes a lightning-fast dive. With closed wings it hurtles down upon the pigeon in a meteor-like swoop that gives the victim no time to turn or dodge. The impact of being struck by the diving falcon knocks the pigeon senseless and it falls to the earth. Turning about, the falcon shoots down after its quarry and seizes the pigeon as it lies on the ground. Falcons rarely grab their prey in mid-air. As it swoops upon the target, the falcon hits the other bird with its clenched foot which is hard as a

ball of steel. So great is this blow that the victim is often killed instantly. A remarkable combination of wing power, accurate eye and foot work.

There is little doubt that every young hawk and falcon has an inherited talent for hurling itself at birds, for even falcons born and reared by keepers at zoos exhibit a desire to chase after other birds. Of course, it takes the experience of hundreds of kills to turn an unskilled young falcon into a cunning old marksman.

Some animals use their marksmanship to defend themselves. The Peruvian llama inherits a special ability to spit with accuracy, as many visitors to zoos and circuses can testify. These animals can and will spit at people who do not please them.

But the llama is not the only master of the art of spitting "on target." There is a graceful, dove-like sea bird, the *fulmar petrel*, that makes its home on great cliffs along the coast of England and Scotland. Petrel eggs were once highly prized, and many a person who has disturbed a nesting petrel has received the oily, fishy contents of her crop full in the face.

The *ringhals*, or spitting cobra, from Africa has an unpleasant way of disabling its enemies. With dreadful accuracy it can project its poison into one's eye from a distance of some feet. The glass on the cage of the spitting cobra in the

Snake House at New York's Bronx Zoo is always stained with poison, proving that the cobra does spit at its visitors.

A FEW YEARS AGO, on a visit to Australia, I made the acquaintance of one of the most fascinating of all spitting creatures, the insect-eating Archer Fish. An inhabitant of streams, this little fellow turns its mouth into a kind of blow-pipe. It takes water into its mouth and spits a large drop into the air, aiming so accurately that the drop strikes a fly or other insect resting on a leaf and knocks it into the stream, where the fish can easily snap it up. This fish can spit with unerring aim to a distance of about five feet.

Not many people would think of the dumpy-looking common frog as being much of a marksman, yet he is good at hitting a mark. The frog hops along, stalking its prey carefully, getting as near as it can, then shoots out its tongue, hits the insect or grub with the sticky tip of its tongue and draws it back to be munched.

The color-changing chameleon practices the same art, but it does not stalk its prey. Resting immobile for hours on a branch until some unwary insect wanders within range, the little reptile then rolls one of its eyes . . . which work independently of each other . . . until it has focused on its intended meal. The chameleon takes aim,

the tongue flies out a distance of six inches or more and the insect is struggling on the sticky end. The movement of the tongue is too lightning-fast for anything but a camera lens to follow.

Alligators and crocodiles aim with their tails, using this appendage to sweep a victim off his feet. Whip-rays have long tails armed with sharp spines or poison stings at the end with which they lash their victims in the ocean. The horse and the giraffe, as well as the ostrich, can give shrewd, well-aimed kicks in aggression or self-defense at anything annoying them. The marksmanship of lions, tigers, panthers, cougars, and pussy cats consists of accurately springing upon their quarry.

MONKEYS and apes often learn to throw stones and coconuts quite accurately, and to hit their enemies with sticks quite effective-

ly. The late Osa Johnson, wife of explorer Martin Johnson, once told me of seeing a monkey at her home in Nairobi catch a fish in her aquarium and then beat it with a branch until it wriggled no more.

The elephant can make use of its trunk as a very efficient water pistol. Once at Ringling Brothers winter quarters in Florida I saw some youngsters teasing a big Indian elephant by holding peanuts toward it, then snatching them back just as the animal was going to take them. Finally, the elephant became annoyed and turned to the back of his stall, where there was a water trough. He stood there for some time collecting water in his trunk. Then he turned. Up went the trunk and out shot the water all over the youngsters. The big fellow had a satisfied air as he watched the dripping children run off to dry themselves. Once again an animal marksman had hit his target!

Chinaman's Chance

Centuries ago, merchants in inland China sent their goods down the Yangtze River on heavily laden skiffs or barges. When these carriers reached the rapids many a trader's entire fortune was sunk to the bottom of the river.

One day a Chinese scholar, who was watching skiffs being loaded for the passage down-river, suggested that each merchant divide his shipment into 100 bundles, placing one in each skiff. This was done. Five skiffs were lost on the journey: but instead of a total loss to five traders, all the merchants got 95% of their goods delivered safely. Thus originated the expression, "A Chinaman's chance."

—FRANCES RODMAN

This Is What They Said

Obedience without liberty is slavery.—WILLIAM PENN.

The United States cannot be an Atlas; it cannot by financial sacrifices carry all other nations of the world on its shoulders, and we should stop give-away programs.—President DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, June 23, 1954.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The time to guard against corruption and tyranny is before they shall have gotten hold of us. It is better to keep the wolf out of the fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and claws after he shall have entered.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The American people ask one thing—the truth. They will find their way over any obstacles, through any fog, against any foe, foreign or domestic, if they have the truth.—Senator WILLIAM E. JENNER (R. Ind.)

God has promised forgiveness to your repentance; but He has not promised tomorrow to your procrastination.—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.—PROVERBS 28:1.

I was never discouraged in my life. Discouragement comes from fear and haste.—HENRY FORD, SR.

Let every American . . . swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others . . . to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let it be taught in schools . . . be preached from pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and *enforced* in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and in particular, a reverence for the Constitution.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.—ANONYMOUS.

You can't expect to feel God's presence if you are too busy.—ANONYMOUS.

Someone said, "Brevity is the soul of wit"—I say, "Accuracy is the soul of honor."—LESLIE TAYLOR.

The late U.S. Senator McCarran, a patriotic, Christian American, as Chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, as far back as 1951, reported that there were at that time *five million people illegally in the United States*. How many do you suppose are here now? There probably are eight or ten million people who have slipped in by this time. They would not be here now had our national authorities been as concerned about keeping them out as they are about drafting our boys and taking twenty percent from your pay check as income tax.—J. A. LOVELL.

God works through the brains and hands of good men.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Faith and friends are the greatest assets of life.—ANONYMOUS.

Prayer should be the key of the day and lock of the night.—GEORGE HERBERT.

The Supreme Court based its decision "on no law" but on what it regarded as "more authoritative, modern psychological knowledge." We have civil rights for all people under the national Constitution, and I might suggest that if there are civil rights there are also civil wrongs.—Federal Judge WILLIAM H. ATWELL, December, 1956.

The U.S. Government is borrowing a billion dollars (1000 million) at high interest rate, to *give* to England, who recently refused to pay us a small installment she owed us on a 2% loan. Remember, England owes us 8 billion from promoted World War I and in addition England received 37 billion from us since 1940.



EVER FIND A DIAMOND?

by Omer Henry

YOU MAY NOT realize it, but there is a vast store of glittering gems awaiting you if you want them.

Two women in Wyoming discovered a greenish boulder under a clump of sagebrush. Unable to pry it loose from its mooring, they called their husbands. After hours of digging, the men loaded the stone into a truck and hauled it into town—3,366 pounds of high quality jade—a fortune for two families.

In Peterstown, West Virginia, William P. Jones and his father were pitching horseshoes. Noting an attractive pebble at his feet, William picked it up. An investigation proved that it was a 34 carat diamond—the largest yet found in this country.

A year ago a prospector in Ne-

vada located a single piece of fire opal worth approximately fifty thousand dollars. A child playing in an old mine in California happened to locate a cache of valuable gem tourmaline.

Incidents like these are occurring in practically every state in the Union. Last year “rockhounds”—as gemstone prospectors are called—from Maine to California, North Dakota to the Rio Grande, picked up more than half a million dollars worth of precious stones.

“Gemstones,” says Thomas H. Miller, Director, Federal Bureau of Mines, “can be found throughout the 48 states and in Alaska.” There is a greater variety of them in the United States than in any other country. Furthermore, gemstones are not difficult to find. A forma-

tion of rock or giant granite may conceal a treasure of topaz or tourmaline. Beach sands are a likely source of zircon, garnet, and topaz. The bed of a roadside stream may yield a generous quantity of agates, sapphires, or jade.

How can you get your share? Learn to recognize gemstones. And the first step to that end is to realize that, in its natural state, a gemstone may have a quite ordinary appearance. Even history's largest diamond, the Cullinan, which weighed 3,106 carats before cutting, was so unimpressive in the rough that Edward VII remarked, as he held it to the light, "I should have kicked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road."

The vast majority of people, even today, are unable to recognize uncut gemstones. But many are learning how to identify them—with highly gratifying results.

"It is estimated by reliable authorities," says Leland Quick, Editor of *The Lapidary Journal*, "that there are at least three million people in America interested in some phase of the rock hobby."

Of these, thousands of amateur lapidaries are turning out beautifully cut and polished stones. More and more of them are mounting the stones in suitable settings, thus producing exquisite jewelry at a fraction of its commercial value.

MRS. MICKEY PLUMLEY, Alaskan residing in Falls Church, Vir-

ginia, belongs in this category. An avid "rockhound," she never passes up an opportunity to pick up an interesting rock. She recalls that while on her honeymoon she found a 6-pound boulder and put it into the car while her husband was fixing a tire. At home she sliced it and learned her good fortune—it was Alaskan jade.

In Mickey's home you may see gemstones in baskets in the den, under beds, by doors, on kitchen tables, and on the workbench waiting to be cut, polished, and made into jewelry. Mickey does her own silver-and-gold-smithing — turning out cuff links, tie chains, rings, pendants—practically any item of jewelry.

Men are even more keenly interested in this hobby than women. French Morgan, outstanding lapidary in Washington, D. C., is an example. Although he has made a considerable amount of jewelry, the gems, themselves, interest him most. He has a large, colorful, and valuable collection of cabochons which he has cut and polished.

Cabochon, the name applied to any stone ground to rounded shapes, is the simplest type of gemstone cutting. "The four steps in this process," Morgan says, "are sawing the portion to be polished from a larger piece of gemstone, grinding the smaller part to roughly the size and shape desired, sanding the stone as a means of smoothing it, and giving it a final polish-

ing job." It is the polishing that brings out the true beauty of a stone. This method of cutting is especially suitable for gems that have a sheen, a play of colors, opalescence, or asterism, as in the star sapphires and rubies. Stones depending upon color or peculiar mottling or markings for their charm also are cut in cabochon style. However, such cuts do not show the full beauty of transparent stones.

Perhaps the most unusual, although by no means the most valuable, item in Morgan's collection is a rock map of the United States. It is composed of 49 stones—one from each state and the District of Columbia. Each stone is shaped like the state from which it came.

ANOTHER amateur lapidary deserving special mention is Betty Campbell, who also resides in Washington, D. C. "I always wished for really nice jewelry," she says. "But I never expected to have any of my own." Now, however, she wears gorgeous earrings, brooches, and necklaces set with exquisitely cut and polished precious stones. She makes all of them herself.

Ring making is one of the most popular forms of jewelry work for amateurs. If one desires to purchase mountings ready for use, he may do so. It is a simple mechanical operation to secure a gemstone in such a mounting.

To get the gemstones in the rough, Betty and her husband frequently go prospecting. "The initial step," she says, "is to learn what they look like in their natural state, where they are to be found, and how to explore for them.

"One learns this through reading, talking with others interested in the subject, attending meetings of lapidary societies of which there are hundreds in the United States, and in making field trips."

"On your field trips," I asked her, "have you found any diamonds?"

She smiled. "Not yet. But others have done so in California, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Texas, Wisconsin, Idaho, Indiana, Georgia, and in Arkansas, where the only commercial diamond mine in the United States is located."

A diamond in the rough, according to Betty, may vary in shape from an eight-sided crystal to a rough sphere. It may be white, yellow, blue, green, brown, or black and probably will have a slightly greasy appearance. Its specific gravity is 3.51—3½ times the weight of water—and it is the hardest known substance.

"Curious finds of diamonds," says Dr. F. W. Foshag, Head Curator of Geology, United States National Museum, "are those in the glacial drift of the Great Lakes region, particularly in Wisconsin. This leaves little doubt that dia-

monds were brought south by the glaciers. By following the known glacial paths, the regions between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay is indicated as a potentially rich diamond field."

ALTHOUGH the Campbells have not discovered new Kohinoors or Hope Diamonds, the basement workshop of their home contains indisputable proof that one can find emeralds, sapphires, garnets, aquamarines, and many other gemstones in the United States.

"No matter where you live," Betty says, "there doubtless are precious stones in your own back yard."

The most widely distributed gemstone in the United States is the agate. Much of this comes from "thunder eggs," more or less spherical nodules found in cavities formed by steam and other hot gases in molten volcanic rock. Grayish on the outer surface, often quite rough, and frequently the size of a golf ball or larger, "thunder eggs" contain hard, tough quartz which takes on a high polish and offers almost infinite varieties of colors and patterns. Unusually fine agates occur in California, Oregon, Montana, New Mexico, Texas, and Washington state.

Another well-distributed gemstone is amethyst. In the rough it has the appearance of a piece of purple glass and usually is about the size of a walnut. Generally it

turns yellow when exposed to heat. A likely place to find it is in the bed of a stream, a gravel bank, or even a rock ridge where it may be imbedded in various types of stones. Arizona, Maine, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, Colorado, Georgia, Oregon, and other states contain excellent quality amethyst.

The famous opalized forest in the Virgin Valley in Nevada is one of the most unusual gem deposits in the world. There one may find opalized evergreen cones among the petrified branches of wood burned in the ash of an ancient volcano.

Other precious stones, in plentiful variety, occur throughout the United States: Deep red rubies and sapphires of pink, yellow, green, and violet occur in Fergus and Granite counties, Montana; Adams and Washington counties, Idaho; and in the Piedmont belt in the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia.

Colorado, Georgia, Texas, New Hampshire, South Carolina, and their neighboring states contain topaz. It is colorless to pale yellow and closely resembles a polished stone. Frequently it occurs in a stream bed, gravel bank, or on the shore in beach sand.

Once gemstones are assembled, the amateur lapidary must prepare to cut and polish those which he wishes to use in jewelry or as collection pieces. "The notion," says Betty Campbell, "that one must

have special training and costly machinery is wholly erroneous."

"Gemstone cutting," says Dr. H. C. Dake, author of *The Art of Gem Cutting*, "is a delightful hobby. Your otherwise idle time can be put to good use in the creation of objects of art, beauty, and value."

THE GEM CUTTER will need a diamond dust circular saw, a number of silicon-carbide grinding wheels of assorted grades of fineness, and several laps impregnated with diamond dust. It is possible to buy a unit containing everything needed, except an electric motor and belt, for \$29.50. This device permits an operator who will be painstaking in his efforts to cut facets with mathematical precision.

Betty Campbell is an expert facet-cutter. She uses a motor-driven faceting machine with interchangeable laps. For the first part of this work she may use a coarse 80-grit wheel but as she proceeds to put a high polish on a stone, she uses a finer lap which is impregnated with microscopic bits of diamond dust. Although she has been facet-

ing gemstones only three years, she has cut more than a thousand of them ranging in size from a .27 carat emerald to a 280 carat fluorite.

Since she is especially skilled in this field, she often receives several costly stones with an order to cut two or three of them. The others are hers for her efforts.

In half an hour a practiced lapidary can turn a gemstone into a finished, glittering jewel. After this is done, one may judge the gem best. Its value depends upon its transparency, crystal structure, brilliance, luster, and color.

Some gems, such as emerald and amethyst, are prized most of all for their color. Gems of very rare color bring the highest prices. Red, blue, green, and black diamonds bring enormously high prices but those with faint tinges of yellow or brown are far less expensive than pure white stones.

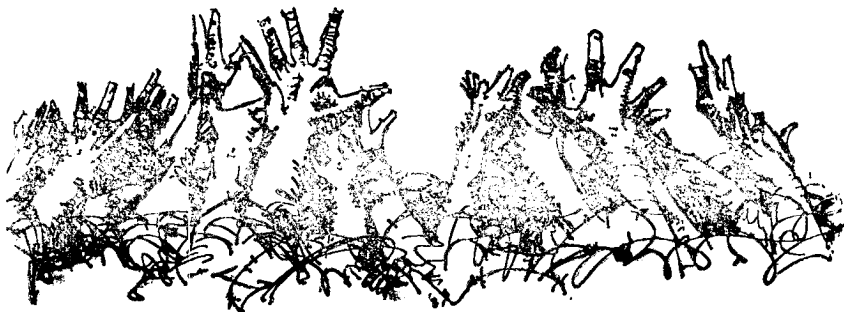
Gem cutters, as with a kind of magic key, can release from a dull, dirty pebble the scintillating splendor which a mysterious alchemy locked in it a million years before the dawn of recorded history.

The First Hitch Hiker

When two men with only one horse between them went on a journey, one man would mount and ride an allotted distance; dismount and hitch the horse to a tree or fence and proceed on foot. The other man would walk until he came to the horse, then ride on until he caught up with the hiker.

From OSCAR AMERINGER*

*"If you don't weaken"



COMMUNISM MEANS MASS MURDER

by Major Frank Pease

BECAUSE mankind is saturated with obsolete ideas, superstitions, falsities and often downright manias; because the minds of men are still crammed with antiquated notions that lack form, sense and direction, it is small wonder Communism's hard core of desperate characters is driving straight

through the universal *status quo*, smashing the old and enforcing the "new"—that is, its own brand of manias and falsities.

But it is surprising and deplorable that a world enamored of inherited institutions and beliefs should fail to resent deeply Communism's threats of destruction. It is likewise deplorable that Americans should be content to allow their minority of leaders and rulers to continue keeping entirely in their own hands all foreign and even an ambiguous domestic defense against Communism.

Yet is not this the tragic case? Under the sacrosanct *aegis* of "protocol, recognition and conference," every day, every month, year in, year out, the "traveling salesmen" of this government meet, confer, palaver, defer and concede, losing point after point to Communism, yielding principle upon principle to it, without the slightest reference back to the people,

Major Pease has devoted himself for the past forty years to the fight against Communism, in China, Europe and his own United States. The General Staff, Army War College, School of Command and War Plans Division have valued his contributions and said so. As a soldier, he holds the Silver Star, Purple Heart and Philippines Medals, with "Special Recommendation to the President." From the morning of November 8, 1917, when the Bolsheviks seized the Russian government, he has been fighting over and beyond the "call of duty."

who are most endangered by such concessions and compromise.

Considering colonial America's stalwart background of habitual community discussion, with its direct influence upon government policy and action, how could such an irresolute condition of minority control and imbecilic deference to the murder cult of Communism have come about at all? What was the primary flaw that led to it, and what group sponsored it?

Simply those initial meetings with the Communist enemy on *terms of equality* in 1917 and 1918.

Four wars have followed. The fourth war is still going on. The fifth war looms ahead. Communism's enforced mobilization of unnumbered millions of potential soldiery means nothing less. Moscow's military empire no longer conceals—rather, has never concealed—its aims of global conquest. The epitaph on Lenin's tomb reads: "OUR TASK—WORLD REVOLUTION."

"Europe today—tomorrow the world," sounds like something heard not long ago. The world's present chaos of hazardous suspense is the result of that first acceptance of Communists as legitimate and morally rightful participants in the comity of nations. No greater mistake could have been made. This beast in the cage will some day again burst out, and the world will again know its bitterness, cruelty and terror.

With the funds from international bankers, Bolshevism triumphed over the Romanoff regime. However, it was never the equal of powers outside Russian borders. It is not yet their equal, though it soon may be, as it now has a man-power reservoir of 900,000,000 to draft from. In 1917-18 there was no need of so treating it. The world-sundering break in history's continuity and the secular preservation of the *status quo* occurred a little later, when the world's "*Cordon Sanitaire*" was penetrated, broken down, or at most only half-heartedly maintained, owing to *de facto* "recognitions," as with those Communist trading-posts, *Torgpredstovs*, *Arkos* and *Amtorg*, Red wooden horses within the Troys of Capital. Thereafter Communism is not maintenance of history but its decapitation. That is not "history" taking place in Soviet Russia. It is assembly-line slaughter, the operation of an international hate-machine, herald of world eclipse: a sorry time for the human race.

COMMUNISM has advanced to power with such swift and gigantic strides that its current designers of world murder have long since passed the stage of essential dependence upon the stupid good will of that controlling personnel of foreign states—premiers, cabinet members, secretaries, ambassadors, consuls, United Nations savants

and similar bureaucrats. Their previous conferences and "top secret" scenarios are no longer of such vital significance and weight. Moscow now drives through its own conspiracies with or without the world's approval. Communism is now a going concern. It has made the grade. It can now blackmail the world, and does. In any case, all these governing officials with whom they still so glibly, genially or even acrimoniously debate, discuss and imbibe, are men marked for slaughter. Under Communism they are "mere bourgeois," doomed to the last man. In Lenin's contemptuous phrase, they are but the refuse of revolution headed for the "garbage heap of history." Diplomatic immunity is only *pro tem*. Revolution itself knows no protocol. Today these bourgeois statesman but sup with death. To Communists they were never anything but stooges, mouthpieces and stalking-horses of allegedly decrepit Capitalism, which Communism is sworn to destroy.

Such "upper bracket" fraternizing, jovial camaraderie and tall-brow sophistry were only "dialectics," the Communist hieroglyph for lies. It was never Communism's real concern but only cryptic double-talk, only their deceits and treacheries, only that "first step which counts," just gate-crashing. From the beginning their ultimate aim was always at something else—something below, behind and

beyond governments as such—namely, the people, the majority, the mass, the proletariat. Protocolic recognitions and their stilted sanctities, acceptance of trade delegations and purchasing agents from Soviet Russia, who, like their ambassadors and consuls, were always spies on the side—this was all in the day's work for International Murder, Unlimited. Here were the window displays on the grand scale; spectacular, exhibitionist, costly, hypocritical and traitorous, to be sure, but in reality only tactical moves toward that greater strategical conquest—their unimpeded access to the world's masses.

These masses are historically and universally directionless. Addicted to trivialities, untruths and credulities, sheer hokum their mental food, their daily absorption subjective indigestibles, they are incapable of sifting facts from falsehoods. They will believe anything if told often enough, sometimes told but once. Communism is "telling" them. Their starvation diet of printer's ink, soapbox oratory, and sundry entertainment gadgetry atrophies even the most fundamental instinct of all living forms: self-protection.

MEANWHILE, under the tolerance of supine government, Communist encroachments are steadily consolidating one of Moscow's secondary aims: the creating of an

extensive "Fifth Column." It is a tactic old as the hills, and Communism's tactic for forty years. In any anti-Soviet war domestic sabotage would be rather more calamitous than the submarine-landing of a handful of amateur young spies. For this reason it is of paramount importance to get rid of 5,000,000 people, illegally in the United States.

The government stands still, equivocally marks time, or actively cooperates with the world's deadliest enemies. It assures us "massive retaliation" is the solution for all Communist threats; but there is no retaliation out of graveyards. We are to take atomic defense for granted, assume its power, and rely upon government's sincerity of intentions. But all this bureaucratic braggadocio is far from advancing any domestic solution of Communist provocations. Something—very much, indeed—is still missing from any *total* defense, which should include domestic defense—*right in your home towns*. Trojan horses are far too numerous to ignore in this free-for-all nation.

One does not assert the "atomic ring" around Soviet Russia is misplaced, nor that it is "merely" defense at long distance; although it is still a pregnant military axiom that "the best defense is offense." It is only to surmise, judging from the strange manner by which some recent wars were

launched and conducted, that this foreign-based defense is exclusively an affair of the White House, State Department and Pentagon. At the foreign periphery of national concerns, government will *handle* everything. On the foreign fighting field, the regimented mass will *do* everything. In domestic opposition to Communism no one can depend upon that aggressive support from government which any broad sweep of prohibition and liquidation demands. The present drift is all the other way. Cuddling and coddling is the order of the day. But it is not "capitalism" which is to blame, it is the bourgeois regime. It has never learned how to rule. Rulership includes the ability to identify its enemies, how to fend off and defeat them.

THUS for all the hypothetical military protection of America upon foreign lands, home mass defense appears of small concern to government. Save for that period during the puerile hullabaloo of campaign days, the days of lush promises, it is all but *lèse majesté* to solicit or demand emphatic government action against these inner foes. In no small degree this is the fault of anti-Communists themselves. There has long been a vital error in the kind of anti-Red opposition applied. This mistake consists in there having been a too intellectualized approach

instead of a direct and brutal appeal to the masses. It could never be as brutal as the brutal facts themselves, nor can worlds compensate for bloodshed. The "Counter-Revolution" (what there is of it in America); has bred its own intelligentsia. Communism has been treated with an ingratiating dignity in place of that intense hatred and unconditional contempt it deserves. "Co-existence" has been considered seriously, as though it could ever be anything but an armed truce; as if what those Jack-the-Rippers were doing, were capable of doing, was anything but whetting their knives for the next victim.

Communism has been dealt with as if it were anything but an organized murder cult; a recrudescent blast out of the paleontological Pit itself. Far away (and safe) from its frightful mass shootings, its torture cells and Siberian death-traps, it has been looked upon as a political preachment, an economic doctrine, a statistical study, a sociological experiment, as endless subject matter for editorial comment and scholastic speculation; in short, as an "ideology."

This was just what Communism wanted. Such attention and analyses kept the world's eye off the ball, Communist militarism, that is, Communist mass murders. Those were not abstract preachments out of Marx but *military orders* out of Trotsky that brought

Communism's victories. A "whiff of grapeshot" wields more conviction than all the ideologies ever conceived. Neither benevolence nor ballots won for Bolshevism, but Red bullets and Red bayonets split the world. Military conquests are still Communism's constant concern. Soviet Russia's heaviest expenditures are military. Moscow claims it is all for defense. But, alas, no one attacks them.

Communism does not operate within established "Rules of War." It does not even dodge the iniquity of initiating atrocities having nothing to do with battles but which bring reprisals on its own troops, to say nothing of non-combatants. (In the Ukraine Stalin deliberately starved to death 1,000,000 farmers.) All are expendable. From 1917 it has been war to the death. There is no armistice in this "class war."

EVERY ACTIVITY directed to arousing the masses against the Communist peril should include its *record of mass murders*. The ignorant should be informed of it, disbelievers disabused and convinced, the indifferent persuaded out of their apathy, the approvers denounced and branded for what they are: potential murderers awaiting but their own chance to murder. Lozovsky ordered: "When you see a bourgeois escaping, catch him and kill him with your own hands." These blood-stained ter-

rorists, the inner core of the Communist Party, still walk our streets unmolested, unrecognized as such, since cloaked in the Judas-garb of "ideology" or masked by "diplomatic immunity." Whether so identified or not, here are tomorrow's cutthroats and executioners.

The American people have never actually realized this seminal fact that terrorism is at the heart of the world Communist movement. Until Hungary, there has never been enough blood displayed in the record of Communism to create mass hostility to it. Its real nature has always been concealed by an opaque screen of consummate lies by Communists and fellow travelers. It has been misjudged by a timid, uninformed and often quite parochial intelligentsia who can't see the mass murders for the "ideologies". It has been labeled "The *Russian* Experiment"—a mortal sophistry for a bourgeois society, for it is neither an experiment nor a natural evolutionary unfoldment. Rather, it is the tragic spectacle of an international conspiracy of ruthless and godless men who succeeded in ambushing a state at the moment of its greatest weakness, and then remained in power through the unconscionable mistakes of the non-Communist world.

Communist imperialism gathers to itself, not for their preservation and promotion but for their exploitation and absorption, what

have hitherto been—history's fixed entities: races, states, nationalisms, geographies, languages, social groupings, political, scientific and economic bodies, all cults and cultures. These variant elements soon become at least roughly amalgamated in the Communist totalitarianism through force, fear and intensified brain-washing.

The entities vanish in the Party Line. The peoples wind up as regimented labor slaves or equally faceless nonentities in the Red Army. This is to say, they are either roughly amalgamated or more than roughly liquidated: as witness the imprisoned satellites. The difference between this imperialism and that of the past is that Communism does not propose ever releasing any state or people or territory once fallen into its grip. Consequently, no Foreign office, no General Staff, no War Plans Division of any non-Communist state can risk for an instant the optimistic notion that "co-existence" is safe, or that there will be any diminution of Communist power throughout the world until its defeat.

WHAT the bourgeois world, what history itself, is now confronted with is not the reappearance of a Genghis, a Tamerlane or the hordes of Mohammed, but something vaster. Communism is a summation, a culminating of sub-social elements composed of a thou-

sand misanthropies; frustrations and unreal grievances, now so organized and armed as to menace all that exists on earth. It is an eruption that has broken through the matrix of law, order and sobriety to spread its lava of hate and terror over the globe.

These subsocial forces and once hidden fires are old as the ages. They are as destructive as the anarchies that laid Rome low, and can be likened to geological upheavals which have racked the earth times without number and left the works of man in dust and ruin. To keep these ever-recurrent nihilisms under control has been among the main tasks of rulership since first appearance of an organized society. When the kings went out and the multi-headed or "impersonal" bourgeois state came in, the task was still the same. This is what the American bourgeoisie do not and doubtless will not realize until the Red Terror is upon them.

If the free world is ever to defeat

this looming Communist threat, it must learn to evoke a counter-emotion of anti-Communist wrath. The record, not of scores or hundreds or thousands of mass murders, but millions of mass murders, with still more millions doomed to the same fate, must be documented. To visualize these atrocities, to portray this crucifixion of all the humanities in the name of Marx; to unmask the wielders of terror at Moscow; to expose Communism's wrecking of everything *civilized* which the genius of man has wrought; to crash the barriers of mass ignorance and apathy with *shock*; to set up such reverberations of anxious wrath and unforgettable alarm that every commoner will recognize that "Under Communism this could happen to *me*!"—such is the obligation of counter-revolution, which is also to say, of American Patriotism. It has yet to be accomplished.

The repetitious slogan of this order of attack must be: "*Communism Is Mass Murder.*"

A talented but very shy singer contracted to sing at a social gathering. Trying to make a fast getaway after his enthusiastically received program, he was trapped in the lounge by several ladies of various ages. His embarrassment was acute but he realized that, come what might, it was essential that he respond as gracefully as possible to the compliments being lavished on him.

As he nervously cleared his throat a stout woman grasped him firmly by the sleeve. "Wonderful!" she gushed. "Your singing took me back to my girlhood days!"

"Thanks so much," he blurted. "I had no idea my voice carried so far!"



MR. POST'S PERFECT TOWN

by Robert Schick

THE MEMORY of the Cereal King, C. W. Post, is enshrined at every breakfast table where Post Toasties and Grape Nuts are served. As in thousands of other places, this morning ritual is performed in the county seat of Garza County, Texas, but residents of this little community don't need the sugar and cream routine in order to recall the great manufacturer. They live in what was once Post's

private town. Although community title is now held by 5000 ruggedly independent citizens, the town retains Post's name and many memories of one of the most audacious social and economic experiments in the history of the West.

After making a fortune in the process of changing American breakfast habits, Post became obsessed with the idea of streamlining the techniques of pioneering and building a perfect town to serve a hand-picked colony of "superior" homesteaders. He developed what amounted to a personal city-state, tried to populate it with people in his own spiritual image and even tried to make his own climate.

In 1906, Northwest Texas was one of the few remaining frontier regions of the U. S. That year, Post bought 350 sections of former range land for \$750,000. It was a bleak and empty land. It seemed too big and wild even for Texans. But, it had its beauty; beneath the surface lay wealth—grey loam and black gold.

In 1907, Post organized the Double U Company to operate the colony. It was chartered under Texas laws with a capital stock of \$50,000, of which Post owned all but \$400. A board of directors, whose members were to respond to Post's every impulse like the fingers on his hands, was installed. The manufacturer personally staked out the site of his future town on a shelf

just below the rim of the Cap Rock and—to the surprise of no one—it was named Post City.

ACTIVITY began in March when the first work crews and materials arrived from the railhead at Big Spring.

By the end of the year, most of the workers and their families were living in stone and frame houses. Along the dusty main street a huge two-store business building of cut stone dominated a row of smaller structures. Dozens of office and store spaces were ready although not a white collar chap nor a storekeeper was in sight. Teams and wagons moved nose-to-tailgate in the streets, as supplies poured in and new workers arrived. Post had unplugged his money barrels and the news traveled over the Cap Rock country like a wind-whipped tumbleweed.

Improvements on many of the homestead tracts, which were to be the life blood of the project, were being pushed. These were like nothing ever seen on the hard-tack plains before. On each of the 80 and 160-acre tracts a perky California-style bungalow was built. Each house had two bedrooms, bath, kitchen with sink and built-ins, and screened porch. The interiors were brightened by gay, tasteful wallpaper personally selected by Post, who hated the drab ugliness of most farm houses. Each house was painted in its own in-

dividual two-tone colors. Running water was provided by cypress-wood tanks. Shrubs and trees of the quick-growing varieties offered promisory shade in this land where a man treasured a tree almost as much as a wife. Near each house stood a three-acre orchard planted to every kind of fruit that would stand the climate. Each farm had a sturdy barn and outbuildings, and water was piped to the barnyard from a windmill. The tracts were fenced and cross-fenced with four-strand wire and not a corner sagged.

Everything was to be made as simple as possible for Post's "pioneers". A man had only two things to do—make a paltry down payment of one percent of the purchase price of the land—about \$25 an acre—with the balance due in fifteen years, and answer Post's questions in regard to his health, qualifications, honesty, religion, family spacing and ancestors' morals.

If he could run the Double U's obstacle-course, all he had to do was to plow, plant, whistle up a rain, bow three times in the direction of Battle Creek and the good life was his.

The first selling campaign began in 1908. There was a depression that year and it was also a time when sharecropping was growing rapidly in the South and West. By all logic, security-hungry folks should have thronged to climb

aboard the rainbow hung in the Western sky by Post. But, despite heavy publicity, the sales effort was a Texas-size flop. Post, who could sell Grape Nuts to a rice-eating Chinaman and persuade a German burgher to exchange good lager for Postum, couldn't sell a farm that lacked nothing to a man who needed everything!

The dream-tracts had to be rented, and the ones that wouldn't rent were turned into experimental farms. For the next six years the latter were operated at a loss, but many lessons were learned (which were to be of value to future plains farmers) while Post fretted himself into a dither over the quantity of red ink consumed by his accounting department. While he worried, he was becoming the real father of scientific agriculture of the Texas Panhandle.

There were experiments with social theories as well as crops. Post believed that the great curse of the frontier was loneliness. He had heard the stories of the caliche and sagebrush country, how women, yearning for the sight and sound and the gossip of other females, had lost their minds on the isolated homesteads. And he pitied the children who lacked chances for wholesome play with other youngsters.

He had the answer, as always. Where section lines formed cross-roads, he built his farm houses at the corners where the tracts con-

verged. This simple geometrical plan would result in happy rural neighborhoods and put an end to dreary isolation. Post, a kindhearted man, sat back to enjoy the fraternization of his renters and hired hands.

But the beneficiaries didn't follow the script, and what happened is a Texas legend: the men fell out over borrowed equipment, the women became jealous, the children blacked each others' eyes, the dogs fought, and the chickens flew over the fences, got hopelessly mixed up and nearly started a new breed of poultry. It was chaos on the prairie! In desperation Post had to move the houses back to the middle of the tracts to restore peace to his haven.

The most grandiose of the cereal tycoon's projects in Texas was his attempt to change the weather of the plains. He had heard that, during the Civil War, cannonading had caused rains to fall on the battle sites. He sold himself on the idea and in 1910 began storing dynamite and working out plans to blast water from the heavens for the benefit of his parched fields.

IN THE EARLY DAWN of June 8, 1911, the first great battle between the Giant of Battle Creek and Drouth-the-Destroyer took place. At a dozen firing stations on the rim of the Cap Rock, men were poised, ready to light fuses connected to heavy charges of dyna-

mite. As the signal opening this Paul Bunyanesque war was given, the first charge flashed and roared from the headland. At three minute intervals the other stations answered and the gallant gunners bounded for cover like two-legged Bighorn sheep. As the last sound faded, the manager and the board members began their sky-scanning vigil. But by noon, the boiling, promising clouds had drifted away, and a contemptuous sun was blazing in a white-hot sky.

The attack was resumed on June 23. Not a drop of rain fell in the vicinity of the colony, although some was reported not too far away. In August came the first breakthrough. On the evening following a battle, a gullywasher drenched the Post lands. This downpour, which almost floated the rattlesnakes from their dens, was noted in the newspapers throughout the country and, in Texas, hit the front pages. From Washington, President Taft sent congratulations to his old friend, Post. The latter was so exalted that he ordered the board to raise the price of the farms. He was sure that he now could offer a guarantee against drouth and could reduce dry weather to an anachronism.

BUT LAND BUYERS weren't impressed. In order to prove that he could "shoot up" a rain whenever he wanted to, Post planned bigger and better shows. A deal

was made with the Du Pont Company which agreed to furnish 24,000 pounds of dynamite for a share in the publicity. The battles of 1912 were truly spectacular. There was thunder and flame and more sheer excitement than the plains had ever seen before. To veterans, it was Lookout Mountain and Shiloh again. The children were enthralled. But Post's avowed "corner on rain" didn't pan out. He lost six straight battles through June and July.

The epic struggle between one man and the cantankerous Texas weather had the heroic quality of some of the Greek myths. There had been many who had thought of Post as something of a God. It took 23 of these tussles with nature during the Great Rain War and the expenditure of over \$50,000 to expose his feet of clay.

In 1913 another all-out effort was made to sell the farms. This time the buyers had the benefit of Post's years of experimental work and were offered a perfect blueprint showing the short cut to prosperity. But Texans didn't cotton to having their moral closets searched or their abilities measured by any man's slide rule. Nor did they relish living in a community where the rules of social arbiter, economic czar and father-confessor were combined in one man, even though he was the kindest of men at heart. Only three applicants turned up at Post City and they were found to be

life-long drunkards, real saddle-bums not worth their Post Toasties.

The year 1914 saw a town with a bank doing company business, a waterworks and a telephone exchange serving company houses, a company laundry washing clothes bought at the company store and soiled on company jobs, and a big textile factory processing cotton raised on company farms or farms rented from the company. The colony was a one-ring circus with ring-master Post vainly begging others to join in the act.

The tycoon had grown weary of his Utopia. He was without doubt a very disappointed man. For years he had made all the decisions. Now he was asking the board to carry the load. At first there was almost panic among his yes-men but slowly and hesitantly they found their land-legs. The town began to crawl and finally it was walking upright.

Early in 1914, Post retired to his estate in Santa Barbara, California. There he died suddenly, following an apparently successful operation. The town was saddened and shocked but to its great surprise found itself carrying on without a hitch.

The Double U Company slowly withdrew its control of the com-

munity during the following years. The homesteads began to sell as the push of real Texas dirt farmers to the northwest reached the area. The country had good years and bad, but farm income grew as men dug for water instead of shooting up the sky.

Now twelve thousand acres are under irrigation from wells. The old colony had never made money. Today average gross income of farm families is about \$9,500 a year.

THE TOWN of Post is a typical, West Texas community, only perhaps a little cleaner and more spacious than most. There isn't a Patron around anywhere. Most of its business and professional people are energetic, civic-minded idealists. There are some, you may be sure, who are energetic enough but hardly idealists. And there is a minority fringe of "maladjusted" folks who, if they had been around in the old days, would have been escorted to the Big Spring road and told to follow it.

Something had to give, and it was the concept that a big man with a big idea can by himself make a town which will suit everyone and make everyone happy and prosperous.

Dilemma in Dogdom

Two dogs were walking down the street. One said to the other, "I feel so miserable and mixed up!"

"Why don't you go to a psychiatrist?" asked the other.

"I can't," was the sad reply. "I'm not allowed on a couch."

The Burgess–Maclean Case

PART II: THE MEN NOBODY KNEW

By EDNA R. FLUEGEL

Foreign Affairs Specialist in the State Department; Staff Member and Foreign Affairs Consultant to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee

PIECEMEAL revelations over the past five years depict both Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean as men of charm and brilliance but men whose drunken brawls and homosexual weaknesses were well known. Their violent hostility to the United States seems to have been open and unconcealed, and in both instances there are many people who now claim to have known them as communists, near communists or possibly ex-communists.

Routine investigation should have barred both from any government employment involving access to classified material. Routine foreign office discipline should have terminated such employment at several points in the career of each. Both

should have been *persona non grata* in the United States. The British Foreign Office, after their disappearance, did claim Burgess was in process of being terminated for disciplinary reasons and that Maclean was under security investigation. The United States, at the insistence of Governor Battle of Virginia, did expedite the departure of Burgess from the British Embassy in Washington because of drunken driving. There is nothing in the record to suggest any American remonstrance or concern over their well-known hostility to this country, although both were assigned to posts in the American field while Britain and the United States were allies in the Korean War.

Assuming their Communist rec-

ords were unknown, the fact still remains that both, on the known record, would have been regarded as security risks under American regulations. Those regulations did not, of course, apply since Burgess and Maclean were British. Their access to American classified material was extensive and, both in terms of security and loyalty, this access jeopardized major American interests. Whether measures subsequently taken are adequate to bar a repetition of this jeopardy is not known.

UNTIL recently, more emphasis has been placed on Donald Maclean than on Guy Burgess. Maclean occupied the senior position. He had an American wife and children. He was stationed in this country for a longer period. To a degree, the press concentration on Maclean was natural. It is also possible that an assist in this direction was given deliberately by those who knew that position is no valid guide to importance in the Communist hierarchy or to access to information and influence in a foreign office.

For one reason or another, attention was deflected from Burgess until the past year. Recent disclosures, however, make the retention of Burgess the more incredible of the two and his role in aiding the Communist movement possibly the greater. In both cases, much has been made of their "uncontrolled"

bad conduct and resultant transfers. That, too, is something of a mystery, since in both cases there were periods of considerable control. Given the protection both appear to have enjoyed, it is even possible the question so many people have raised as to why the Soviets used such unreliable characters is no mystery at all—the bad conduct was a good "front," whether by design or not—and apparently no Russian secrets were ever betrayed in the course of the reported orgies.

GUY BURGESS

Born in 1911, Burgess was educated at the Royal Naval Academy at Dartmouth, at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. At Cambridge he became a Communist and it is believed that he went to Moscow one summer during his Cambridge days. According to a series of articles in *The People* last Spring, his friend and classmate, Baron Rothschild, facilitated his initial employment in the family bank and, in later years, made a London flat available to him. Then he worked as a journalist and joined the staff of the British Broadcasting Company in 1936. In this position he made valuable contacts since he introduced important political personalities on his program—and British politicians, not so unlike their American colleagues after all, presumably were grateful. Burgess also appears to have posed as a Fascist during these years to

infiltrate the British Fascist Party—toward the end of the '30's, at least, this would have raised no conflict of loyalties, although it did apparently confuse his friends.

From 1939-1941, he was employed on secret war propaganda work, the importance of which is debated by British commentators. Then and in his subsequent work with BBC, 1941-1944, he seems to have been active with underground movements on the continent and briefly visited Washington on a secret mission. His reported rescue of Otto John and introduction of him to British Intelligence may indicate the possibilities for service he enjoyed. In 1944 he became a temporary press officer in the Foreign Office.

With the victory of the Labor Party in 1945 he moved up, and in 1946, was assistant secretary to Minister of State Hector McNeil—a nice position for a Communist. In 1947, he became a permanent Foreign Service officer. The grade was fairly low, but the series of articles in *The People*, previously cited, discloses his presence at a Foreign Ministers' meeting in London and his presence, as Far Eastern expert and briefer, at a secret conference in 1949 at Pembroke College, where he advocated recognition of Red China. This conference appears to have been somewhat similar to the meeting held at the State Department in Washington in the Fall of 1949. The British did recognize

Red China—our "China experts" didn't quite make it.

Late in 1949 Burgess, apparently drunk, revealed names of British intelligence officers at a party or series of parties while "vacationing" in Spain, Gibraltar and North Africa. He was "reprimanded," and the following August was posted as Second Secretary to the British Embassy in Washington by a Foreign Office then engaged in a world-wide investigation of major security leaks.

IN Washington, he lived with Philby who was assigned here by British Intelligence. What did Burgess, the Far Eastern expert, propaganda, press and public relations expert, and possible intelligence officer—and Communist, of course—do in Washington from August 1950 to May 1951, when he sailed back to England on the Queen Mary?

Whispers place him in and out of CIA, NSA, the State Department Policy Planning Staff, and the meetings of the allied countries with forces fighting in Korea. He was picked up for drunken driving and there was a homosexual episode—no action, of course, he was a diplomat. He was recalled in April, sailed on the Queen Mary on May 1, and led his usual hectic life until his disappearance on May 25, 1951. When at last he reappeared in Moscow on February 11, 1956, he, rather than Maclean, is reported

to have dominated the press conference.

AS FAR as is known, Burgess has no American relatives and only three Americans seem to know him. A young medical student, Bernard Warren Miller, journeyed with him to Britain and saw him twice on his last day in London. Presumably he has been questioned. Christopher Isherwood and W. H. Auden—both British writers who came to the U.S. in 1939 after considerable activity in left-wing British circles, pro-loyalist activities in Spain and a trip to China—knew him well. Both became American citizens in 1946 and both have spent considerable time outside the U.S. ever since. Both renewed their acquaintance with him in the post-war years. Burgess, directly before his disappearance, made two reportedly unsuccessful efforts to phone Auden, who was staying with the self-proclaimed ex-Communist, British writer Stephen Spender, in May 1951. Auden, in British interviews, stated he believed Burgess to be a Communist and had in fact, asked him in March 1951, in New York, how he got clearance. He reported that Burgess said he had diplomatic immunity. Auden did not indicate that, as an American citizen and an ex-British citizen, he felt obligated to inform either the American Government or the British Government about his belief, although both nations were then at war.

All this is strange—but still more incredible is the fact that Burgess the gregarious, the homosexual, the party-goer and party-giver, left no imprint on either the newspaper or the diplomatic worlds of Washington. When the story broke—and since—there were no informative American “I knew him when” stories. The question is obvious—Did anybody know Burgess?

DONALD MACLEAN

Born in 1913, Donald Maclean, son of a famous Liberal Cabinet Minister, attended Gresham's School, Holt and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a Communist during his student days at Cambridge 1931-1934 and, according to some reports, wanted to go to Russia. Some writers suggest he was ordered out of the open Communist Party and into the Foreign Office to be groomed for policy subversion. He knew Burgess at that time, and Petrov asserts that both were recruited as spies for the Soviet Government. Maclean denies that he was a Soviet agent but affirms he remained a Marxist and a Communist sympathizer.

Maclean joined the British Foreign Office in 1935, and was posted to Paris in 1938. A curious Left Bank character of the between-war years, Robert McAlmon, an American writer, introduced Maclean to Melinda Marling, a wealthy American girl, in 1939. They were married in 1940 in Paris. A letter,

since published, establishes that she knew about some of his "peculiar habits" before the marriage.

Donald Maclean served in London, 1940-1944, and then became First Secretary and later Counselor of Embassy in Washington, 1944-1948. As Secretary of the Army Brucker observed, he knew some of our most closely-guarded secrets. He was on the Combined Policy Committee on Atomic Energy, dealt with the Far Eastern Commission, and knew Alger Hiss. Who and what else he knew the respective governments have not revealed.

The British Government Report discloses, however, that in 1949 the British became aware of major leaks of secret material over the years and that by May 1951 their investigation had narrowed down to Maclean as the primary suspect. The years directly prior to the discovery of the leaks were those in which Maclean was stationed in the United States. What American officials dealt with him, were entertained by him and served with him on joint committees? Alger Hiss is the only one who really knew him.

Maclean was next stationed in Cairo, 1948-1950. Again he was Counselor of Embassy and again there are lurid stories of his conduct and quotations from conversations that clearly demonstrated his hostility toward the United States, toward British imperialism and toward Western policy. And yet, this man was actually host to the Duke

of Edinburgh and was later praised for his distinguished work in Cairo. The assignment ended abruptly in May, 1950, when, to quote the British Government Report, "Maclean was guilty of serious misconduct and suffered a form of breakdown which was attributed to overwork and excessive drinking."

THERE is no record of the "overwork," but the "excessive drinking" was spectacularly climaxed in conduct that would shame a Boy-ery bum. On that adventure he had a "drinking companion" as all the accounts decorously note, adding that the reappearance of this mystery man in London in the Spring of 1951 precipitated another series of violent binges. Who was he? This very "holy cow," never mentioned in the British press, was Philip Toynbee, son of the great Arnold Toynbee, who belabored the U.S. at that time for not following the British lead on Korea promptly enough and who lectured the world, via Voice of America, on the upcoming food shortage and the need to restrict population growth.

Late one night, Maclean and Philip Toynbee entered, ripped up, smashed and otherwise destroyed the apartment of American girl employees of the American Embassy and, late the next day, had to be physically aided to leave. Maclean, British Counselor of Embassy at Cairo, left the next day for London, where he was considered to

have had a breakdown and was provided a psychiatrist and several months of leave.

In October, 1950 (not November as some commentators and editorialists have alleged, in an attempt to prove he could not have known and leaked the information to the communists that the U.S. would not bomb beyond the Yalu) Maclean became Head of the American Department in the British Foreign Office. The British Government Report, which uses the October date, states that this Department "does not deal with the major problems of Anglo-American relations." In another section, however, the Report states that "it was only shortly before Maclean disappeared that serious suspicion of his reliability was aroused" and then, in trying to explain away his flights, states that he must have become aware that he was under investigation and "one explanation may be that he observed that he was no longer receiving certain types of secret papers."

Somebody certainly goofed that one! With the State Department, the "liberal" press, the Administration (and all the other forces in the U.S. that had tried to smother the charge of a leak to the Communists!) having concentrated since June, 1951, on minimizing Maclean's role, along comes the British Government confounding itself—and them. So he was in a position to betray American secrets!

WAS THE United States concerned about Maclean's disappearance? According to Secretary of State Acheson, you recall, he was not even notified until he heard it on the radio. Then, it seems to have been a British matter, and later, a matter for the security authorities, not the State Department.

Here are some interesting American angles within the family that might have commanded some attention. Donald Maclean's brother Alan was, of course, a British citizen. He was stationed, however, in New York on the staff of the British Delegation to the United Nations and was press officer to Gladwyn Jebb, who had been incessantly scolding American audiences for failure to recognize the Chinese Communists.

Donald Maclean's sister Nancy was married to an American Foreign Service officer, Robert Oetking, in May, 1950. Oetking was stationed in Beirut in 1951, but he and his wife were in England at the time of Donald's flight. He resigned from the Foreign Service the following year to become press officer in Washington for the State Department, and in September, 1953, he was out in a "reduction in force" and left for Switzerland. Whether the Oetkings arrived in time to meet Mrs. Maclean before she fled to Russia is not known. Reportedly they are now in England, and he is writing for an American wire service.

Mrs. Maclean's sister Harriet was with the Macleans in Cairo in 1949 and again in 1950 at the time of the final drunken brawl. In January, 1951, she married Jay Sheers in Paris and they visited the Macfore Maclean's disappearance. Jay leans in May, 1951, shortly before Sheers had just resigned from his position as security guard at Mutual Security Agency Headquarters in Paris. A security script he wrote, "Low Treason," depicts a security guard at the Agency on the job. It is most interesting. Another security guard at the same Agency, Douglas McKillop, a friend of the Sheers, shared his house at Majorca with Mrs. Maclean and the children shortly before her return to Switzerland and her flight. Reportedly, he is still in Europe.

THESE connections are cited, not on the principle of guilt by association, but as clear, obvious, undisputably American angles that warranted investigation by American officials.

While Mrs. Maclean had dual citizenship and journeyed outside England in the period before her flight, on a British passport, she did, after Maclean's disappearance, apply for and receive American passports for herself and for her children. The passports were not valid for Switzerland—hence her use of the British passport. She and her children were, however, American citizens.

As previously noted, scattered references in American newspapers and more substantial stories in the British press indicate the FBI made some inquiries in the U.S. Auden and Isherwood were interviewed, for example. The questioning of the American relatives of the Macleans who were abroad, however, was outside its province since it operates only within the U.S. Seemingly, this was not considered necessary by the State Department or by CIA until September, 1953, when Mrs. Maclean disappeared.

At least one of the individuals, Jay Sheers, has stated definitely that, while Swiss, French and English agents questioned him, the first American inquiry was made by the American Embassy in Paris in 1953 *after* the second disappearance. Yet Mr. Sheers had recently been a security guard at an American establishment, and continued to be employed as a writer under contract. He and his wife had spent a weekend with the Macleans in May, 1951, the month of the first flight. Without any reflection on Mr. Sheers, it is obvious he was a natural suspect as the "third man" who may have picked up information on the status of the British security investigation, and may have alerted the "missing diplomats." He had recently seen Maclean and he was an American. The U.S. apparently was not interested in his story—except through British channels—until 1953.

Some general articles on the Maclean's Washington period have appeared in the press, with the admission that he had American friends. But, seemingly, they have no names!

LIKE Burgess, Maclean appears to have left little imprint on a city where he was, after all, First Secretary and Counselor of the British Embassy for four important years. He left Washington when the Hiss case was breaking and, although he referred to himself as the Alger Hiss of England and reportedly knocked a man down for attacking Hiss in April, 1951, there is no reason to hope that this angle has been explored. Presumably, the British Counselor at Cairo was also known at least to ranking American officials there. It would seem likely, also, that American Embassy officials in London had some contact with the Head of the American Department in the British Foreign Office. There are also American newsmen who covered those posts.

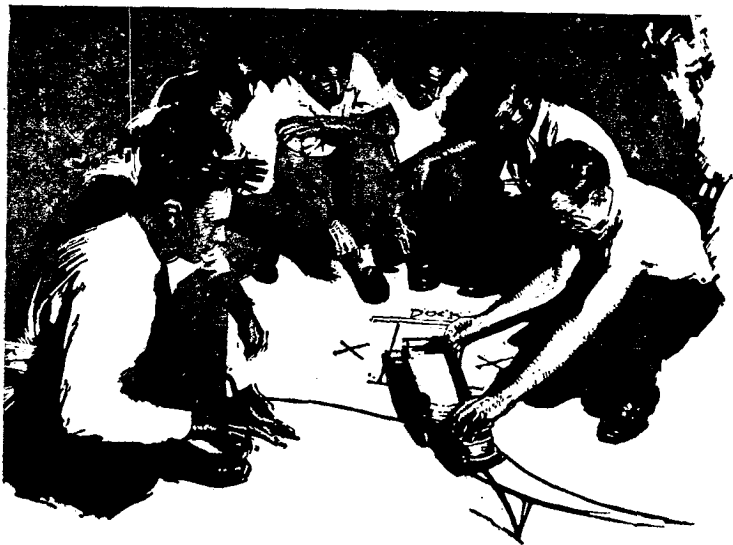
What did the American press report? Mainly stories filed from London or picked up from British papers. *U.S. News & World Report* had considerable coverage, but much of it was based on British sources. Even this weekly did not

develop the American angles.

Two points recur again and again, both based on fear—the cherished fears of the postwar years. They are nicely stated by Andrew Roth (of Amerasia fame). Roth, who is now London correspondent for the *Nation*, had two great fears—that these disclosures would be a “windfall for reaction” and encourage a “McCarthyite type of hysteria” and that they might sow suspicion between the U.S. and Great Britain and disrupt the alliance. On both sides of the Atlantic, these two fears were always cited to forestall full investigation and exposure. But the fact remains that the blackout itself has done more to nurture these fears than an honest, comprehensive investigation, with the assurance of remedial action, would have done. In the staged reappearance of Burgess and Maclean and in their individual statements, the Soviet Union has already publicly utilized its propaganda advantage. What use has been and is being made of the potentials for pressure and blackmail of both American and British officials, guilty and innocent alike, is speculative. Certainly the potential will be there, and the suspicion and the consequent tension, as long as the blackout persists.

The people of England are now investigating Baron Rothschild's influence on the disloyal Burgess and Maclean. Americans who unnecessarily lost their sons in Korea should also investigate.

—THE AMERICAN MERCURY, January, 1957.



DIPLOMAS for TRUCK DRIVERS

by Lou Simon

IT WAS a quiet afternoon in the little store in Raleigh, North Carolina, and the shopkeeper started a conversation with the youngster who had just entered with her mother.

"What are you doing in Raleigh?" the man asked the child.

"My daddy is going to college here. He's going to be a truck driver!" came the high-pitched reply.

The few patrons were amused, but their smiles turned to interest when the mother verified the child's remark.

You may smile, too, but North Carolina State College is very seri-

ous about the 40 men who enroll every six weeks, under their present facilities, and learn to guide huge trailer trucks safely over the highways.

Some 300 of these college-trained truck drivers came out of North Carolina State College in the first year of operation. Today, seven years since the course started, similar ones are being held at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio; Pennsylvania State University, and the University of Kansas, plus some 54 institutions interested in National Motor Fleet training programs, including universities, colleges, trade associations and man-

ufacturers of vehicles, trailers and parts. The institutions cover the country from California to New York and even include the Hawaii Employers Council.

So successful has been the school in turning out safe drivers that daily inquiries are received from trucking companies asking for information on setting up similar programs. The big fleet operators have representatives on hand to interview and hire the men as fast as they receive their diplomas.

Why are they in such demand? The answer is found in the words of a fleet owner, who said, "When we have to pay out nearly two dollars in premiums for each dollar the insurance company pays in claims, it's a dollar-and-cents smart policy to hire safe drivers. These boys have proved themselves to me and I'll take every one from the school I can get." Another large operator has a stock answer for all driver applicants: "Go up to Raleigh to the school there and, after graduation, you have a job!"

There is no shortage of applicants either. An over-the-road driver today is in the elite class. He does not load or unload nor perform other tasks of menial labor. He is on a par with a railroad engineer in that he merely hauls the load from one city to another. For this he will take home \$5,000 a year and, if he wants to drive 70 hours a week, the maximum the Interstate Commerce Commission

will allow, he can earn more. His earnings can be greater still if he buys his own tractor (the truck part that pulls the trailer) and leases it, plus his services, to some operator. Some drivers own four or five units, hire their own drivers, and then lease the whole business to an operator.

To get started in this income class through the school will cost a man \$125 in tuition, about another \$100 for room and board and six weeks of the toughest grind imaginable, for they really mean business.

THE IDEA of the school was conceived in 1940 when the trucking industry of North Carolina, alarmed at the frequency and severity of trucking accidents, called a pow-wow of the Motor Carrier's Association. It resulted in much talk and little action. Another conference was held in 1941, but the whole thing died with the event of Pearl Harbor. After the war, with the increase in truck traffic, the accident rate rose, but this time the truckers went into action. In March 1949 they completed the syllabus of the course and approached Edward W. Ruggles, director of the College Extension Division of North Carolina State and a member of the Governor's Advisory Council for Highway Safety. Within a few months Ruggles had lined up instructors, big-dealed the equipment manufactur-

ers into supplying tractors and trailers and obtained a training ground at Camp Butner, some 30 miles from Raleigh.

Ruggles chose his instructors with care: they were all ex-road-drivers with long and fabulous safety records. There is Russell Haynie, Jr., who directs the course. A native of Reedville, Virginia, and a former athletic coach and teacher, he turned to the road in 1943 when he discovered he could make over twice his teaching salary by driving. He became Safety Instructor of Virginia Stage Lines and was working in this capacity when he was offered the job by Ed Ruggles.

The other original instructors had equally enviable records. Jim Farrar was a top driver with Associated Transport and had rolled over a million miles behind the wheel without a single chargeable accident—and it should be noted that even a bent fender is called an accident in the industry.

George Toler, an ex-photographer, who left the lens for a fat pay envelope every Friday, was another driver turned teacher. George saw more than half a million miles of asphalt pass under the hood of his rig without accident.

The gran'daddy of them all in experience was Ben Hodges. Ben had been driving for more than 14 years and had, at least, a million and a half miles of accident-free operation.

IN THE YEARS since the start of the school these men have moved on, but it is significant to note that they went into "safety" jobs. Today the school is staffed by equally competent younger men. Russ Haynie is still there, directing the course and giving the men the benefit of his years of experience. He is assisted by Samuel F. Meyers and Richard Scharnberg, who carry on with the strong safety traditions.

It was decided that more than just training good drivers should be the aim of the school. If possible, they hoped to work out a series of tests which a prospective employer could give to a driver applicant. With these tests it should be possible to predict, with a fair amount of accuracy, how well the driver would, work out in actual operations.

A graduate psychologist, Andrew Symmes, was added to the staff. He interviewed all applicants, gave them every kind of test, checked their eyes, hearing and strength and asked them hundreds of questions. The answers were entered on charts, tabulated, and incorporated into the students' records.

Where the national accident average is one accident for each 40,000 miles of driving, one large operator has found that his grads are hitting an average of 270,000 miles per accident. At the school, they do not claim to run a miracle

course, but they do claim that they will instill in a student the proper mental attitude. The big axe at the school is that term, "mental attitude," and it drops on about 20 percent of each class. Anything besides safe, skillful driving—and the proper respect for their own vehicle and the rights of others on the highway—will get quick results in the form of an exit-interview.

THERE is no waste of time at the school. Classes begin on the day of registration and thereafter at 8 A.M. For four hours each morning, students are fed information at a high rate of speed through the use of models, movies and other visual forms of education. There is class discussion with the instructors, who relate their own experiences and advise how to avoid trouble. After lunch they board the trucks and a bus and head out to the Raleigh Municipal Airport. There, on a large, concrete plaza, marked off with white lines to indicate roadways and loading docks, six big trailer rigs wind and twist in and out of obstacles and overhead clearance bars.

In periods of one hour, the students practice skill exercises. It may be backing to the loading dock where lanes ten feet wide are painted to simulate an alley. Some have dog-legs and other obstacles to approximate the same condi-

tions to be met in actual deliveries. The student must back the truck through the lane and to the dock, using only his mirrors and judgment to guide him. He must stop with the tailgate four inches from the platform, and for each inch over or under four, he is scored against, as well as for each inch difference in side to side measurement in the ten-foot lane and each pull-up that he takes. Keep in mind that he is maneuvering a rig that may be 45 feet long, have ten or more wheels and weigh 25 tons, and these inch measurements take on added importance. The student must also learn to judge by eye proper overhead clearance.

All afternoon, until 6 P.M., the trucks continue to wind in and out in what seems organized confusion. The instructors roam all over the field, giving tips, answering questions and entering grades on the check sheets. These scores are important to the men since their class standing is determined by them.

Since only 12 of the 40 men are actually in the trucks at any one time, most of the class sit around and study or watch classmates for mistakes.

Most students are in their early 20's. If they are 21 the ICC will allow them to drive, the school will train them and the industry, contrary to their long-standing age requirement of 25, will gladly accept them.

THOUGH there are no formal educational requirements for the course, most of the fellows have a high school education at least. Some have completed as much as seven years of college. The men are given instruction in personality development, told how to meet the prospective employer, what type clothes to wear and, if necessary, how to shake hands properly. On one or two occasions students have had to be dropped for failing to meet the requirements of cleanliness.

In the road driving exercises, the student gets personal instruction. With an instructor riding the cab with him, he drives through cities and over country roads. He is graded on everything he does and the check sheet has boxes for such things as alertness in traffic, observance of courtesy, observance of proper lane and other traffic situations.

Teaching the men the correct use of the gears and when to shift

is one of the most difficult parts of the course. Large road trucks will have ten or more gear ratios and the driver is shifting constantly from one to another. Drivers wear out the left shoe about three times as fast as the right one because of this constant shifting.

Another important feature is demonstrating the correct method of loading the trailer. Even though the driver does not have to load it himself, he must know that it is loaded correctly, because an improperly loaded trailer may cost him his life. The correct manner of signaling other trucks by blinking lights is another subject at the school.

In addition to his certificate at graduation, each student is given a small lapel button, on which is inscribed "North Carolina State College" and "Professional Driver." Next time you are on the road and stop at a diner, look for this button. It means the wearer learned to drive at college!

Incomplete figures show that 144,000 Hungarians fled to Austria from the "Red" Russians. When countless numbers of these refugees were asked why none of them went to Tito's Yugoslavia (with a border three times the length of Austria), they all said, "To do that would be the same as going to Moscow!"



Money Made Mysterious . . .

By PAUL STEVENS

PART V

IN FOUR previous issues the American Mercury has presented an account of money and those who manipulate it. These manipulators have always tried to get people in debt, knowing that, throughout the ages, only the individual or the king who was solvent, was sovereign. In this installment we are reprinting some remarkable statements from the excellent book, *Money Creators*, by Gertrude M. Coogan, Sound Money Press, Inc., 1935, Pp. 146-148 and Pp. 149-151. This is the story of what happened in Germany. It can and will happen in the United States if the American people do not awaken and take the control of their money system out of the hands of unpatriotic internationalists. As you know, the Constitution of the United States provides that only the people, through their own Congress, shall have all rights to issue money. We now quote from the book, *Money Creators*.

"How many honest Americans have ever been permitted to learn that if one obtains a 'dollar' for his labor, and spends his dollar for food, that dollar has been paying tribute to the private banking system for its very existence? Would they permit it if they knew? Would they countenance collection of interest on practically every dollar in the money stream which changes hands in the nation, if they knew?"

"Why should John Smith, carpenter, who has worked 8 hours for James Jones, home owner, have to pay tribute to Charles Allen, banker, for the privilege of receiv-

ing as pay not physical goods from Jones, but purchasing power in the form of dollars?"

"Yet *that* is exactly what happens, for practically every dollar which stands to Jones' credit at Allen's bank has been created by a loan from Allen's bank (or some other bank) to some one, and this dollar eventually found its way into Jones' bank account.

"And any banker will verify this also, even if he has never thought of it in just this way or has never visualized the fact that under present 'law,' money can not exist without somebody being charged

interest upon it by certain highly privileged private entities called 'banks.' (Only a few hundred millions out of the 40 billions in the money stream today is non-interest bearing money.)

"It must be repeated and emphasized that the Main Street banker, and for that matter, probably the La Salle Street, and even some Wall Street bankers, had little to do with the origination of this vicious system by which money can be created only by some one going into debt and paying tribute in the way of interest until that particular money is withdrawn from the money stream (by retirement of the bank loan). True, some of the leaders may have been willing cats-paws for the power behind the scenes, but the real manipulation was conceived and executed by the foreign money power, which always held in its hands the secret reins by which the amount of money could be expanded or contracted through the operations of the twelve central *privately* owned Federal Reserve Banks."

Also in the same book on pages 180-182 is the following:

"Our people went to war to retain their sovereign privilege of creating their own money. We can learn, from past errors, what has to be done to make a money system work properly so as to be neither explosive nor collapsible. These are twin evils which can be avoided

if we will it so, and demand such a system as is in accordance with honesty and common sense.

"Our early history books strangely omit the facts that for some years prior to 1773 the British Parliament had busied itself annulling the laws under which the American Colonies had exercised their fundamental right to create and issue their own money. Much is said of Taxation without Representation, but what underlies that phrase is omitted. The fact is that the Bank 'of England' manipulators, having gained control over British industry through frequent depressions, cast their greedy eyes on the commerce and industry of America, and, hence, the industry of the Colonists.

"Due to the intrigue carried on by the private money powers, the American Revolution was, according to some historians, unwittingly financed by King George III himself.

"Meyer Amschel, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, entered the scene. He conceived the idea of enlisting young men as mercenary troops, painting to them the glories of military service, etc. When King George III was unable to secure British soldiers to fight their cousins across the Atlantic, he went to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, at Hanau, near Frankfort. George III paid \$20,000,000 to the Landgrave for approximately 16,800 Hessian mercenaries (\$1,200 per head) who

had been organized and trained by Meyer Amschel. The Landgrave loaned this \$20,000,000 to Meyer Amschel at a low rate of interest for ten years.

"It is well known that the foreign borrowing of funds for the American Revolution was accomplished through the efforts of Robert Morris. It is not so well known (although it is boasted of by some historians) that Robert Morris secured his funds from Haym Solamon. It is furthermore stated that although Solamon 'gave' everything he had to the American Revolution, he still remained the richest man in America! That is real genius.

"Those who know anything of international banker solidarity appreciate immediately that Meyer Amschel (whose family of five sons and five daughters took the name of Rothschild from the Red Shield which hung in front of Meyer's shop in Frankfort-on-the-Main as his trade-mark) loaned the money to Solamon, which was in turn loaned through Robert Morris to the American Colonies. Thus, George III paid for the American Revolution and the international financiers played both ends against the middle; no matter who lost, they won, and many lives were sacrificed on both sides."

IT WILL HELP YOU to refer to the chapters of *Money Made Mysterious*, also our reprint on "Solvency and Sovereignty," which

gives you the story of the Bank of England. Incidentally, research states that the Bank of England is the only corporation in the entire British Empire that has never in its two hundred odd years of existence printed a financial statement or published a list of its stockholders.

Also it will be invaluable to you to get our "Bankers' Blueprint for Ruin," which gives you the true story of how the international bankers by deception got into Russia, and how they gutted that money system and took over the country.

The book, *Money Creators* continues:

"The World War ended in 1918. As of March 31, 1919 (just before the 'Peace' Conference was called and the Versailles Treaty signed), the price levels of Germany were only 117% higher than they were before the World War began. This was a smaller price rise than had actually taken place in the United States. The public debt of Germany from the beginning of the World War until March 31, 1919, had increased one hundred thirty billion Marks. In terms of dollars that would be, roughly, thirty billion dollars. The United States had increased its own public debt to a similar amount.

"The German financial structure was in no condition whatever to warrant the destruction of the currency, *if that had not been the planned intention of the international money lenders.*

"Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, practically all of Germany's gold was taken away from her, together with 75% of her iron ore deposits and mines. All of her colonies were taken away and about 25% of her other physical property. The terms of this Treaty were diabolical. They were directed to destroy the real German people. From the time of the signing of the Treaty in June, 1919, until the beginning of 1922, the international money powers who were in control of the Reichsbank and the German Government, were manipulating to gain control of actual physical property in Germany. They went so far as to get the banking laws of Germany drastically changed, so that they could borrow unlimited amounts from the Reichsbank and purchase physical property with the knowledge that the loans could later be repaid with worthless currency.

"To give one some idea of the volume of currency that was turned out in Germany, one has only to note what happened to the price levels of Germany. Remember that during the war the German price levels had not increased as much as they had in the United States. In 1920 the price level in Germany increased 1,500 per cent over the pre-war level; in 1921 it reached 3,500 per cent over the pre-war level; and by October 23rd, when the currency became worthless, it was *709 thousand and million percent over the pre-*

war level. In other words, predatory internationalists had printed private Marks and forced them into the money stream with the avowed purpose of destroying the money system of Germany. That meant the destruction of all insurance policies and mortgages owned by the real German people.

THE international bankers had prepared themselves. They had obtained control of the physical properties and could later pay loans, many of which had been manipulated through the privately owned Reichsbank, with worthless money.

"The inflation in Germany was misnamed. *It was not a German inflation. It was a private money issue inflation, perpetrated by international schemers.*

"The inflation was not a government money inflation. It was an inflation of private Reichsbank notes. The officers of the Reichsbank—a privately owned institution—were responsible for issuing money in sufficient volume to destroy the entire banking structure and make all of the money of Germany worthless.

"The same thing will undoubtedly happen to the United States if the people continue to allow their money system to be manipulated by those who have been in complete control for the last twenty years. They will profit, just as they did in Germany, by gaining possession of the physical properties. With the

destruction of the money system will go the Government of the United States—the only protection the individual has for his property, civil and religious rights.

“Any one who cares to investigate the ‘German’ currency destruction, or the French and Italian

reevaluation in the 1920’s, should read ‘Foreign Currency and Exchange Investigation Conducted by Gold and Silver Inquiry of the United States Senate,’ pursuant to Resolution 469—67th Congress. This document is now out of print, but is obtainable in some libraries.”

In the U.S.A. Bankers’ Magazine of August 26, 1934, the following barefaced admission appeared:

“Bonds and mortgages must be foreclosed as rapidly as possible.

When through a process of law the common people lose their homes they will become more docile and more easily governed through the strong arm of government under the control of leading financiers. This truth is well known among our principal men who engaged in forming an imperialism of capital to govern the world. By dividing voters by the political party system we can get them to expend their energies in fighting over questions of no importance. Thus, by discreet action, we can secure for ourselves what has been so well planned.”

In the early twenties the brilliant Henry Ford, Sr., commissioned men of great intelligence to study the international money problem. The diabolical facts established by these outstanding men have since been confirmed.

On May 25, 1953, Orval W. Adams, Executive Vice-President of the First National Bank of Salt Lake City, Utah, made a memorable address before the Texas Bankers Association at Houston. We quote from it the following passages:

We should know that, our depositors not being organized, they become the victims of organized groups. In the words of Virgil Jordan, who is the Chancellor of the National Industrial Conference Board: “The U.S.A. is a victim of government by subsidy, bribery, and robbery; a government willing to steal, and convert to fake money the savings of its citizens to satisfy its lust for ever increasing power.” He said also: “The welfare and protection promised for the future in return for votes can only be called the cruelest and most colossal fraud that has ever been practiced on a credulous people.” No doubt Dr. Jordan had in mind the dollar-political record of the past twenty years.

Here is a statement proving that Dr. Jordan was not too far wrong when he referred to the “most colossal fraud that has ever been prac-

ticed on a credulous people": which wouldn't have happened had our depositors only known:

"A special item in this issue of *Monetary Notes* deals with losses in purchasing power of savings bonds, time deposits in banks, and life insurance policies for the period 1945-1951. Dr. Spahr estimates that the losses on these three items alone exceed \$123 billion which, he says, is 'approximately 65 times the loss of \$1,901,000,000 of depositors in banks for the years 1921-1933.' He states that 'this economic disease, which is analogous to a cancerous growth, is not widely understood, partly because people's savings are remote as compared with matters relating to immediate income.'"

The immortal and stalwart Southern Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, said: "To preserve our independence, we must not let our leaders load us with perpetual debt. We must make our election between economy and liberty, or profusion and servitude."

Here are some official figures of the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Bulletin:

	1929	1933	1940	1952	1954	1955	1956 (2nd quarter)
	Figures below in Billions of Dollars						
Gross Nation Product	104	55	100	345	360	387	413.8
Of which, for							
Personal Consumption	78	46	71	218	236	255	266.8
Gross Private Invest- ment (the capitalist base)	16	1	13	49	47	59	66.8
Government Purchases of goods and services (the socialism and commu- nism base)	8	8	14	71	76	75	80.2

Back in 1929, private investment, or capitalism, was taking about 16% of the gross national product. At the bottom of the depression it was taking only 1%, and in 1933, only about 2%. Now, it is taking 10% or far less percentage-wise than in 1929, when it took 16%. Back in 1929 the government or socialist promotion took only about 8% of the gross national product. At the bottom of the depression in 1933, it was taking 15%; now, at the height of the biggest boom in our history, *the government, or the socialized sector, is taking nearly 20%*. The following conclusions seem warranted: Our economy is now about 45% capitalist, with private investment totaling at the rate of \$66 billions a year; it is also about 55% socialist, with government purchases of goods and services running at the rate of over \$80 billions a year out of a gross national product of \$413 billions; and the rate will be higher unless we wake up.

THE PROBLEMS OF AGING

Key

by

Robert
Johnson
Needles, M.D.



SEVERAL YEARS AGO at a dinner in Washington a lady seated next to the late Justice Taft said, "A burglar was arrested in my home last night."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Taft.

"Yes, indeed," she said, "and this morning I went right down to the jail to see him. I told him how evil was the life he had been leading. I told him that he should reform. I told him his children would be proud of him if he didn't drink so much, and smoke so much, and used better language. I told him he was too fat, he needed a shave, and a bath. I talked to him for over three hours!"

"Poor man," said the Justice, "poor man."

Now you might think that we had planned to scold you as the lady did the burglar. But such is not the case. In the first place, you wouldn't pay any attention. Second, it would make you miserable to be so admonished. Your wives (or your husbands) would remind you hourly, or daily, of your scandalous disregard for the doctor's advice. The truth is, we treat, and occasionally cure, the diseases of man. We usually fail in our attempts to cure people. People are, you might say, incurable.

All we hope to do is to make a few broad suggestions. And you must remember no one has told you that you must follow these suggestions. Chesterton said every man should be allowed to be "his own potty little self." This applies to patients and also to doctors.

Now first, about food. This material is primarily intended for nourishment. A certain amount is necessary, usually, for all of us. Food will not replace structures weakened by years, nor will it make organs behave as one yearns to have them behave. It should be prepared so as to be appetizing and not coated with grease. One or two tablespoons of fat, of all kinds,

in twenty four hours is sufficient. Raw vegetables and raw fruits are well digested by goats, rabbits, and other herbivorous animals but poorly by human beings.

Vitamins. These are good, or at least we have never heard of one harmed by their proper use. They might help, so go ahead. But don't, a half hour after taking your first pill, write to the St. Louis Cardinals for a try-out, no matter how great you feel.

Water? Fine. Good for you; full of calcium, phosphorus, occasionally sulphur and chlorine, iodine and now, fluorine. Don't try to wash away the dietary sins of a lifetime by flushing your innards with it. Take a glass of water when you feel like it, not when you think you should.

Laxatives? Why? Is it possible that the majesty, the glory, and the tragedy of the human race have been recorded only in order that millions of people should spend billions of hours worrying over their bowels? No one, and I repeat, no one, is smart enough to decide how much or how little should be the product, or how fast or slow should be the function of his gastrointestinal tract. Leave the bowels alone. There must be more important things to occupy your attention.

Exercise? Why not? We should have sense enough to stop when we are distressed, and to rest now and then. If we don't know

enough to do the things which are legal and moral and sensible for one of our age group no one can tell us.

Blood pressure? Everyone has blood pressure, some higher than others. Excellent treatment is available. Results are not perfect. It is an imperfect world. Results, however, are incomparably better than they were a few years ago, and the work continues.

Arthritis? Most people 60 and over have some arthritis. Many in their 40's and 50's have some also. It is usually not the crippling kind. It induces discomfort, but seldom disablement. It provokes profanity, but not pity. Use a firm bed, some form of heat, and do not be afraid to use the simple remedies your doctor advises. They are useful in insulating you against pain. They will not make you a drug addict.

WHAT ABOUT medicines in general? Many medicines are quite good. Too many people are afraid to take pills. The same ones wear, or will wear, glasses. They use, or will use, false teeth. They wear clothing, or should. These, one might say, have become necessary. Most modern remedies, properly used, are in the same category. They help to protect us. They give us more time for contemplation of things outside our bodies.

What about alcohol? From a medical standpoint, there are very few people who are harmed by an

occasional drink. Alcohol, like almost everything else in the world, can be misused.

What about smoking? So far as I know, no one has ever yet been hurt by not smoking. Much of what we hear, and this applies to other things also, is strongly tinged with propaganda, prejudice, and convictions based more on emotion than proof. There are certain conditions of the blood vessels in which tobacco is not good. People who are short of breath, who have chronic bronchitis, can hardly be helped by smoking.

Age creeps upon us, and we recognize it only gradually. Like some diseases, it approaches in a slow and insidious manner. We are rarely able to fix the date of the onset of what others have suspected for some time. Of course, there are little landmarks if we care to remember them. Several years ago, a young doctor and I were waiting for an elevator. When it arrived and the door opened, he said, "After you, sir." If he had taken my elbow to help me aboard, a new homicidal statistic might have been born.

WHEN DOES old age begin? When is a flower most beautiful? As a bud, as a blossom just beginning, or as a full-grown and richly endowed creation? And when petals fall and color fades, this might be pitiful if we failed to remember the days of youthful

promise and mature fulfillment. Not all flowers are equal, nor people, nor green peas, nor anything. The infinite variety of man allows us adequate room for comparison and appreciation. In a world of equal beauty, equal character, equal talent, and equal reward, one would indeed have no need for living.

The Emperor Hadrian is said to have written, in his old age, to Marcus Aurelius, his nephew: "Already certain portions of my life are like dismantled rooms of a palace, too vast for an impoverished owner to occupy in its entirety." Now, when do we start to close rooms in our palace? Is it when we are weaned? Or is it when we give up marbles for squirrel hunting? Or could it be when we cut our golf from 18 to 9 holes? Or, even, when we start refusing raw onions and chili con carne?

Life is a shutting down of some rooms and the opening of new ones. The ones we shut down have lost, or should have lost, their power to attract us. The ones we open are as fascinating in their new way as the others were when they were new. Of course, we may not think so. Nostalgia is a powerful human characteristic. We long for the days of our youth and, when we are old, we cherish mightily the days of our middle years.

Too many of us, however, incline to one of several extremes. One group seems stoutly deter-

mined to ignore time entirely. These are the ones who mimic the youngsters, to no one's pleasure. The young ones can tell that fraud is intended. Their contemporaries are shamed by such public nonsense. Another extreme, almost equally to be avoided, is to assume too early the attitudes and mannerisms of a body ready for its final earthly journey.

If our house has many closed rooms, and no new ones are opened, we are then indeed bereft. The new rooms need not be grand, or large, or even expensive. They may be only a book, or a bit of music, or a letter to an old friend. These rooms will not be opened for us. We must open them ourselves. We have a right to add a room here, or open a room there, if we are offending no law and violating no divine restrictions. And if we can no longer shoot marbles or squirrels, if we can no longer hold our children close or bandage their bruises; if we are prevented from direction of things which were formerly ours, we still have the advantage. We have *been* there. We have been there and it was good.

I think we should all remember, those of us who are mature in this year of our Lord 1956, that we have a very special reason for gladness. Our generation has lived in two worlds. We remember a world forty or fifty years ago which seems to have disappeared. In those days

there were many things to be done and there was much pleasure to be earned. There were teachers who were strict disciplinarians. Performance in school and out was not only expected but demanded. Words like character and principle were high on the list of those things which were admired. We feared no other nation. We did not assume that other nations should emulate us. We did not shove our way of life down their throats. There was a motto then, "Don't tread on me." Those of you who are over fifty will know what I mean. Many who are younger will not know, to their very great misfortune. Ours, indeed, is an incredibly fortunate group.

Think back and remember your pleasures. Enjoy them in retrospect, and as you look back you can also look forward, for you can see promise in the young ones who are following. Our names are in the book. Theirs must be, also.

IT seems to me as I grow older that I have more serenity. I know that many of my friends will not believe this. But they should have known me earlier. What gives me serenity is a realization that true happiness cannot be purchased. Things which were terribly important a few years ago are now seen, through the kindly filter of time, to have not been worth very much after all. A small child will cry bitterly over a candy bar dropped

down a manhole. An older person may cry just as bitterly, although not so publicly, over a poor business deal. Both are comforted by the passage of time. Only time will allow us to put things in their proper perspective.

We have had, all of us, experiences which no power on earth could persuade us to relinquish. These remembrances are ours and ours only. We need not be envious, ever.

THEN WHAT are the problems of aging? The problems of aging are usually the result of refusal to acknowledge age. If, in our mature years, we insist on acting like children, we should expect problems. We have had problems in every year of our lives. Most of them could be solved. Problems are made worse by a refusal to acknowledge

the possibility of solution. We need to place things in their proper order. An old man shooting marbles, or a young man growing a long beard—both are faintly ridiculous.

Unhappiness, misery, worry, a lost feeling of community, all these are things of the spirit. They require spiritual, not animal, compensation. They require chiefly a realization that there is an inexorable order in our universe. Unhappiness is chiefly the product of an attempt to reverse a divine order. In this we are bound to fail, and it is perhaps good that we do.

Each age has its pleasures if we can only learn to recognize the pleasures which should be ours. If we attempt to appropriate the pleasures of other groups our only reward can be bitterness and confusion and the loss of the real happiness we could find.

Pillars of the Church

When Christopher Wren built the Corn Palace in Windsor, England, the city fathers insisted that he use pillars to support the vaulted ceiling. Wren had planned otherwise. After all, he had built St. Paul's Cathedral without the use of pillars so why shouldn't the principle be used again? Finally, however, he agreed to do as they wished. Not until many years later was it discovered that all the pillars were too short. Wren had built them so that they lacked one inch of touching the ceiling they were supposed to support.

THE BOOK SHELF

Is This Republicanism?

A REPUBLICAN LOOKS AT HIS PARTY. By Arthur Larson. New York, Harper & Brothers. 210 pp., \$2.95.

MR. ARTHUR LARSON is the kind of a Republican whom President Eisenhower likes. A ghost-writer of Presidential speeches in the recent campaign, the newly appointed director of the USIA, where he will sit with the Administration big brass on the National Security Council, Mr. Larson has parlayed his talents into a topflight career under Eisenhower.

Being an egghead by profession as well as temperament, it was inevitable that he would write a book. The book has become a stellar publishing success through the accolade of the President.

Old-school Republicans won't like this book. It can best be described as a highly readable handbook of the "Modern Republicanism" which President Eisenhower mentioned so glowingly in his election night speech. On the other hand, it is a book which is certain to be highly praised by the new Republicans who have flocked into the party on the wave of "I Like Ikeism" since 1952. It is a book

which tells how to be a Republican and still get orchids from Paul G. Hoffman, Chester H. Bowles and Clifford P. Case.

Mr. Larson will never qualify for a John F. Kennedy "Profile in Courage." He will be too busy holding his wetted finger to the breeze to discover in which direction the winds of popularity are blowing. As we read some parts of his book, we can almost see the gears meshing in his brain as he asks himself fearfully: "Will it be safe to say this?"

The composite impression which the informed reader gets from reading *A Republican Looks at His Party* is that here is an author who is just too slick to be true. Mr. Larson is one of those writers who never commits himself to a controversial statement without knotting it up with so many qualifications and "on the other hands" that it can almost be used interchangeably as a brief for either side.

He has studied with profit the skilled word-wizards of Madison Avenue. With Stuart Chase, of semantics fame, he has a keen sense of the difference between "good" and "bad" words in public rela-

tions (Mr. Chase once supplied a Congressional Committee with a long list of words that induce favorable and unfavorable public responses). Author Larson is the master of the subtly-loaded word in political discussion. No writer since Adlai Stevenson has made a greater art of sounding impressive and portentous and saying nothing.

That Ike likes this kind of book is a revealing index to the state of his mind on the eve of his second administration. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the President and those around him are embarked on an effort to transform the Republican Party into something which is scarcely distinguishable from the late lamented New-Fair Deal. Mr. Larson is the prophet of this amazing adventure.

Reading his text is like trying to hold quicksilver. His meaning slides and oozes through the conceptual molds by which we ordinarily apprehend ideas. We are left, after our experience, with a brainful of unsubstantiality.

For instance, Mr. Larson is against "big and dominating government" (p. 173). But he then goes down the line and praises as "New Republicanism" all the proposals of statism which initially made their unwelcome appearance with Roosevelt and Truman.

He is for "free enterprise." But he is also for major spendings to underpin national prosperity

and employment. He is for farm subsidies, for more social security, for more foreign aid, for more government control of credit, and for a program of trade union benefits which consumes, in tabular form, a full page of his text.

He takes a wrist slap at J. Maynard Keynes, the economic mentor of the Roosevelt administration, and then annexes to "modern Republicanism" the whole body of the Keynes compensatory economy.

He utters some kind words for states' rights, but then he proceeds to include within the area of Federal control all the powers which have driven the States into outraged protest.

He is against inflation but he is also uninterested in any of the economy moves which would check government extravagance at its source.

In serving up this mess of political confusion, Mr. Larson is not breaking any new trails. He is simply stating more lucidly and convincingly the familiar pabulum that the outnumbered left wing of American business has been embalming in its pamphlets and studies for the last decade.

Where have we heard Mr. Larson's arguments before? We have heard them in the dreary tracts which, for eleven years, have issued from the publication offices of the Committee for Economic Development. We have heard them in the solemn reports of the National

Planning Association. We have read them in the *New Republic*, in the *Reporter* and in the cocksure literature of the whole post-war procession of "liberal" thinkers. Mr. Larson's contribution has been to re-write this whole "left-of-center" literature and give it the label of "Republicanism."

Mr. Larson got his start in the government service under the Wallace-headed Foreign Economic Division, and the Leon Henderson-headed Office of Price Administration. Some of the spirit of these war-time agencies rubbed off on him. Without admitting the fact, perhaps even to himself, he supplies the Eisenhower administration with a doctrinal link to the Age of Roosevelt.

It is understandable that President Eisenhower welcomes such an accession as Arthur Larson. Himself a congenital blurrer of distinctions, he feels at home in the ideological world which Larson has erected around him. He finds arguments in this book to confirm his historic pose as the man who is above all political parties.

But it is difficult to see how this book of denaturization can aid the Republican Party. In an era where there is a desperate need for positive answers to definitive questions, *A Republican Looks at His Party* will deepen the fogbank that now surrounds so many Americans. Actual Republicans will find few answers to their imperative questions

in this literary flight into the obscure.

—Harold Lord Varney

COMMUNISM AND NATIONALISM IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York. 1956. \$6.50, 285 pp.

ANYTIME a book is published by Frederick A. Praeger, the reader can be sure it is a scholarly, important and thoughtful work by an expert in the field. This timely work on the history of political parties in the Middle East is no exception.

Author Walter Z. Laqueur, editor of the magazine, "Soviet Culture," observes that for most of the Arab intelligentsia, Islam has ceased to be a living force leaving a vacuum to be filled by Communist ideology. Furthermore, the growth of an intolerant and anti-western form of nationalism has paved the way for and collaborated with Communism.

The middle eastern expert believes the West should support the forces of reform against the reactionary influences that have made Communism so attractive to these middle eastern countries.

THE ANTI-CAPITALISTIC MENTALITY. By Ludwig Von Misis. D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., Princeton, N. J., 1956. \$3.75, 112 pp.

AN ECONOMIST turns social observer to analyse what he terms the "anti capitalist mentality" among various social groups and to expose various fallacies among the literati and intellectuals.

Many people, he observes, are unhappy under capitalism because this system grants to each the opportunity

to obtain desirable positions—positions which can only be obtained by a few. Those with frustrated ambitions make the capitalist system the scapegoat for their own shortcomings.

Ludwig Von Misis, author of many other books, including "Human Action" and "Planning for Freedom," inclines to be too dogmatic. The fact remains that the United States still is not, as the author would have us believe it is, a land where all people freely compete on their merits. Some groups such as women, negroes, emigres, and persons over 40 are still denied job opportunities fully warranted by their abilities, training and education. While this state of affairs is the fault of human nature rather than the capitalist system, nevertheless communism has made attractive promises to such persons.

In addition, Von Misis never mentions what may be the main reason for anti-capitalist thinking, namely that Americans have been indoctrinated over some 30 years by Communists strategically placed in our schools and universities, newspapers, magazines, publishing houses, the entertainment industry, government, and our churches.

THE MAGSAYSAY STORY. By Carlos P. Romulo and Marvin M. Gray. The John Day Company, Inc., 210 Madison Avenue, New York, 1956. \$5.00.

RAMON MAGSAYSAY, who, born in a village hut, rose to become president of the Philippines, is probably the strongest voice in Asia today speaking for democracy against communism.

His most spectacular achievement has been the defeat of the Communist

Huks who were on the verge of taking over the country when he became secretary of defense. He won out against the Communist Huks by strategy as much as by force of arms, settling them in modernized communities and giving them the chance to farm their own plots of land.

He also won the people to his side by insisting on honest government. Stern principled, he has practically impoverished an unfortunate brother, a lawyer, whom he will not let take any case that remotely involves the government.

Magsaysay's policies should prove an example to Asia as well as the Middle East that people can be taught that what they wanted from revolution can be won under a democracy after all.

One of the authors of this biography is the Philippine ambassador to the United States, General Romulo, who has authored "Crusade in Asia." Co-author Gray was formerly publisher of the *Manila Evening News*.

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES. By Marjorie Farnsworth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1956. \$5.95, 194 pp.

A TOP-FLIGHT journalist gives an authentic picture of the fabulous era from 1907 to 1931 when a man would pay up to \$200 for a seat on opening night at the Ziegfeld follies and such beauties as Lillian Lorraine and Olive Thomas received jewels tucked in bouquets of red roses.

Many of the follies girls had their troubles. Jessica Reed at forty-three found that her diamonds and her five husbands were gone and also her million dollars spent on her brief and glittering years of gaity. But not all

Ziegfeld girls were featherbrains. Some became distinguished scientists like Justine Johnstone; others, great ladies of Hollywood like Irene Dunne, or witty, charming personalities like Ina Claire, or Billie Burke, who married the great showman Florenz Ziegfeld, himself.

Pictures of the lovelies in lace and chiffon illustrate this warm, sophisticated story of these Cinderellas and the men who adored them.

GIFT OF TIME by Andrew Varna.
G. P. Putnam Sons, New York, 1956.
pp. 207. \$3.50.

AN EX-SMUGGLER "gone straight" tells how gold, banknotes and diamonds are unlawfully brought into a country by well-organized syndicates.

Writing under a pseudonym, Andrew Varna, a Polish refugee, describes how he built up an international organization, finally landing in South America where he secured a diplomatic post to use as a "cover" for his illegal activities.

To get past customs the syndicate packed toothpaste tubes with 20,000 little diamonds in two half-inch rubber packets. Polish sausages served the useful purpose of handy repositories for banknotes.

The gift of time runs out for Varna in New York City when Sicilian gangsters "muscle in," demanding three quarters of his profits or else. . . .

A good yarn poorly written.

Edith Kermit Roosevelt

Distress Signal

To my father, an old Navy man, patriotism, duty, honor and respect for the flag were the motivating factors in life. During his days of retirement, he considered it part of his duty to see that all the flags in the community were correctly displayed upon the occasion of a national holiday. He also took it upon himself to remind all forgetful neighbors to "put out" Old Glory.

One July 4, as he set about his self-appointed inspection tour, he hurriedly rang the doorbell of one neighbor's home. After exchanging the usual pleasantries with the lady of the house, he inquired, "By the way, is anything wrong, Mrs. Jones? Can I be of assistance?"

"Why, no," was the reply. "Everything is all right. Why do you ask?"

"Because," retorted my father, "your flag shows a distress signal!"

—FRANCES E. PETERS

THE OPEN FORUM

Letters from readers on any subject are welcome—the more independent in thought and expression, the better. The editors hope to acknowledge all of them, either in these columns or by correspondence. The right is reserved to abridge. Please use a typewriter!

Aptitude Tests

Sir: My plaudits to Mr. John Barton for defending his dignity in his recent article in your magazine "Pseudo Psychos," (October 1956). The profession of psychology is relatively young, and members of the American Psychological Association are uncomfortably aware of the fact that an embarrassingly large number of poorly qualified people are calling themselves psychologists and hiring themselves out to unsuspecting businessmen, who have been oversold on the idea of testing all prospective employees with instruments which have not been properly standardized.

As editor of the AMERICAN MERCURY, you may recall that physiognomy readers and graphologists were making hay during the Roaring Twenties—much to the discredit of our profession. Fortunately, your mentor, Mr. H. L. Mencken, spotted these phonies and cut a devastating swath.

We are trying to police our profession, and we are particularly interested in reprimanding the lunatic fringe who have tried to sell employers on the idea of exposing the innermost details of the prospective employees' psyche. Unless the person tested is psychotic, has strong criminal tendencies, or a very bad employment record, I do not believe it is any damned business of the employer to pry into the personal life of the person working for him.

A sensible psychologist should not

give such tests unless he has a very good reason for so doing. Furthermore, it is his duty to assure the person being tested that none of the information obtained from that test will be used, except in as constructive a manner as possible to help that person. If he violates that promise, the person tested should refer the offender to the Ethics Committee of the American Psychological Association, Washington, D. C.

WM. R. KNievel
Certified Psychologist
St. Paul, Minnesota

Mental Institutions

Sir: For the first time in my life I feel compelled to write a "letter to the editor." I have just finished reading "Veterans In A Snake Pit" in your December issue. I have been curious, amazed, shocked and disgusted—each in turn, and finally all together. The biggest question has been left unanswered, however. What can we, as individuals, do about such conditions?

Perhaps if more of the fortunate few who have been released would speak up and tell their stories, we would have a beginning. If these conditions can exist in a great state like New York, what is happening in other parts of the country?

Mrs. H. G. Newman
Liverpool, New York

Sir: My surprise does not come from Anonymous' excellent writing, nor even

from the horrors which he exposed; it came from the fact that a magazine of MERCURY's standing had the wonderful courage to print it. For whatever they are worth, please accept my congratulations and sincere thanks.

Maybe other magazines will consider MERCURY as a leader and, taking courage from it, publish similar articles to the end that public indignation will be sufficiently aroused to demand a change for the better in our institutions. I hope so.

REGINALD W. CRANE
Jackson, Michigan

Sir: Why is it that magazines who print that kind of stuff hardly ever consult attendants, nurses, or physicians and thus they are not aware of what kind of a patient the writer was?

I'm sure that the editors and reporters who gathered that story and published it have never taken a course in the fundamentals of medical and mental discernment, for they would come to know that medications are not given, or observations made, by ignorant, indifferent, untrained attendants.

FRED HUEBNER
Central Islip, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is because Mercury did receive testimony from ex-attendants (among others) that we are convinced the story is entirely true.*

Repatriation

Sir: As the author of the article "Repatriation: Threat To America" in the MERCURY (January 1957) I want to make two remarks to which I attribute great importance:

For reasons unknown to me, an important paragraph was omitted which I want—with your permission—to restore:

"No less a man than President Eisen-

hower himself defended those refugees (who had to falsify their identities in order to avoid forced repatriation and who came under these false identities to the U.S.) when he said of them in his message to Congress of February 8, 1956: 'A large group of refugees in this country obtain visas by the use of false identities in order to escape forcible repatriation behind the Iron Curtain; the number may run into the thousands. Under existing law such falsification is a mandatory ground for deportation. The law should be amended to give relief to these unfortunate people.'"

On page 29, there appears, below my article, a box in which the editor states that Congress should not only investigate forced repatriation but "also how five million people got into this country illegally and what steps should be taken to remove them."

Since I have only spoken of 20 to 40,000 refugees from the Soviet Union who came illegally to the U.S. and since I have emphasized the necessity to legalize the status of these refugees in the U.S.—in accordance with President Eisenhower's explicitly expressed opinion—I want to make it clear that I do not approve of the insertion of this box, nor of its contents.

JULIUS EPSTEIN
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The boxed statement did not refer to Mr. Epstein's article.*

Whose Little Minority Are You?

Sir: The Libs (short and basic English for "liberals") have now been so successful in dividing up the American people into classes, minorities, groups, interests, races, and what all, that here is hardly a man or woman now alive in this beset Republic who doesn't have

a special grievance, and who doesn't believe he or she is a "poor soul," and who isn't howling at the government to do something about it, and quick. This gives a sense of well-being and importance to the Libs, and a deep satisfaction to Moscow.

But a terrible situation has now arisen. The Libs are running out of poor souls to organize into grievance or civil rights committees. Now, I am a compassionate person, and can't bear for even a Lib to suffer and lose significance. So I offer for their eager-beaver and divisive activities certain "groups" which have so far escaped the bleeding-heart attentions of the Moscow-servers.

How about a Society for Emancipation of Women over Five Feet Eight from Discrimination on the Part of Clothing Manufacturers? Think of the tens of thousands of these poor souls who inevitably have to have hems lengthened and waist-lines dropped, to the detriment of style and material! Think of that awful "special interest" group composed of the majority of American women who do not tower to that lofty height. How long shall these female rascals continue to persecute their taller sisters? Giantesses, awake! You have nothing to lose but your hemlines!

And why not a Committee for the American Minority Who Have Blue Eyes? We know that the majority of Americans are brown-eyed.

A brilliant suggestion: Committee for Families who can Afford only One Car!

In fact, I'm about to organize a Society for the Advancement of Writers who do not have Fringe Benefits. We never had them. Why not? Intolerable discrimination! Why should other workers retire on Pensions and enjoy a snooze in Flowery Beds of Ease, cushioned all around with sick

benefits, a guaranteed annual wage, paid vacations, free hospitalization, and what all, when we Writers just have to pay our own way?

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Egbertsville, N. Y.

After Death

Sir: The enclosed copy of a letter I wrote recently will show what your article "What I Am Going To Do After Death" (September 1956) has done for me. I hope many others respond as I have done.

Professor of Anatomy
Duke University Medical

College

Durham, North Carolina

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is an article from the AMERICAN MERCURY. I wish that you would read it and return it to me. Mrs. Helms has done a splendid thing, and I would like to do the same. I am a widow 69 years of age. I have no children. I am strong and in excellent health. Like Mrs. Helms I do not expect to leave for a few years.

As far as I am concerned my body may be taken immediately after death. Services, flowers, and the rest of the usual things of that kind may be omitted. In fact, I prefer it that way. I believe that the Lord will judge you by the life you have led rather than by the flowers and friends gathered to honor you.

Would you please let me know if you are interested, and if so, the proper procedures?

Sincerely,

MRS. GRETCHEN T. ELLIOTT
Mount Dora, Florida

Winnie the Grave Digger?

Sir: I was taken aback by your cynical (even contemptuous) reference to Winston Churchill as "the pompous grave digger of the British Empire." (December 1956, page 122.) Granted that said empire has very noticeably contracted in recent years, but why call Mr. Churchill the mortician?

Has American foreign policy—as exemplified by F. D. R.'s generosity at Yalta for instance—not been the biggest give-away in international history? Neville Chamberlain's deal at Munich (abandoning Czechoslovakia to Hitler) was, comparatively speaking, only peanuts.

Eden, in that situation (Munich appeasement) resigned in protest. Now, as present head of the British Government, he with France has called Nasser's bluff. How much support has his consistent stand received from dollar-diplomat Dulles? And whose main responsibility has the Israel-Arab problem been?

God bless America.

A. J. HAMILTON
Kingston, Ontario
Canada

Kicks and Kudos

Purporting to be a periodical devoted to fact, the AMERICAN MERCURY contains such absurd misstatements as to render it completely useless. Such glaring and inexcusable departures from established fact invalidates everything you print, and I don't want my shelves cluttered with MERCURY. PHILIP JOHNSTON, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

I have been a reader of your magazine for the past 28 years. I consider it one of the finest patriotic publications of our country. You print the facts, and call a spade a spade. ALLEN A. STUART, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

When are you expecting to close out

this magazine? Pretty shortly, perhaps. E. BROOKS PEMBERTON, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

We think your magazine is most illuminating, instructive, and fearless—and one of the most helpful we can possibly subscribe to. OLGA HORTON BOEHNKEN, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI.

How in the world can you reconcile your position of freedom for the individual and your criticizing the Supreme Court decision giving the Negroes their status of first class citizens? JOHN BETOLATTI, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

You have eliminated me as a subscriber. CHARLES RICHARDSON, JR., CARMEL, CALIFORNIA.

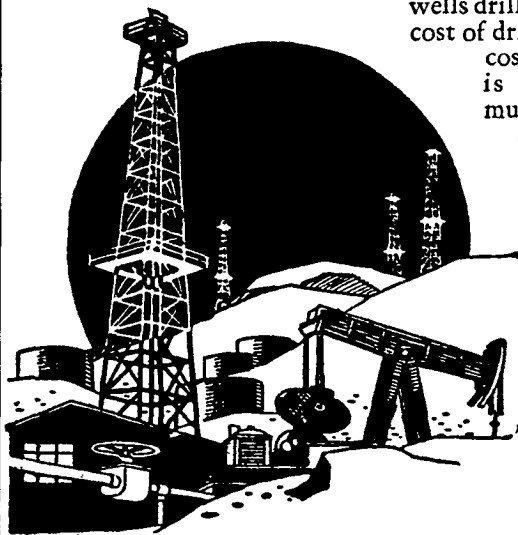
It breaks my heart to think that I will be unable to read your September issue. It seems that the MERCURY is unobtainable here on Fort Bragg, at least in its complete form. It seems that a certain article of local interest was removed from the library copy. [presumably "Psychological Warfare"—Ed.] Nor is it available at any newspaper stand in this entire county. I hope you haven't decided to stop sending your little ray of light down here. LLOYD J. ROSEN, Pfc., FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA.



We are thankful to be a producer of oil and gas which provide more than half the total U.S. energy today. The oil and gas industry, because of our competitive enterprise system, has been able to discover large reserves of oil and gas, thereby being a big contributor in improving the standards of living in this great country of ours.

This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive

wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is \$123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.



It is important to every American citizen that any threats to the oil and gas industry which would endanger the security and defense of our country be disposed of. Presently, this can be done by:

1. Demanding that rights given to the States by our Constitution be returned to them.
2. Insisting that excessive oil imports be limited to 15 days per month, being the same basis as domestic oil producers are permitted.
3. Continuing depletion allowance.

COLUMBIA PRODUCING CORPORATION
244 Mellie Esperson Building, Houston 2, Texas

MERCURY REPRINTS

MERCURY OPINIONS

1. Funeral of the Constitution
2. Courage is Contagious
3. Men Have Lived to be Free
4. Come to the Cross
5. Our Nation Has Lost Its Way
6. Do You Remember When?

IMMIGRATION ACT

7. Immigration Visas for Votes
8. Immigration: 1956 Issue

UNITED NATIONS

9. The UN's Secret Key to Power
10. Your Checklist on the UN
11. UNESCO, Brainwashing Apparatus
12. The Truth About the UN

BRICKER AMENDMENT

13. The Bricker Amendment Battle Is On
14. The Bricker Amendment
15. Shall the UN Make Our Laws?

INSIDE POLITICS

16. The Republicans Have Goofed
17. Communists and the New Deal
(In 3 Sections — 15¢ each)
18. ADA, A Democratic Problem
19. Can a Socialist be Anti-Communist?
20. The Southern Grip on Congress

POLITICAL PERSONALITIES

21. Case Against Secretary Dulles & Co.
22. Oppenheimer's Mysterious Institute
23. The Case Against Adlai Stevenson
24. Reuther's Revolution & 20 Questions
for Walter Reuther
25. Senator Styles Bridges
26. Harry Dexter White: Dead or Alive?
27. Who and What Is Ralph Bunche?

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

28. Secret Plan for World War III
29. Make Germany an American Ally
30. Triumph of Owen Lattimore
31. Sum of the Summit, Moral Failure
32. Foreign Aid Picks Your Pocket Again
33. The Truth About Yalta
34. Some Blunt Truths About Israel

MISCELLANEOUS

35. Put Christ Back into Christmas
36. Bankers' Blueprint for Ruin
37. Solvency and Sovereignty
38. Money Made Mysterious
39. Why Johnny *Still* Can't Read
40. 54 Million Dead in W.W. II
41. The War Against Our Nat'l Guard

ANTI-COMMUNISM

42. Handbook: Action Against
Communism (Five Articles)
43. Road to Anti-Communism

Prices: 1 copy — 15¢; 10 copies — \$1; 25 copies — \$2; 100 copies — \$7; 500 copies — \$30;
1,000 copies — \$55. Prices on quantities over 1,000 copies quoted on request.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY ³ 250 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me copies of the following reprints: • PLEASE ORDER BY REPRINT NUMBER •

No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount
1.	9.	17.	25.	33.			
2.	10.	18.	26.	34.			
3.	11.	19.	27.	35.			
4.	12.	20.	28.	36.			
5.	13.	21.	29.	37.			
6.	14.	22.	30.	38.			
7.	15.	23.	31.	39.			
8.	16.	24.	32.	40.			
	41.	42.	43.				

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

The Duty of Parents

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Today many of us are doing a remarkable job of gaining the goods of the world. The sad truth, however, is that nearly all of us are losing our own souls. Acquiring money and possessions is all right if money is the servant and not the master.

So, let us review our lives, our standards of values and our objectives. Let us profit from the great wisdom Christ gave to us in the above quotation. Let us seek out the truth and then tell it to others. Let us stamp out treason and wrongdoing. Our young children trustingly look up into our faces—and thank us for a country so great, for plenty of good food, for the birds and the flowers. They are grateful for a Mother's love—they are confident as they put their little hands into Father's dependable hand. What will they say later—that you and I sat silently by during the twilight of Christian civilization in many countries of the world and that we did nothing as the Anti-Christ forces shackled them with the darkness of Communism, Marxism, Socialism? Look in the mirror! Ask yourself these questions!

Remember Edmund Burke's advice: "When bad men combine, the good must unite—else they will fall one by one—an unpitied sacrifice in an unequal struggle." Help us to lift and not to lean. Help us to fulfill our duties and responsibilities, as trustees and custodians of a great American way of life. Let us be sure to pass on intact, these rich blessings which we inherited from great men and women who have travelled the road before us. These few lines from "The Bridge Builder" by Will Allen Dromgoole should show us the way.

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen
tide.

The old man crossed

in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for
him;
But he turned when safe on the
other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.



RUSSELL MAGUIRE